

CANDY

AUTUMN
ISSUE

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
SM ★ A

10¢

LOOK, TED, MY
FIRST PUMPKIN
PIE!

OH, CANDY,
NO!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

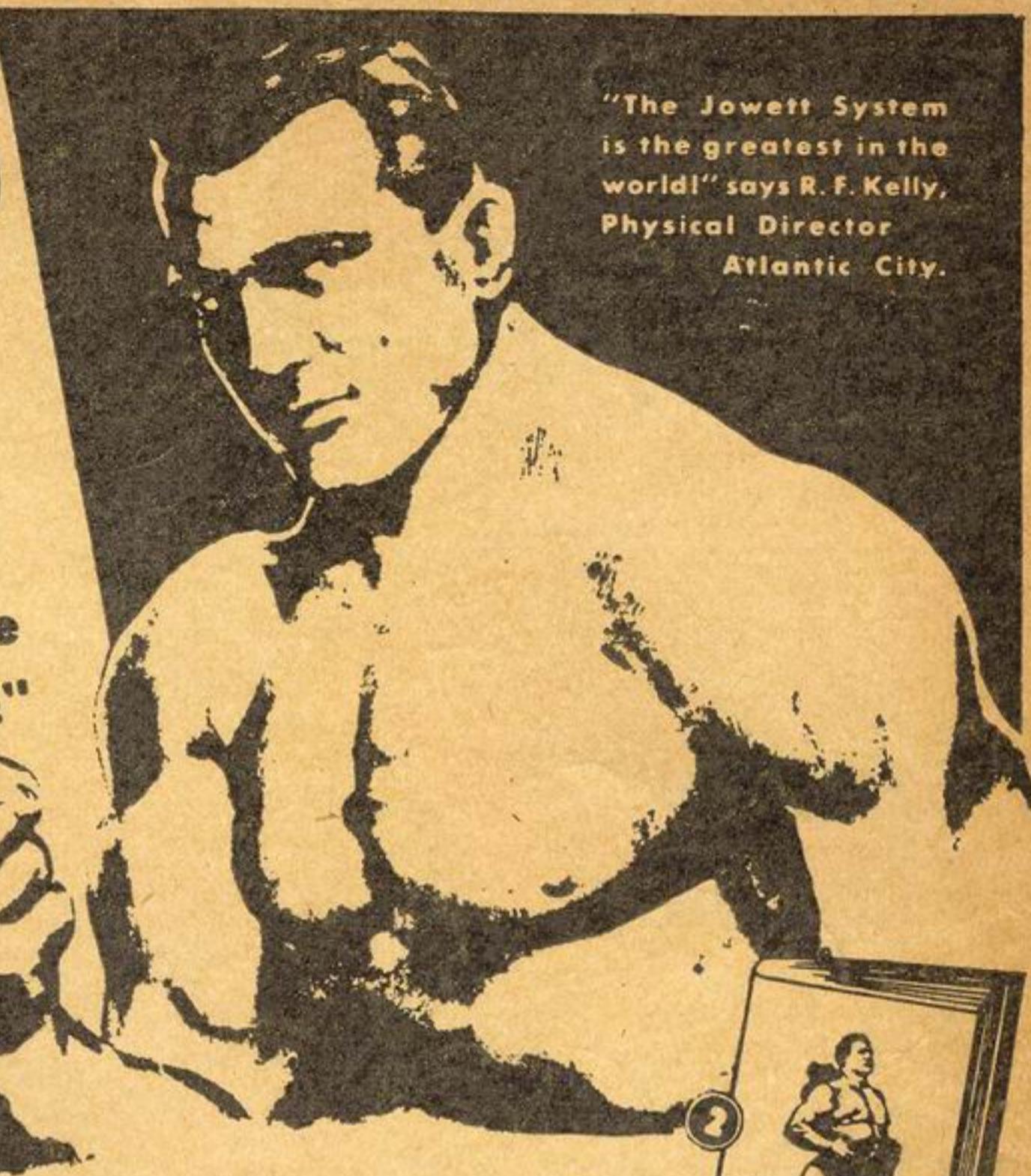


WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me PROVE
I can make YOU
**TOUGH AS
TARZAN**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says George F. Jowett
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

**READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY
ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN**

THEIR FOOTSTEPS!



A. PASSAMONT. Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS. Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

**SEND FOR JOWETT'S
PHOTO BOOK OF
FAMOUS STRONG MEN!**

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-79 • New York 1, N. Y.**

**BUILD A BODY
YOU'LL BE PROUD OF**

**Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
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George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- All 5 Picture Courses complete for 25c which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c
 Molding Mighty Legs, 25c Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c
 Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c Molding a Mighty Back, 25c
 Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D.

NAME.....

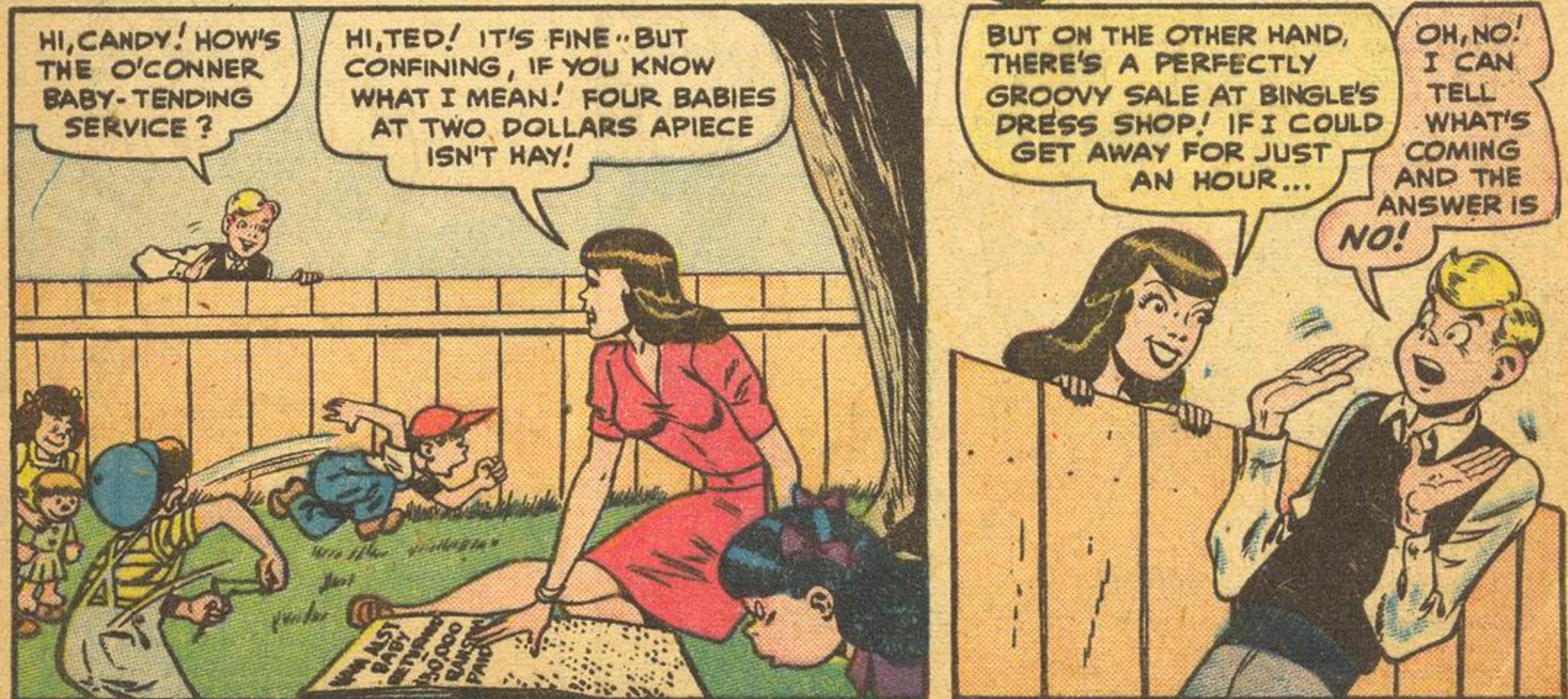
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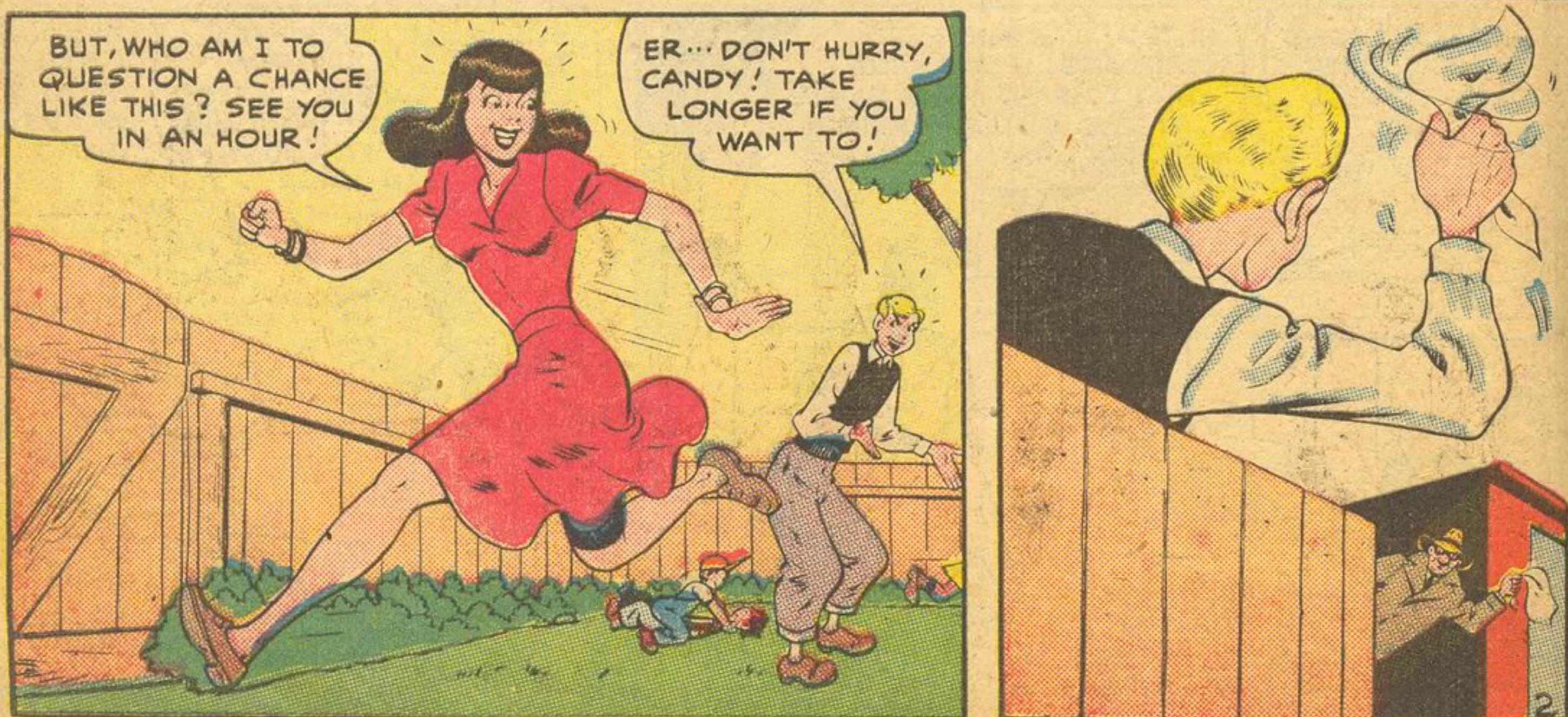
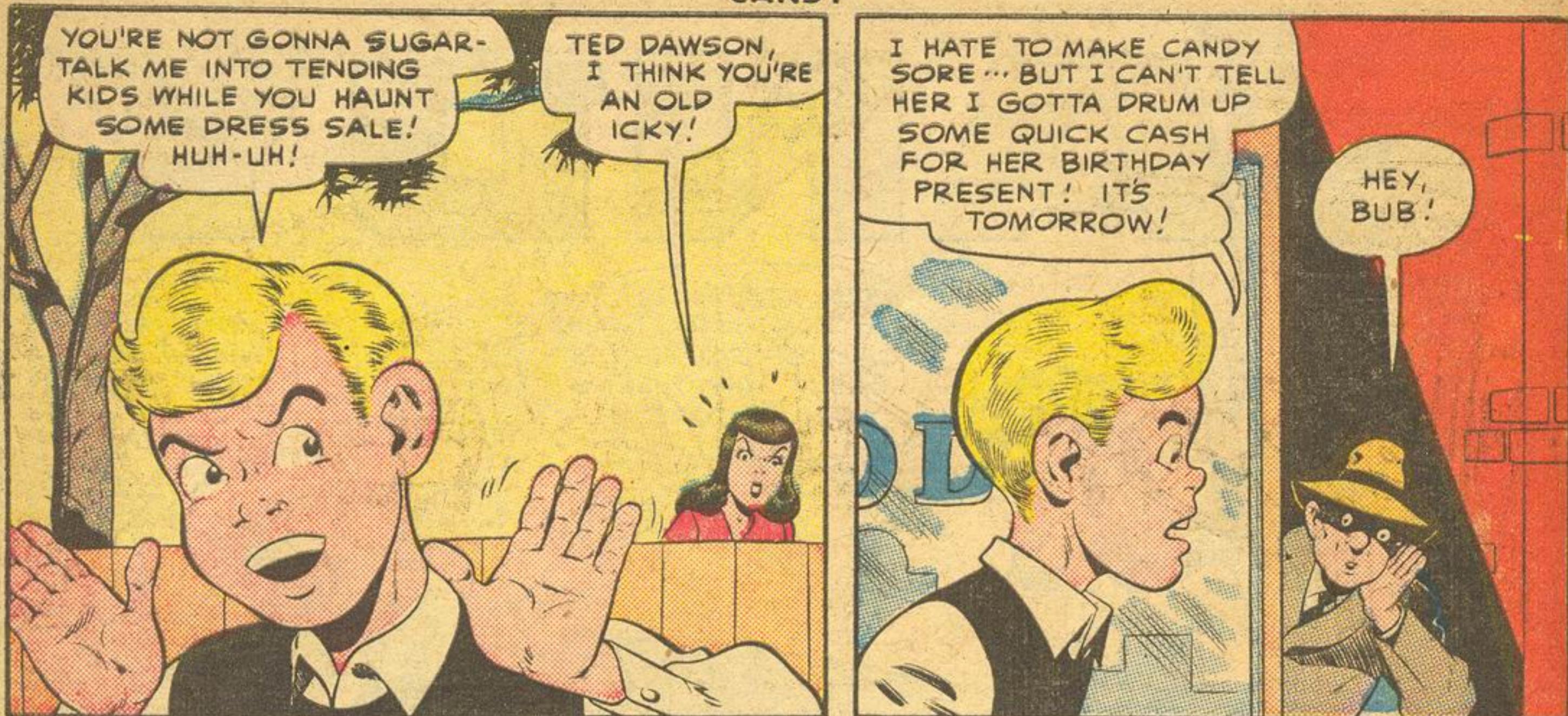
AGE.....

CANDY

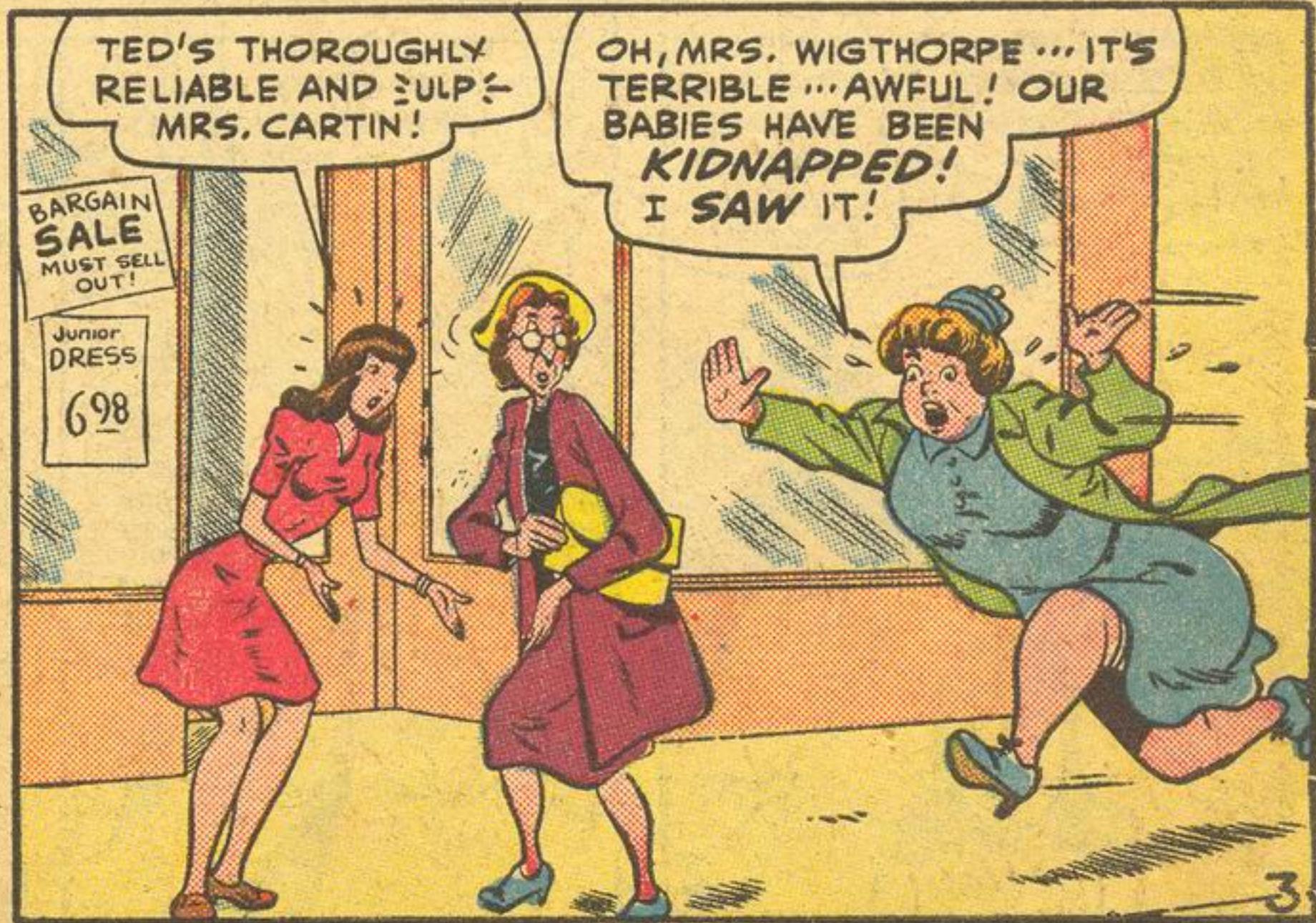
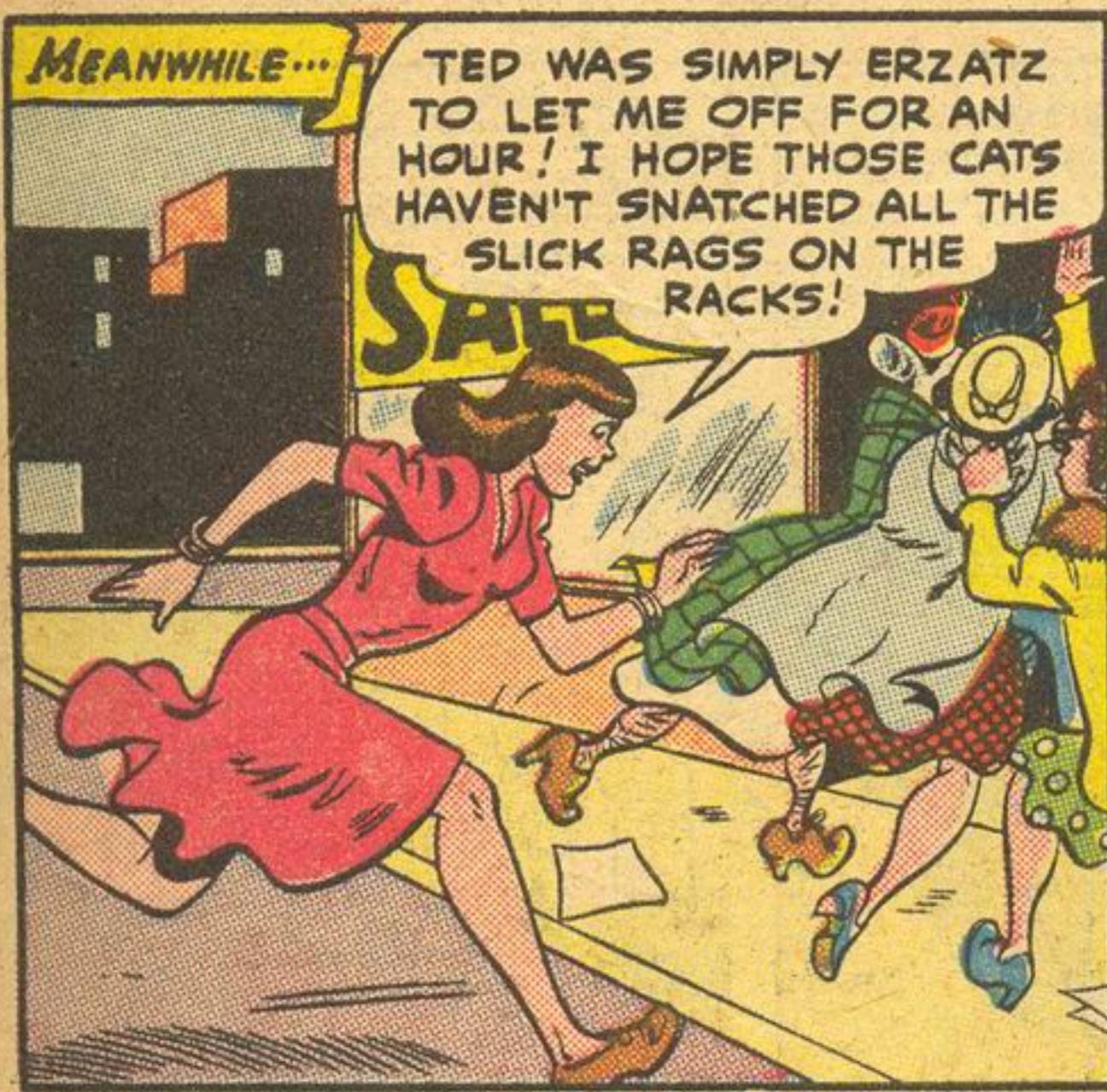
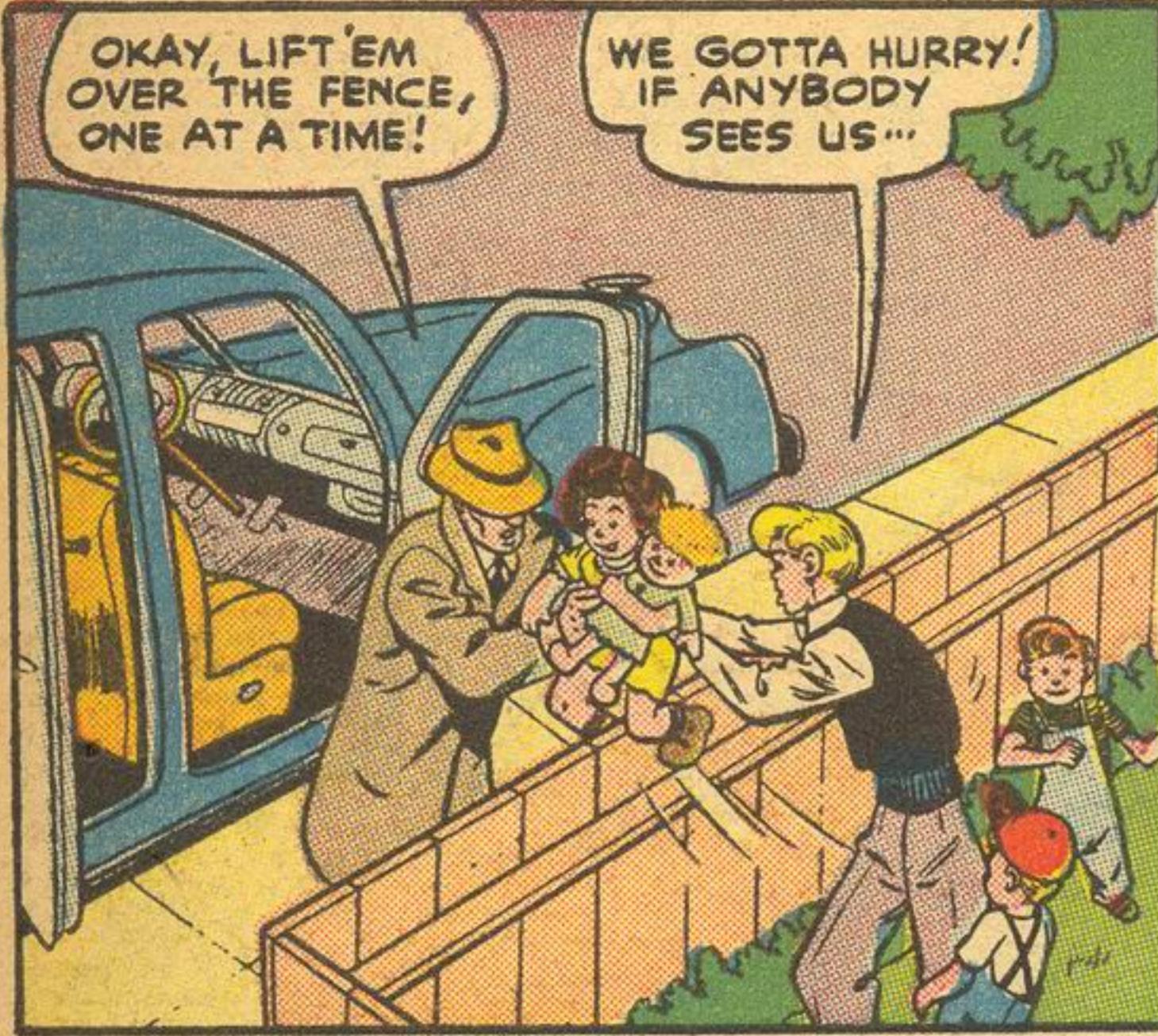
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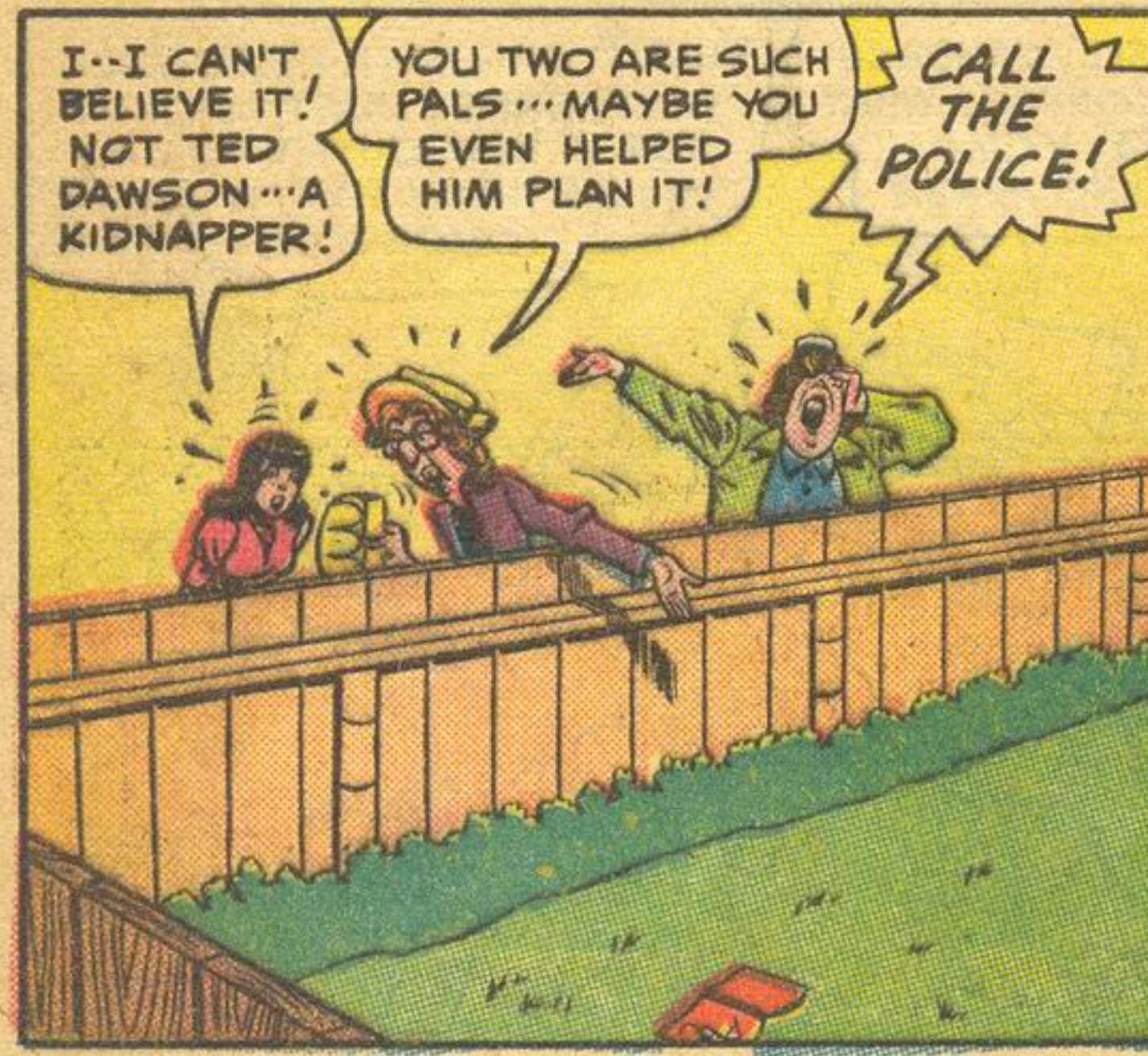
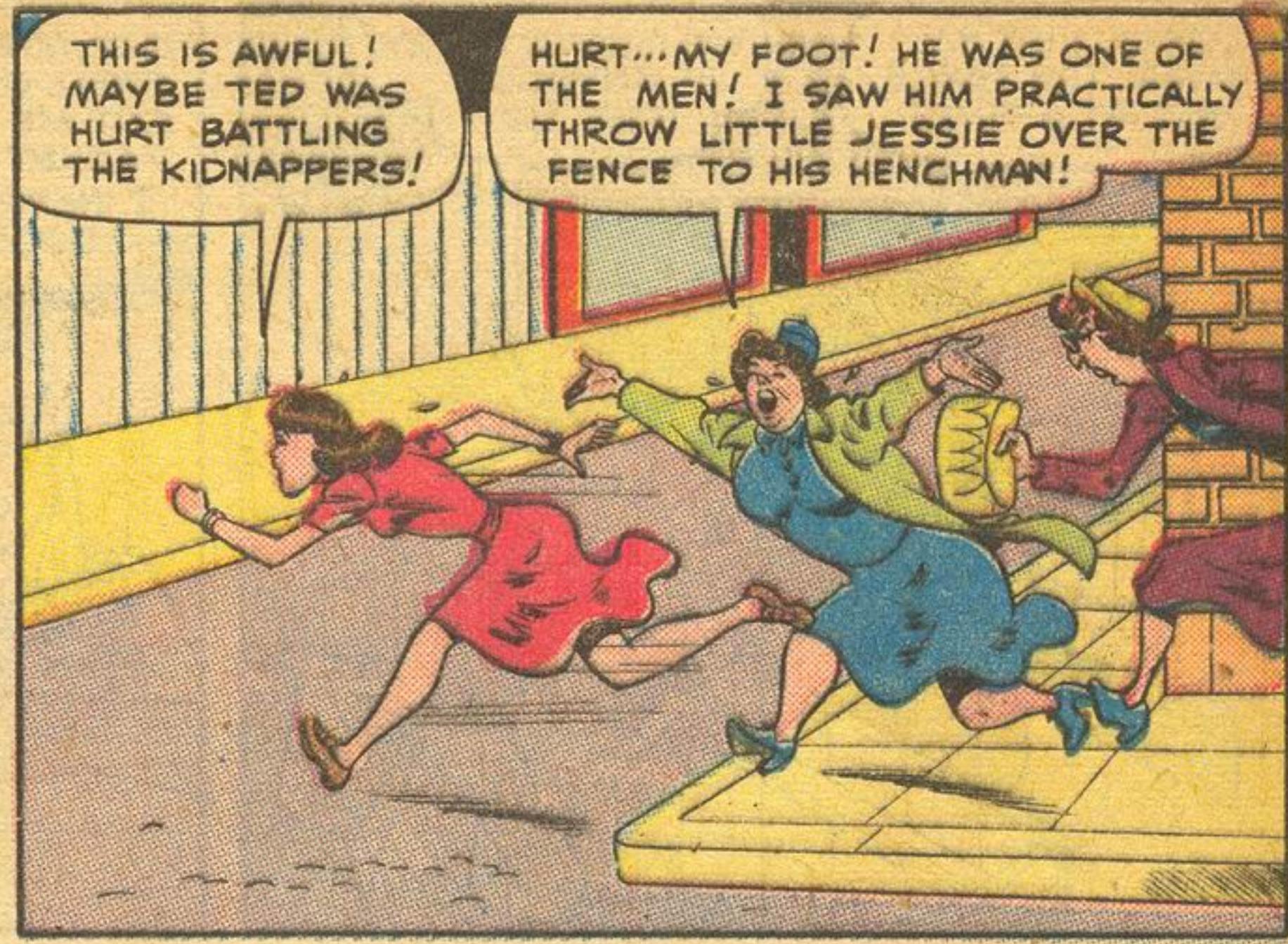
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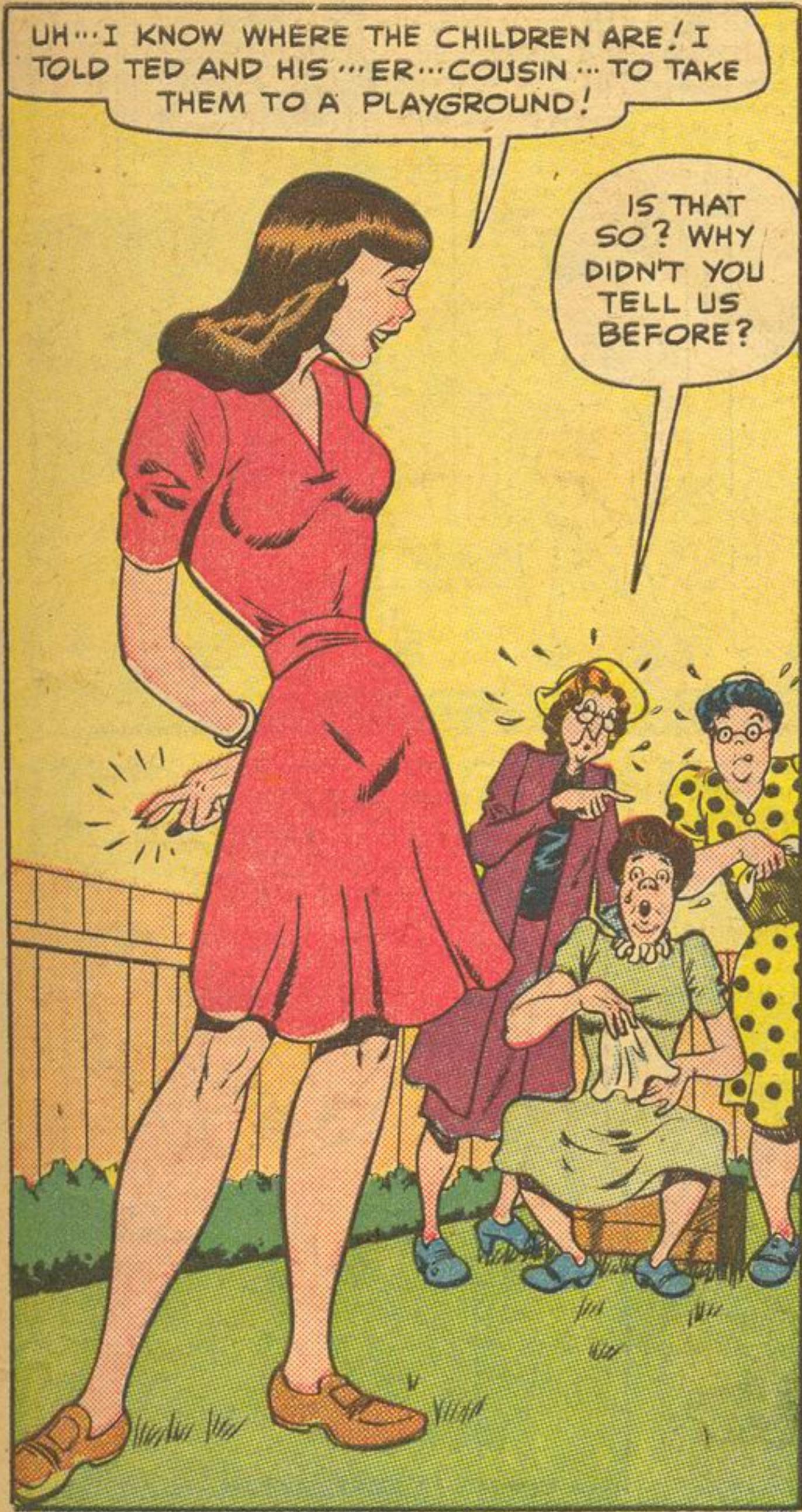
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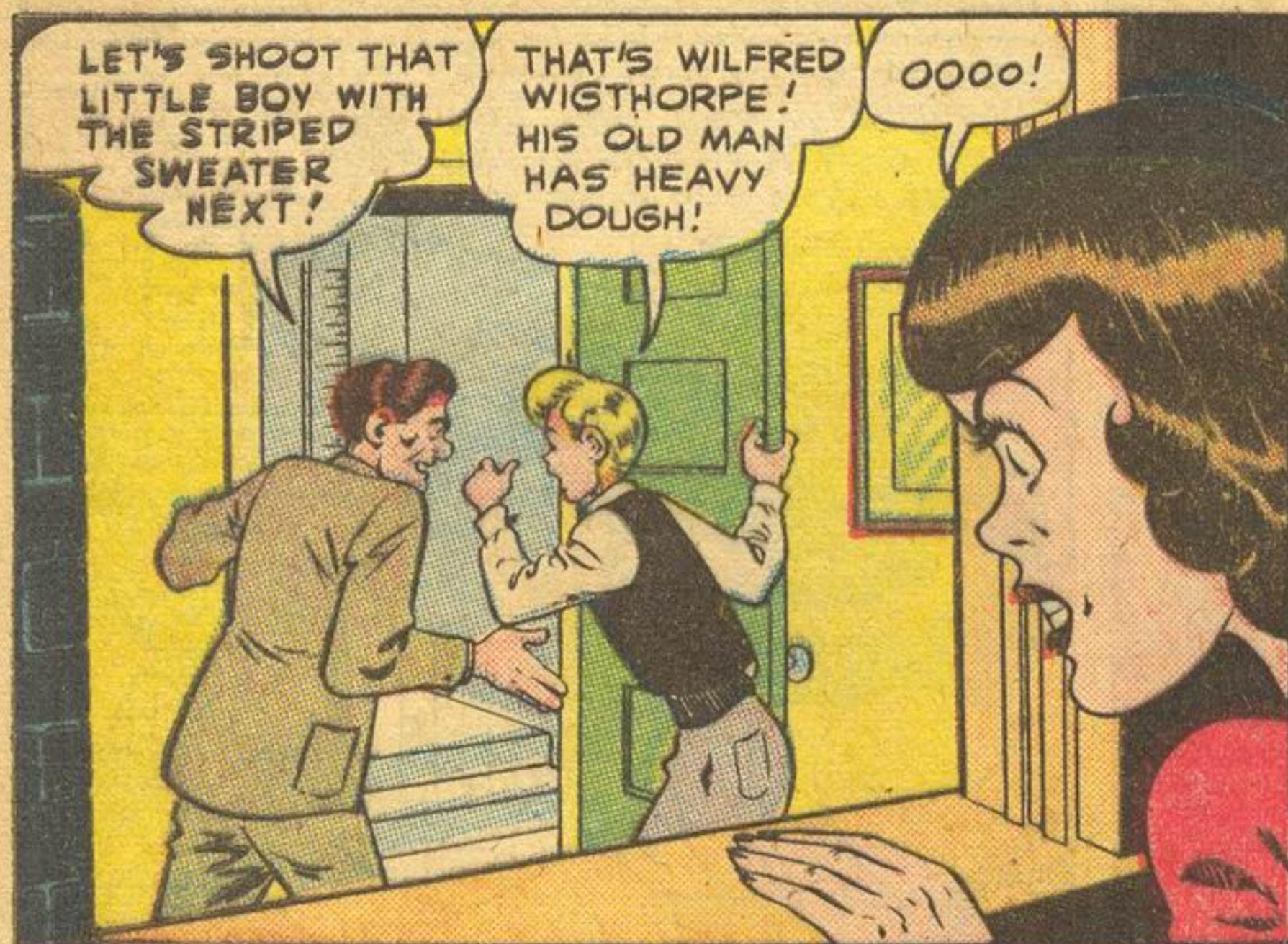
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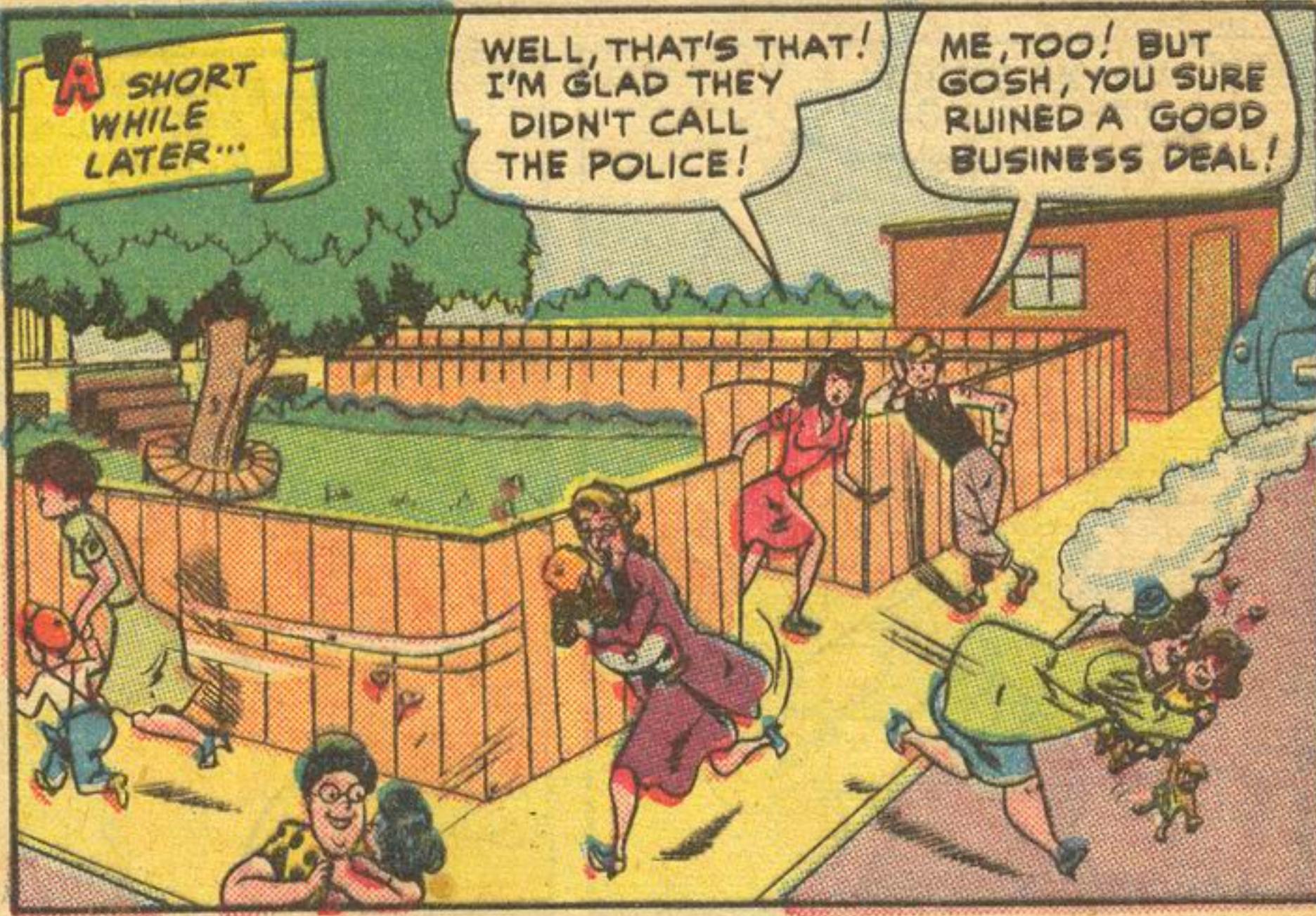
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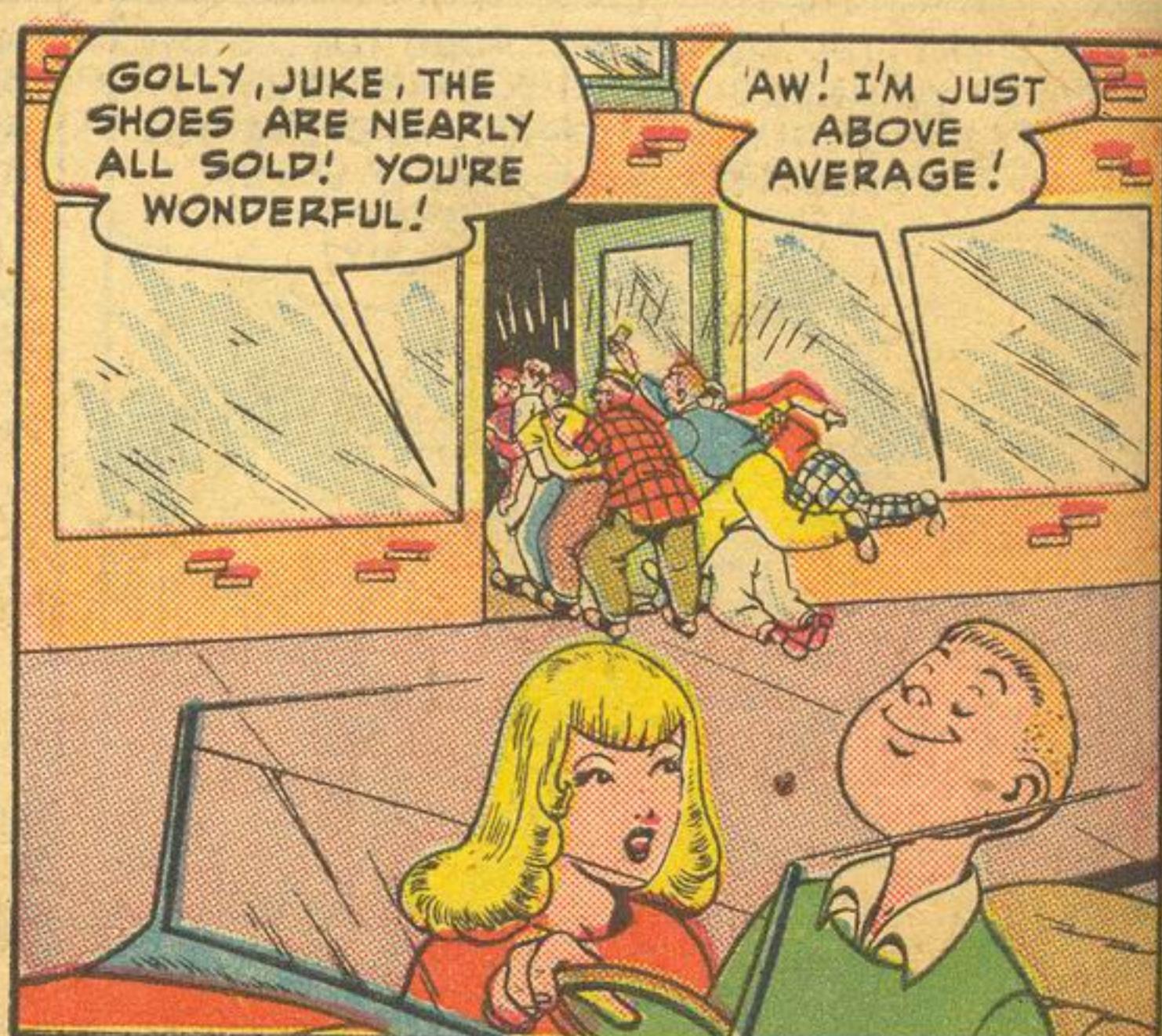
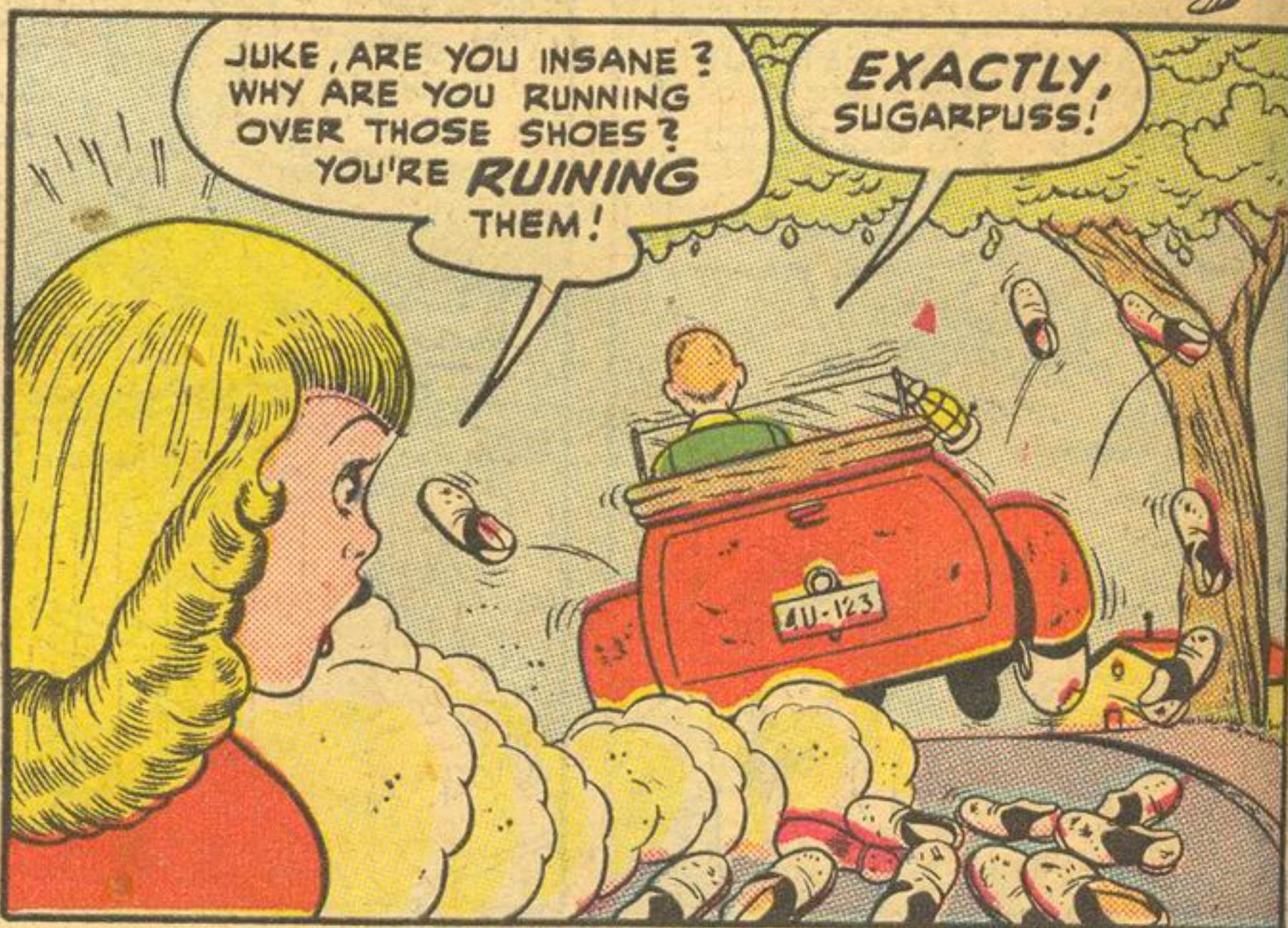
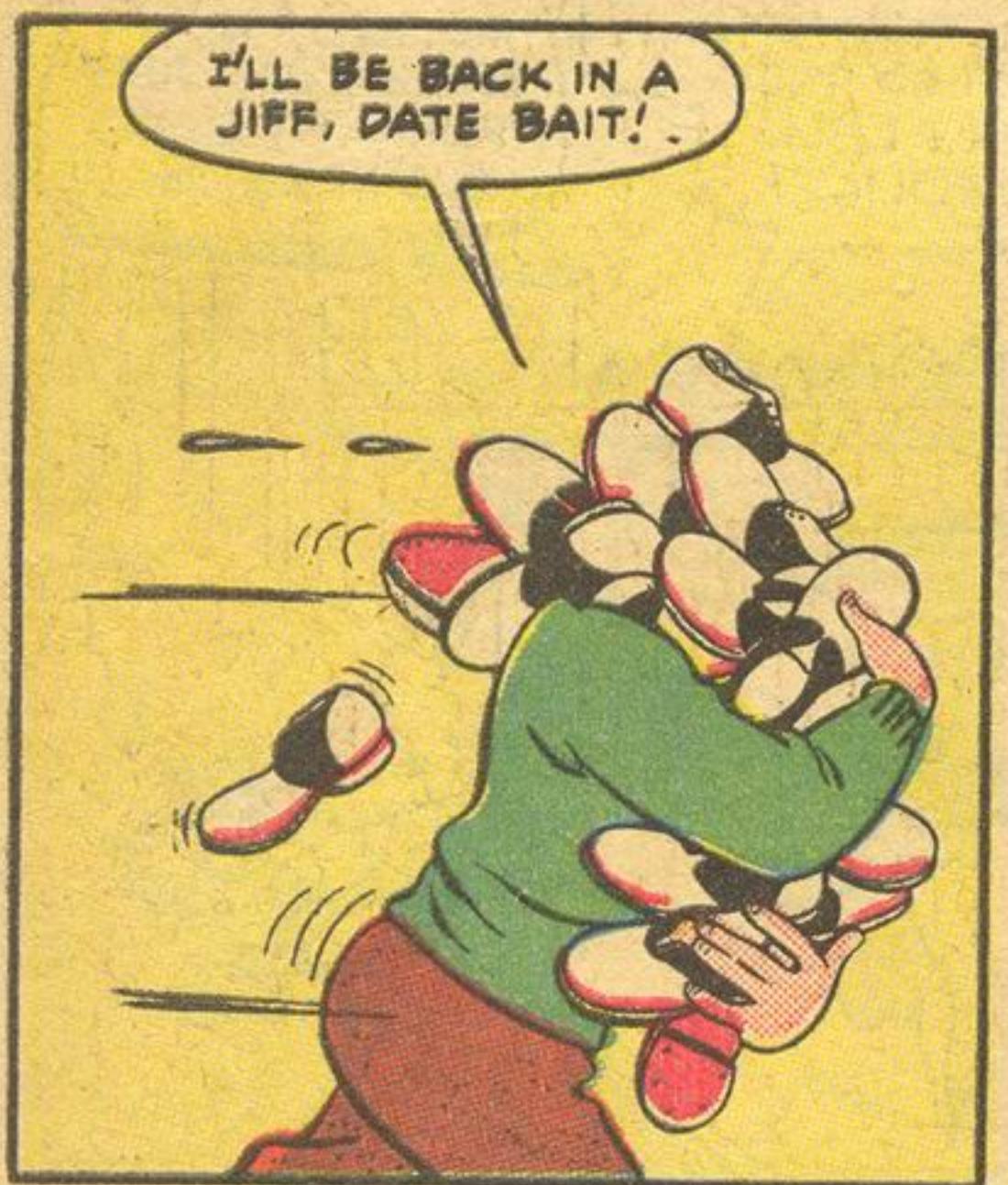
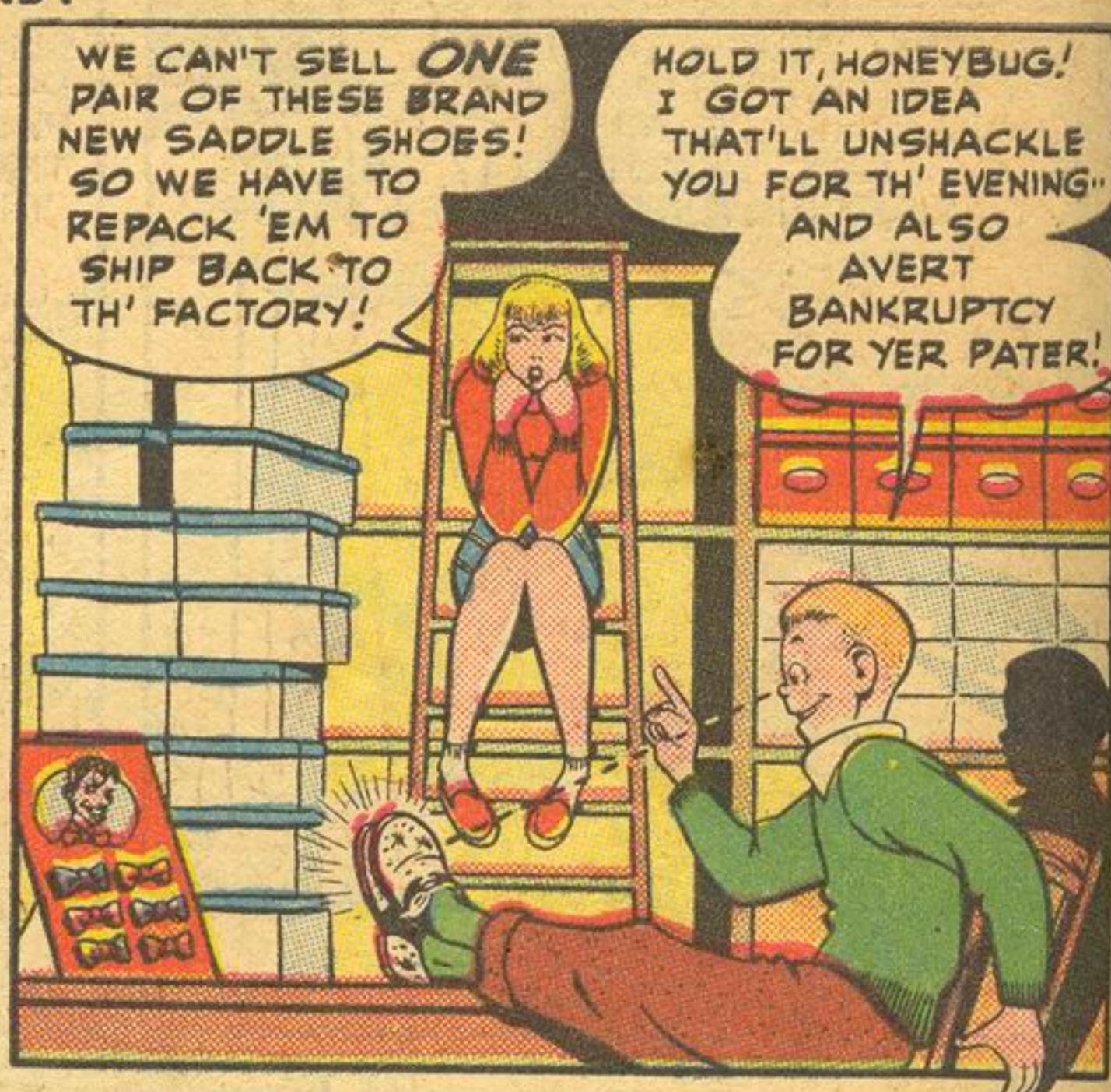
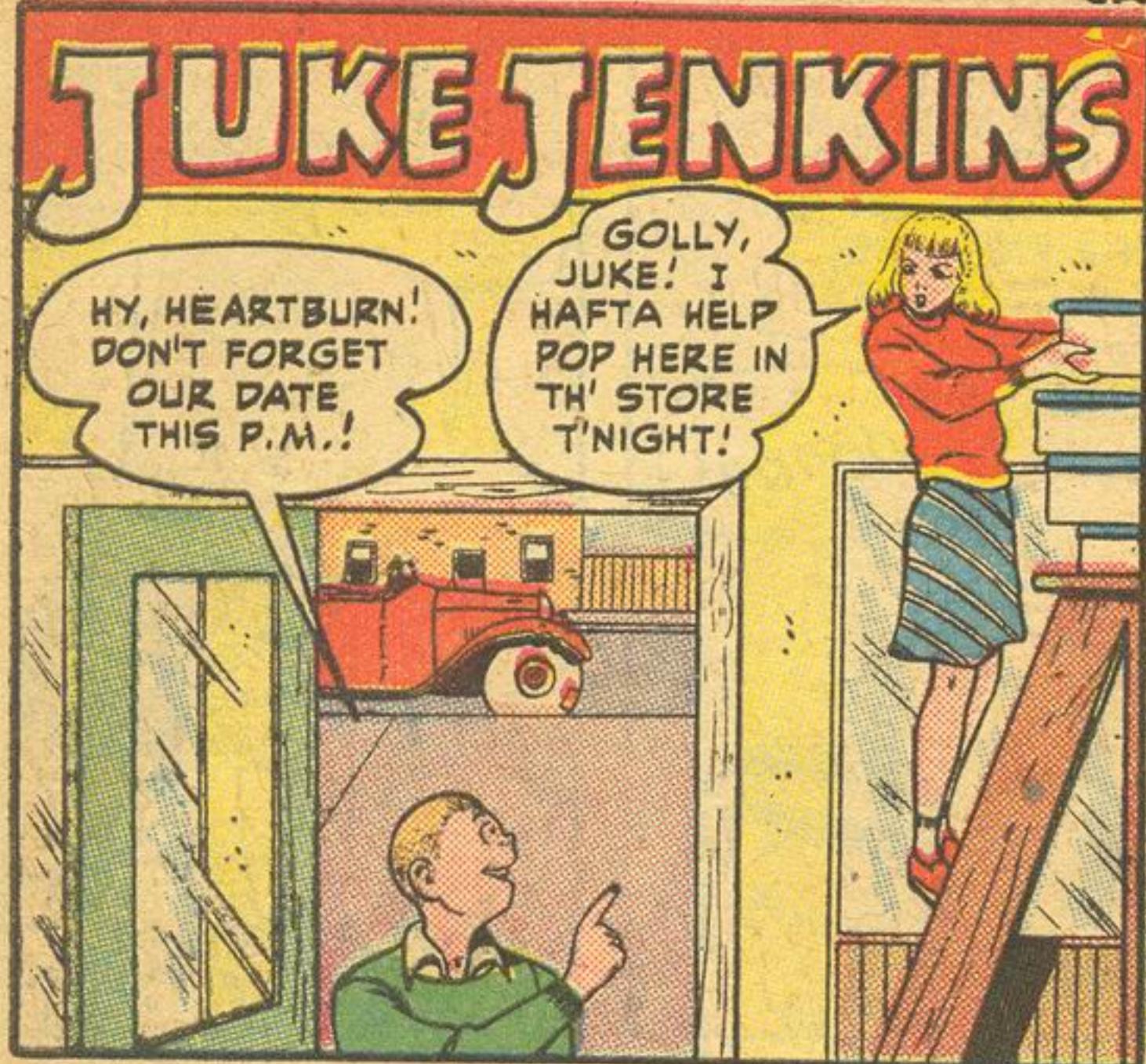
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GEE, TED... DON'T YOU
THINK THERE'S SOMETHING
HOMEY ABOUT A
ROARING FIRE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT?

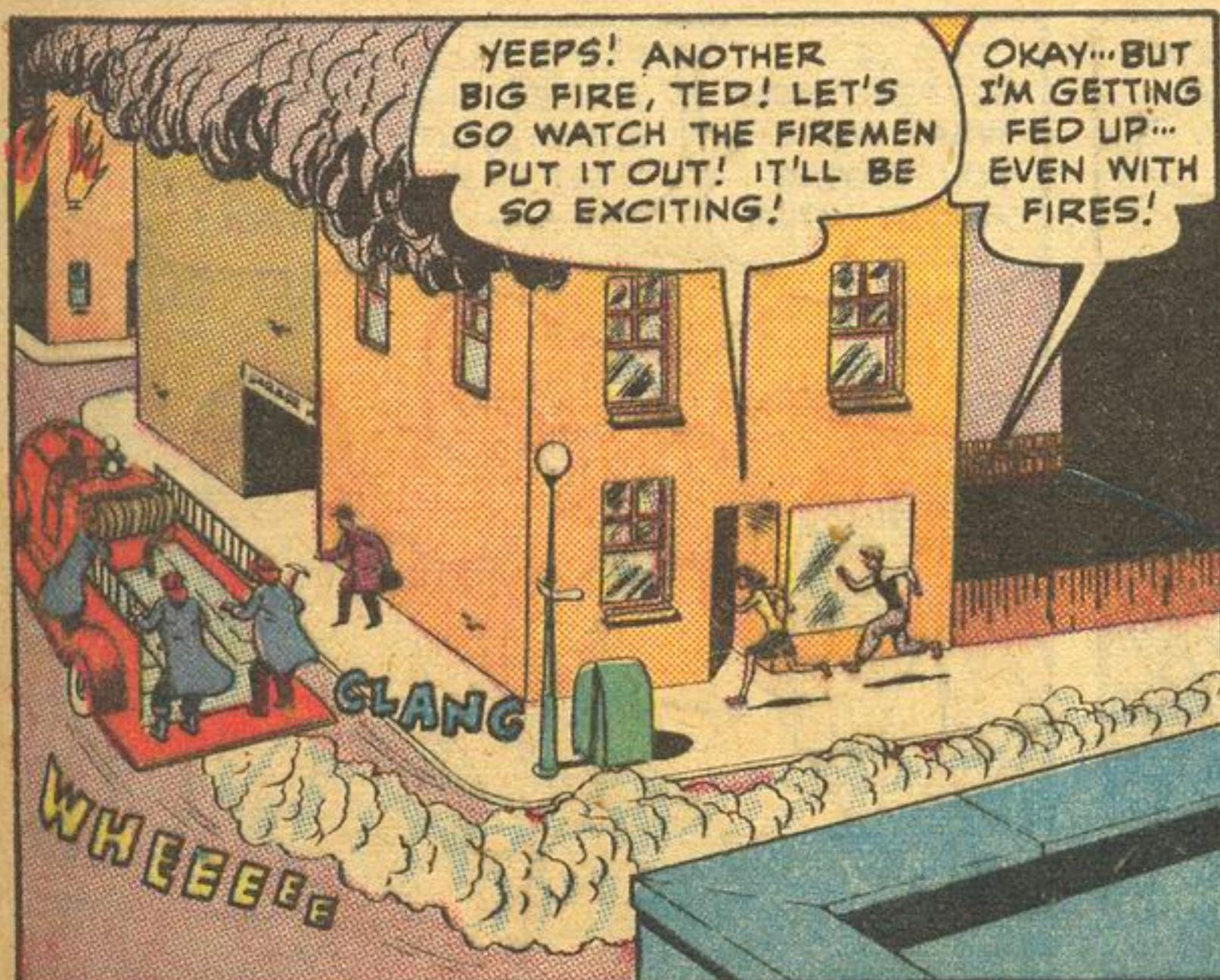


YEEPS! ANOTHER
BIG FIRE, TED! LET'S
GO WATCH THE FIREMEN
PUT IT OUT! IT'LL BE
SO EXCITING!

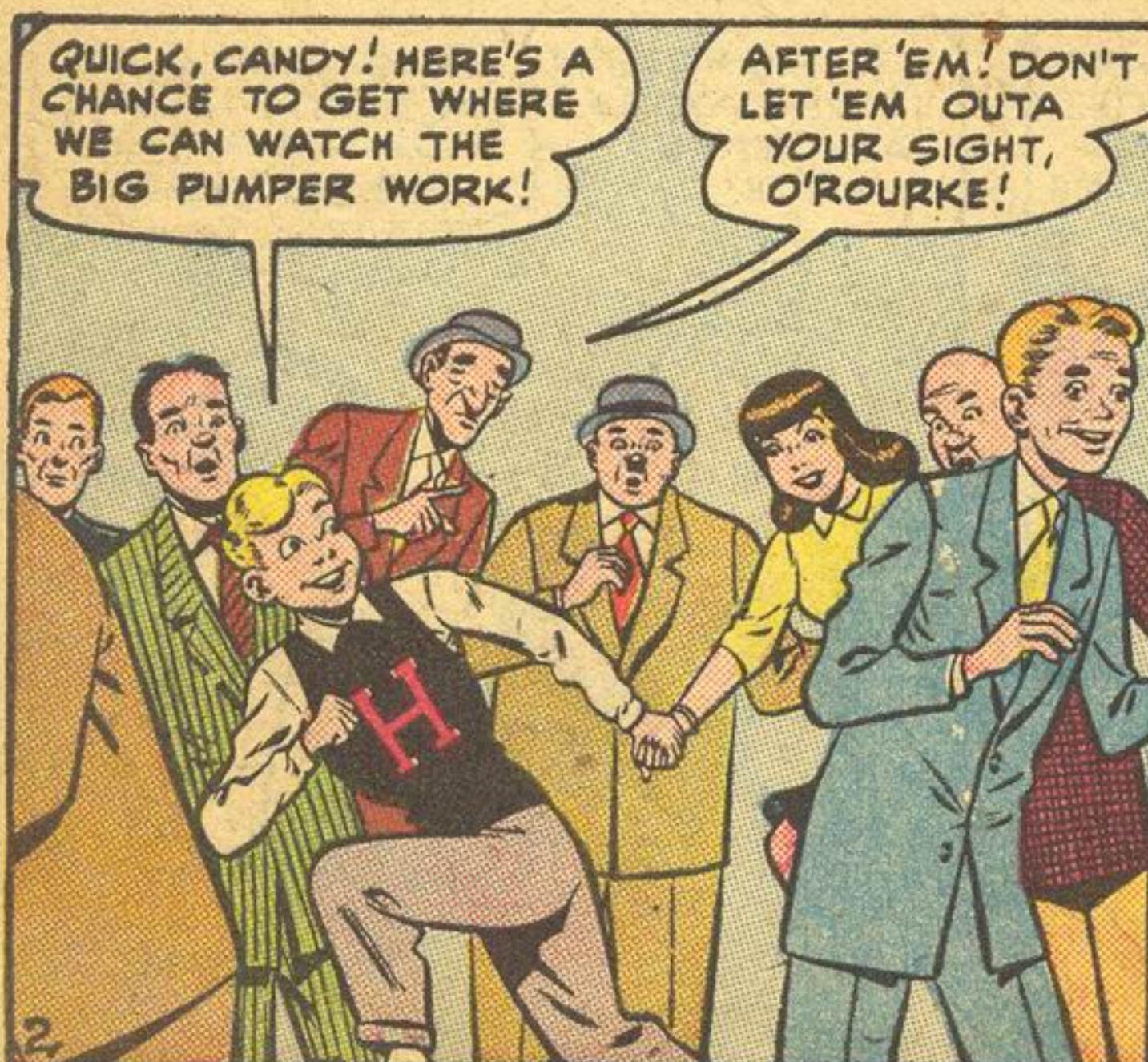
OKAY... BUT
I'M GETTING
FED UP...
EVEN WITH
FIRES!

FIVE BIG FIRES IN
THREE DAYS IS
ALMOST TOO
MUCH!

THE PAPERS MUST
BE RIGHT! IT'S THE
WORK OF A
FIREBUG, FOR
SURE!



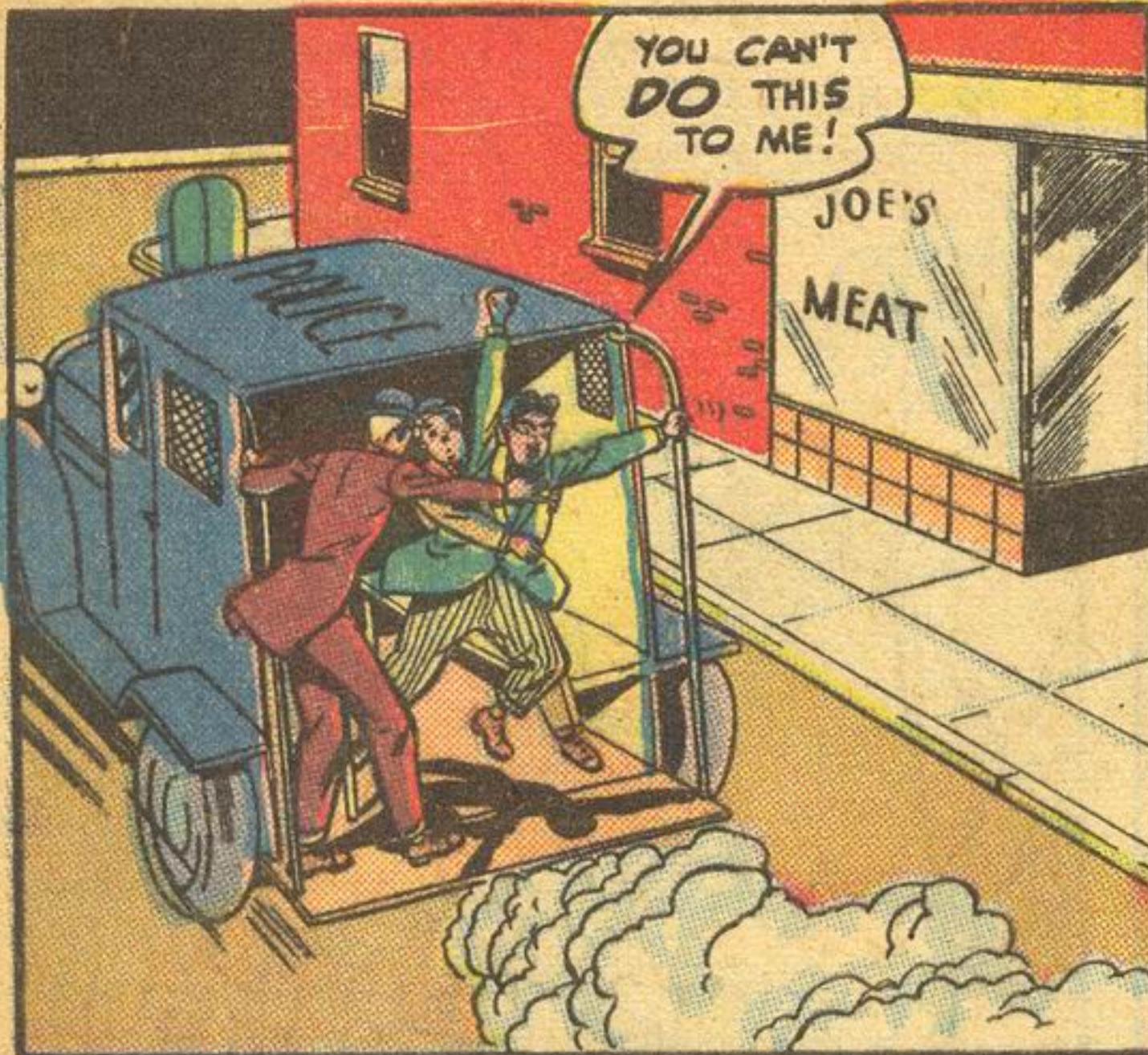
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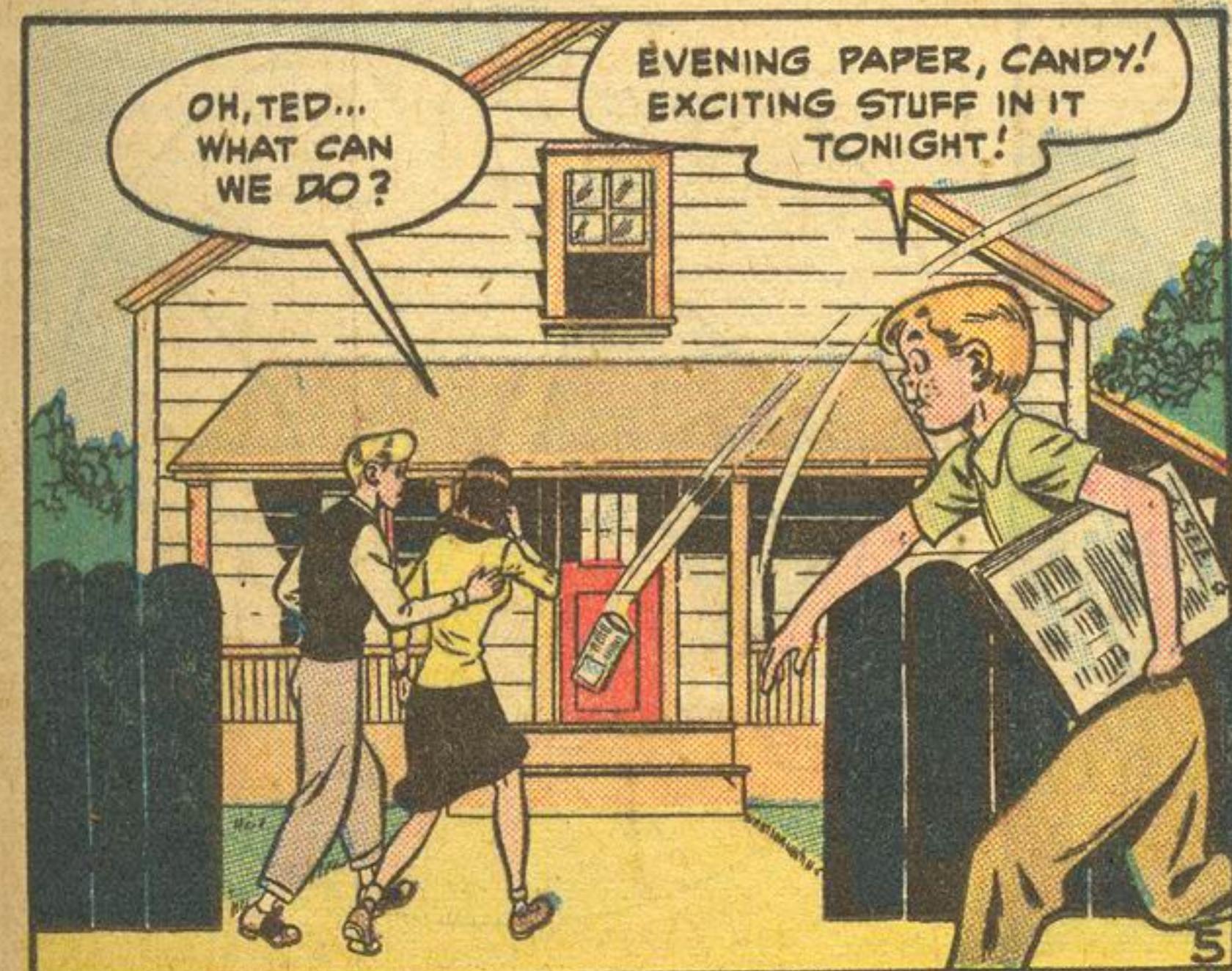
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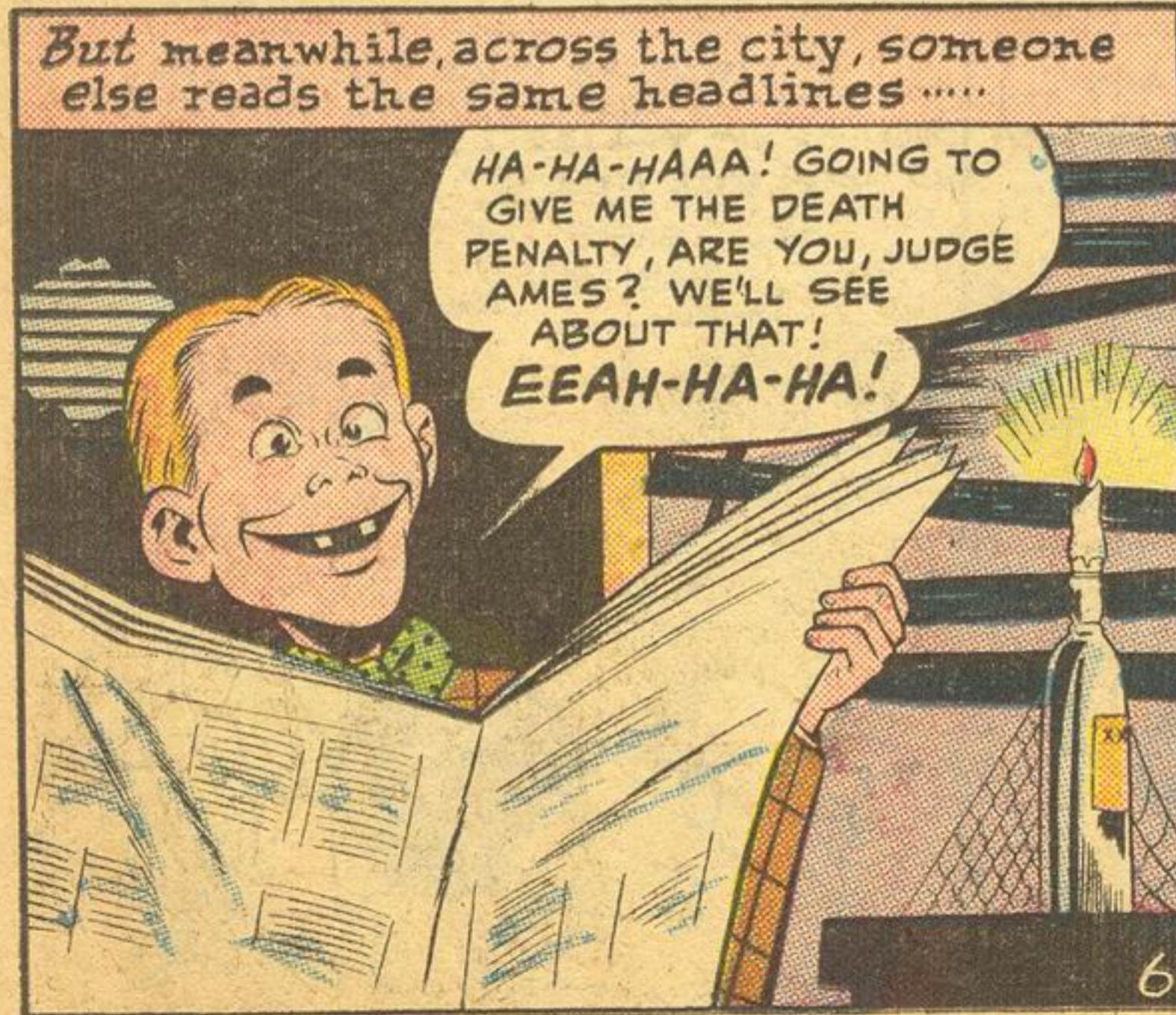
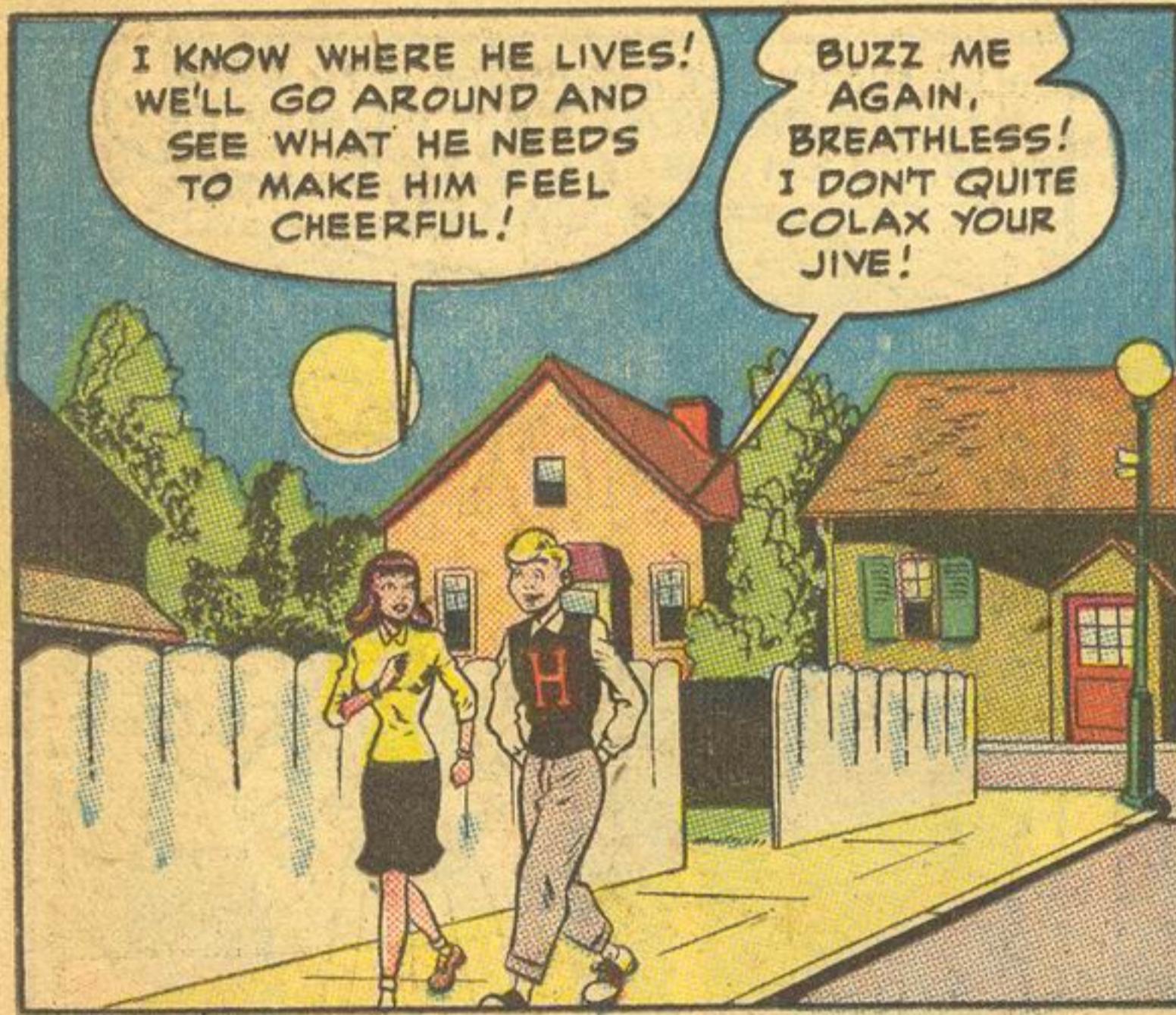
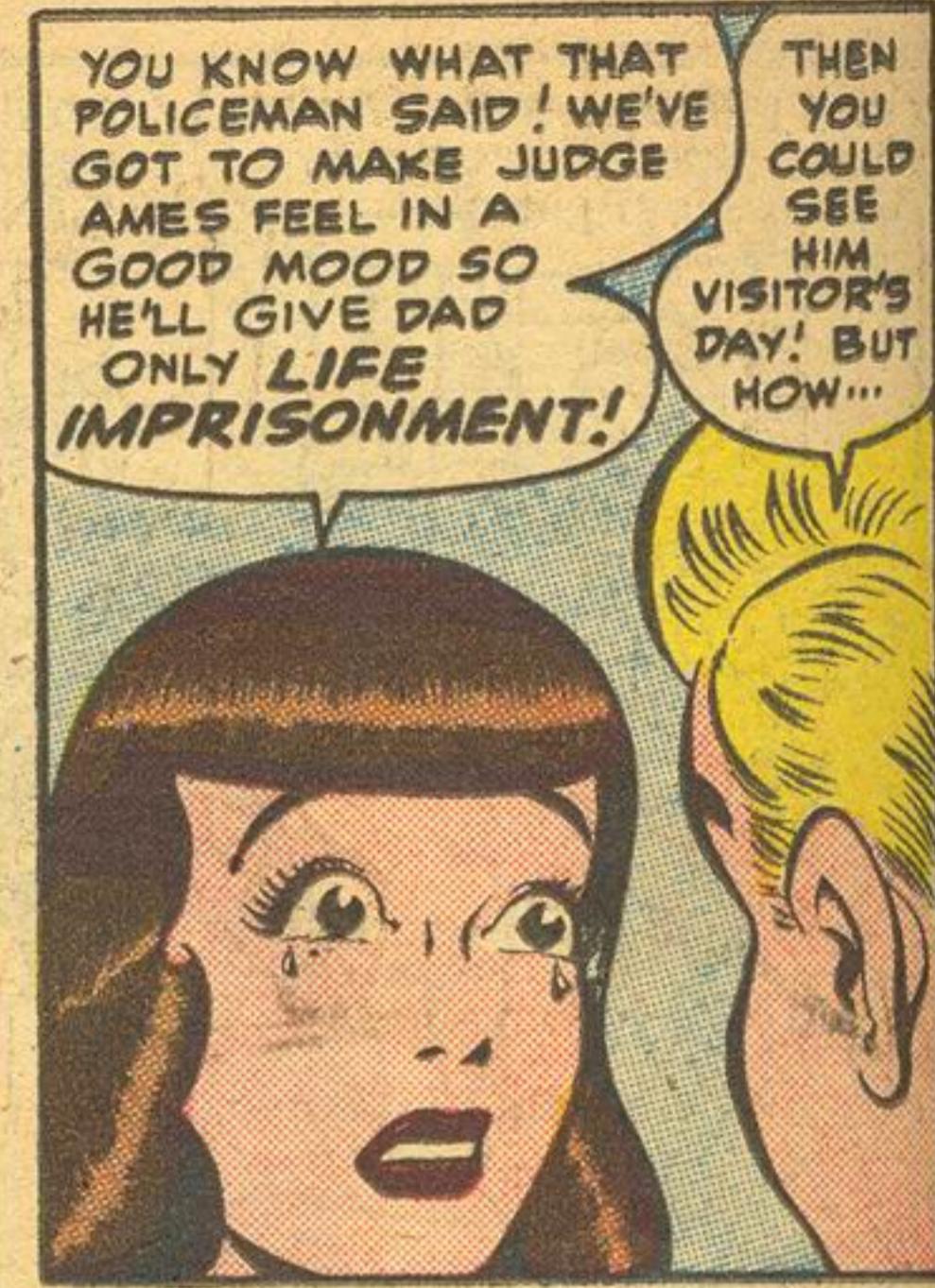
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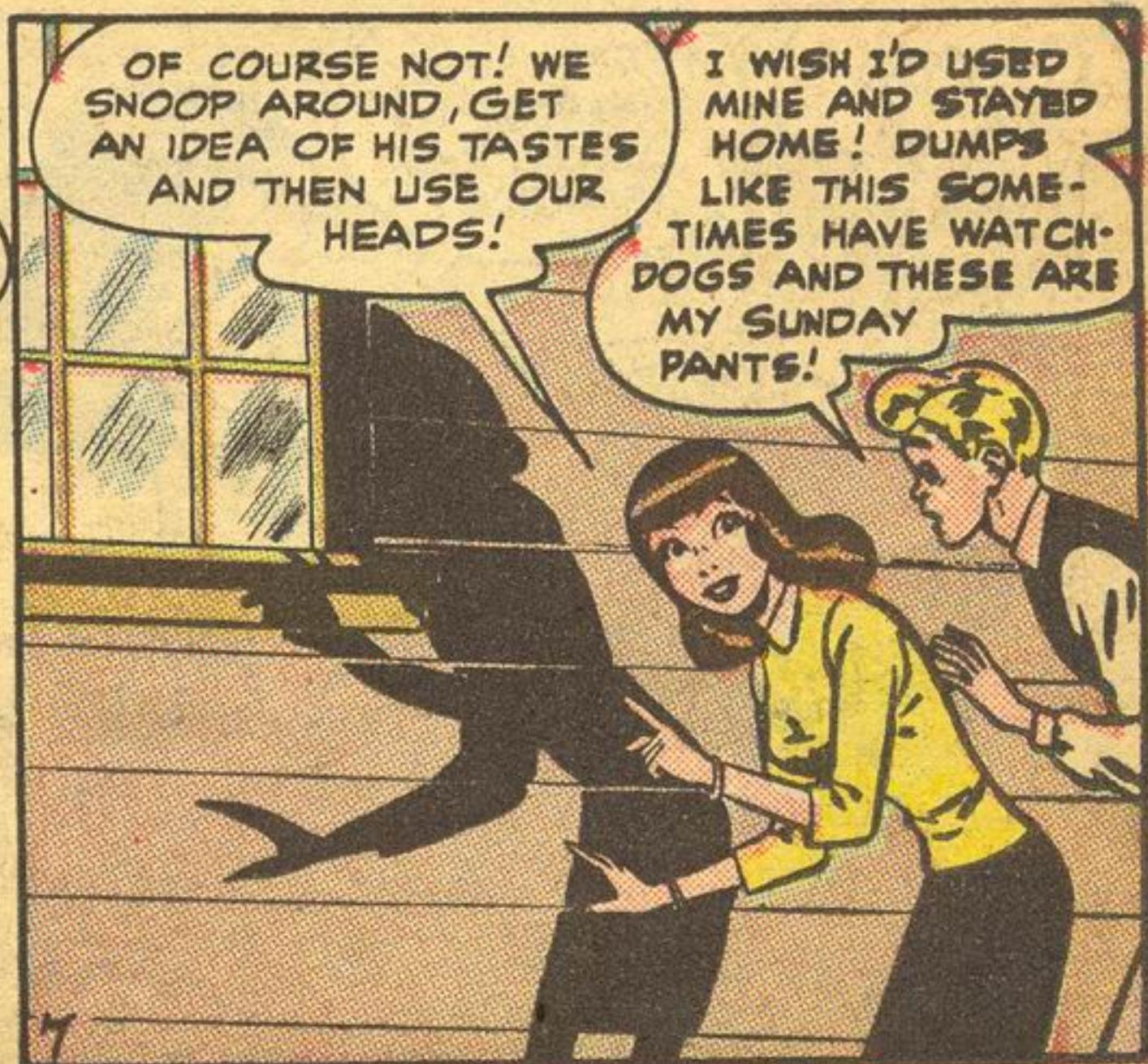
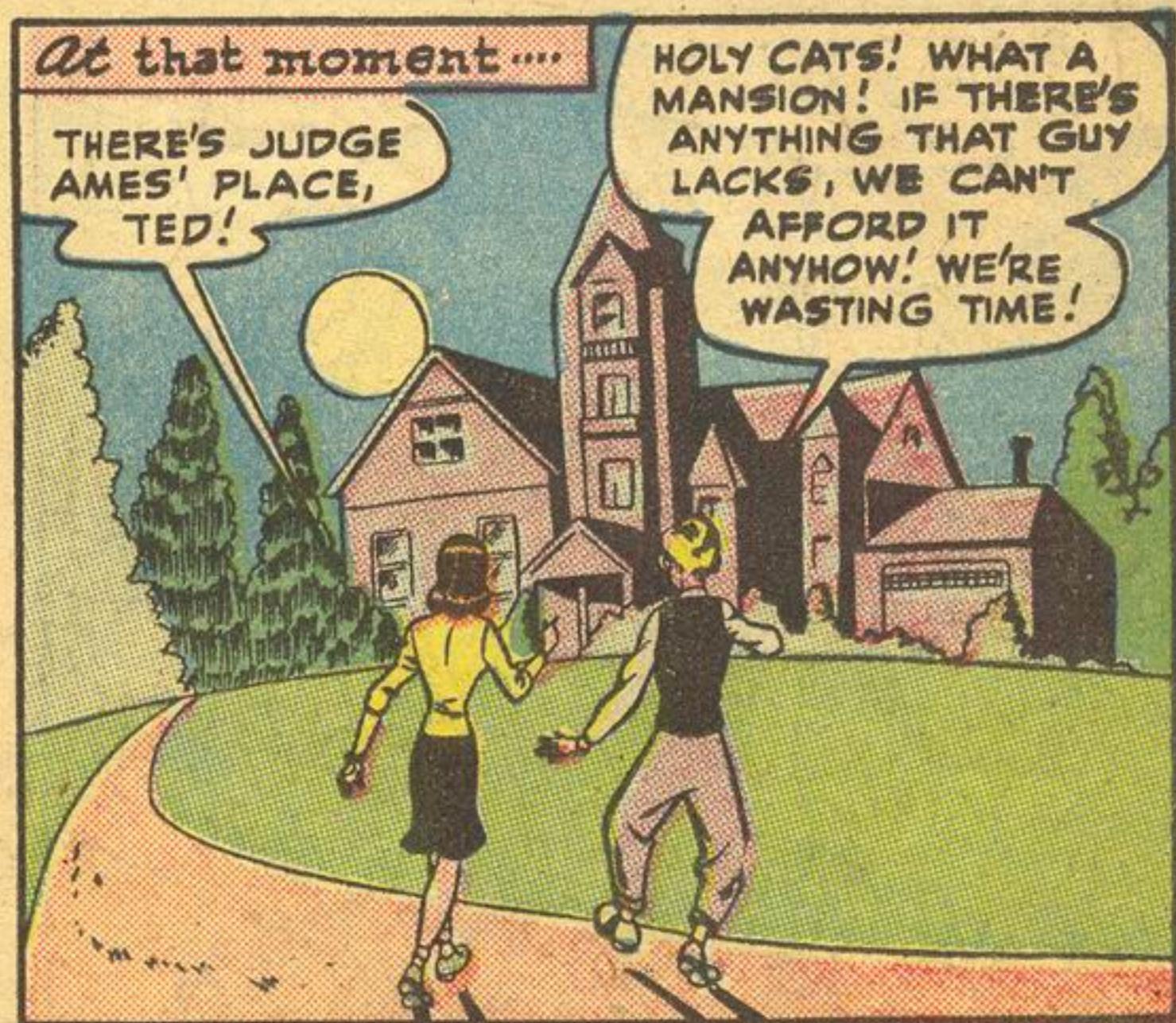
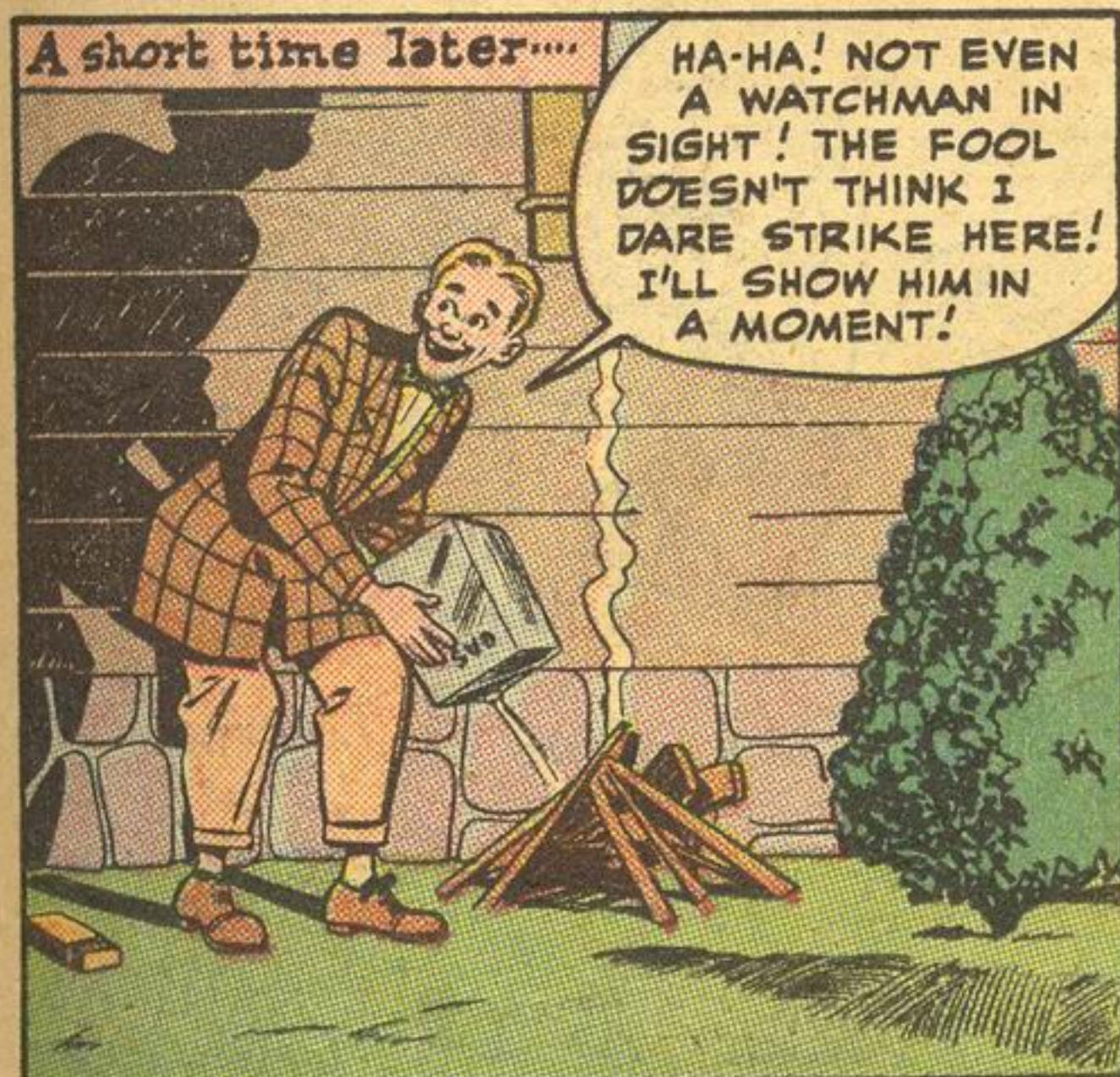
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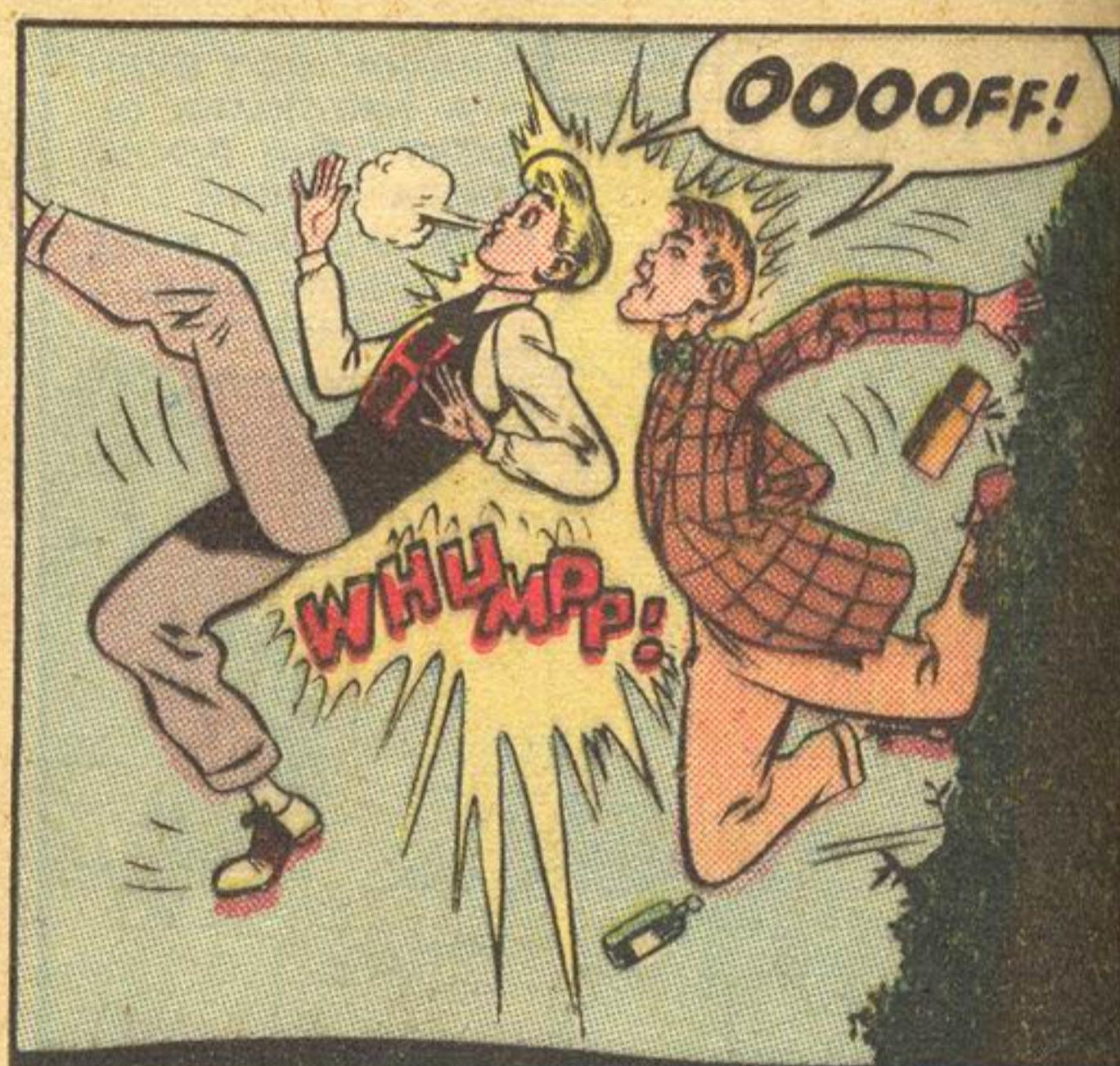


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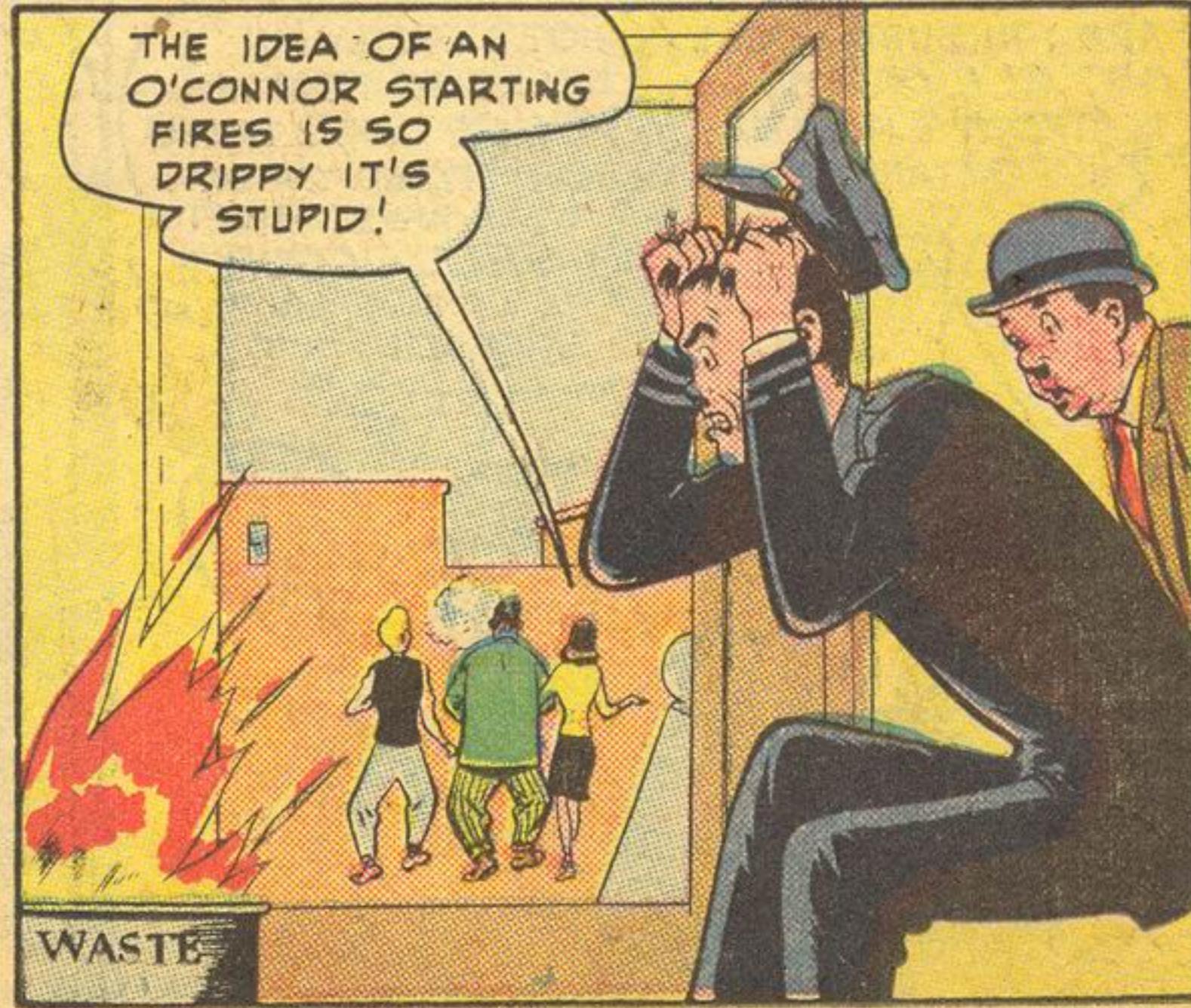
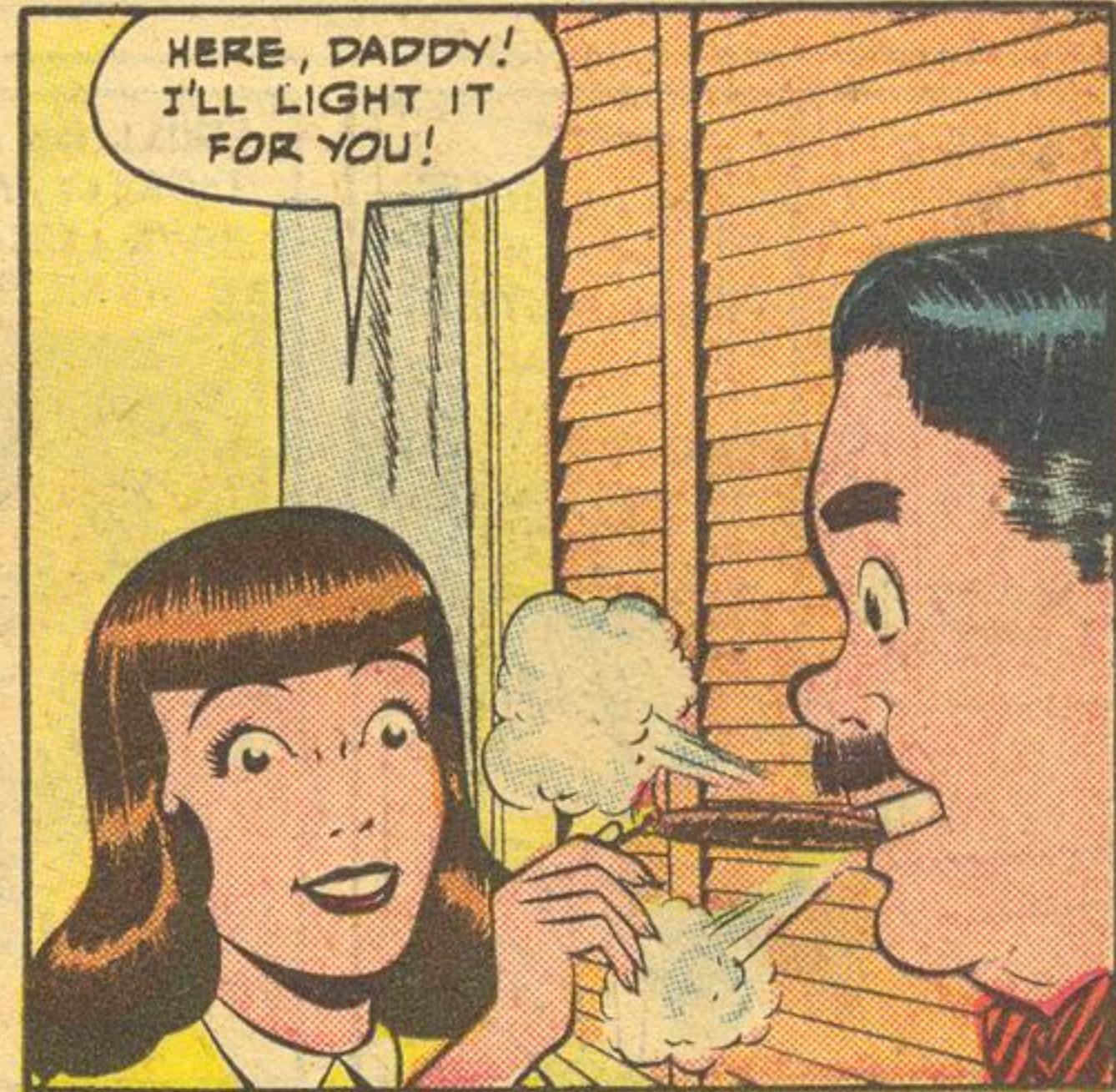
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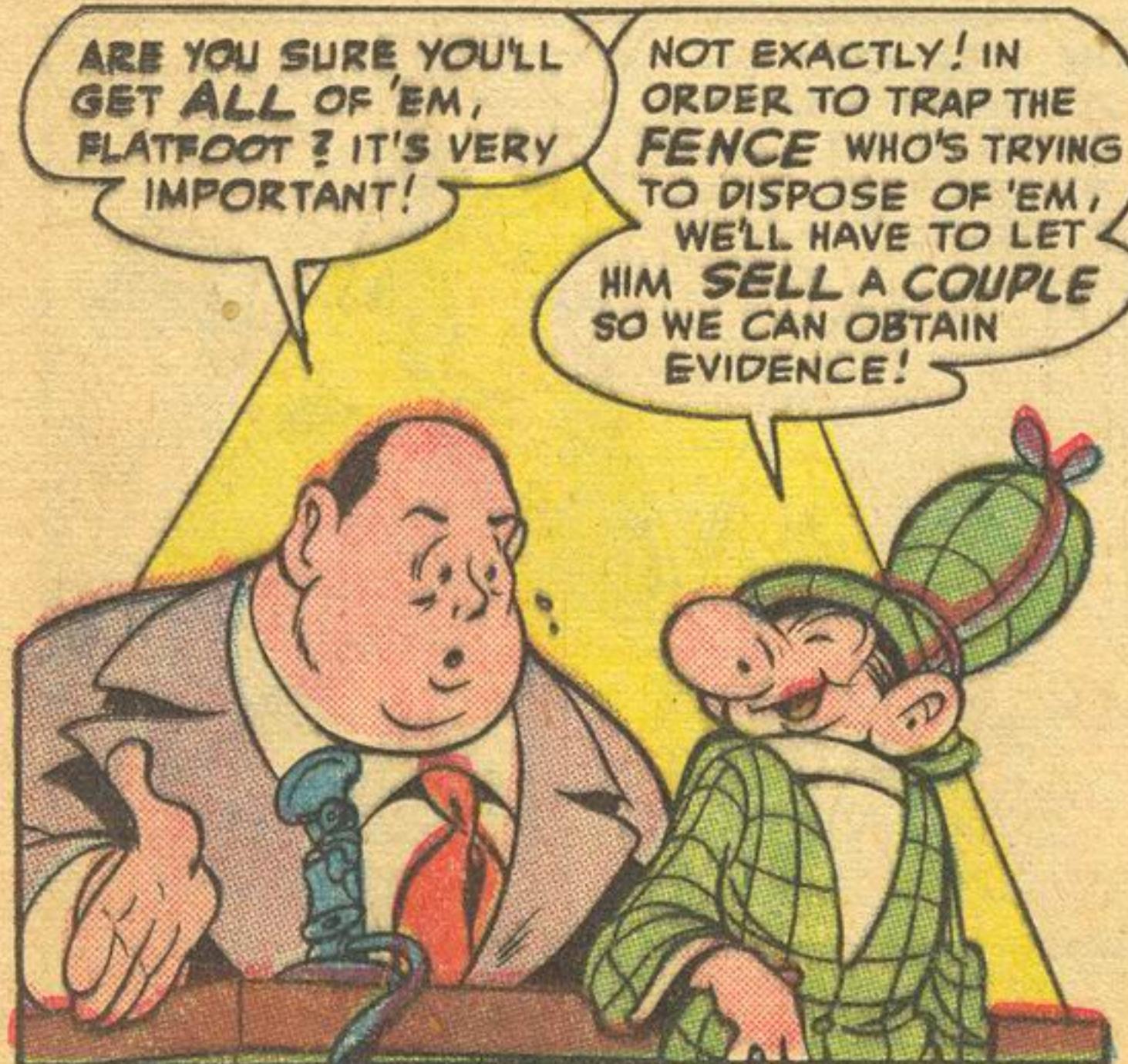
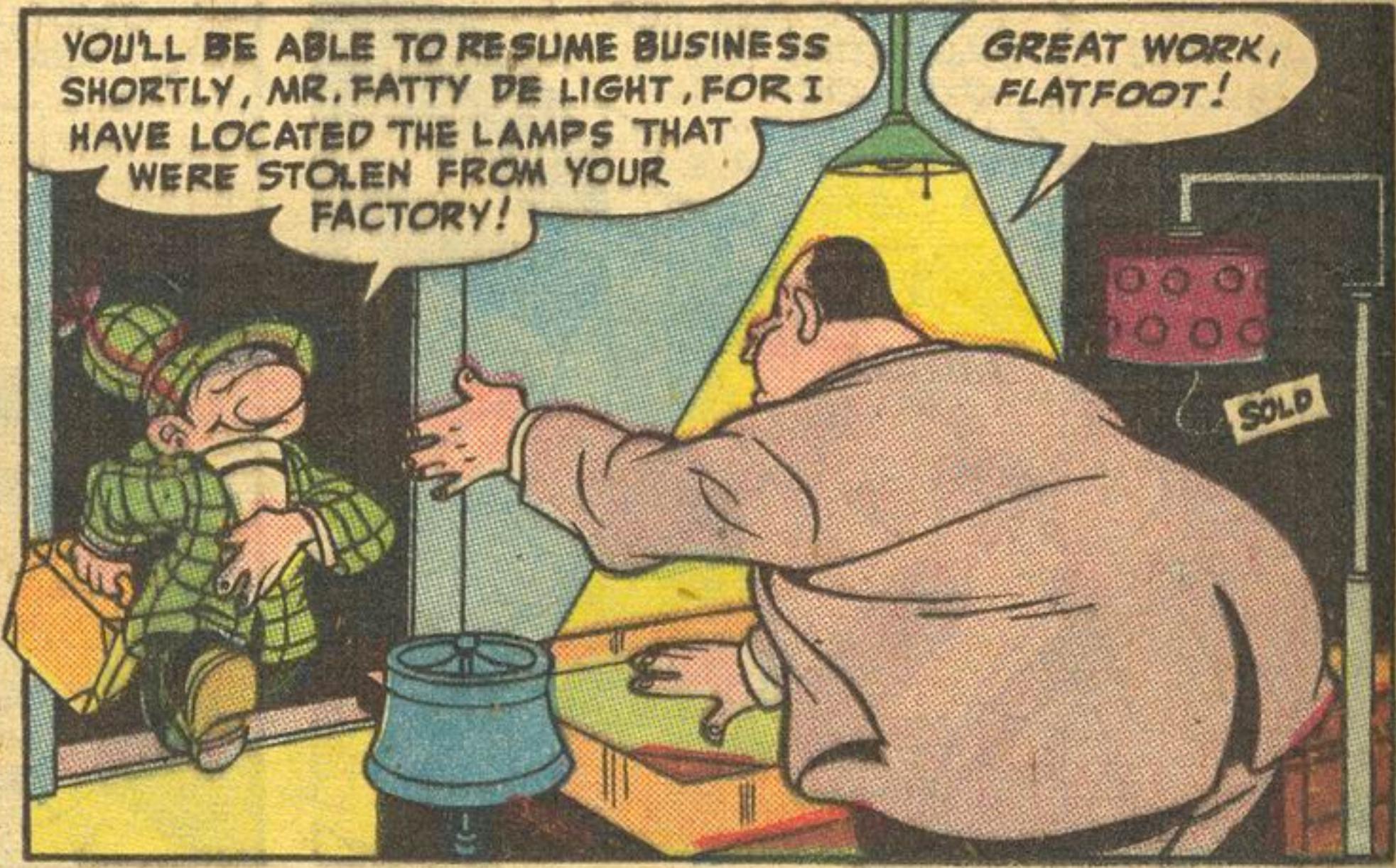
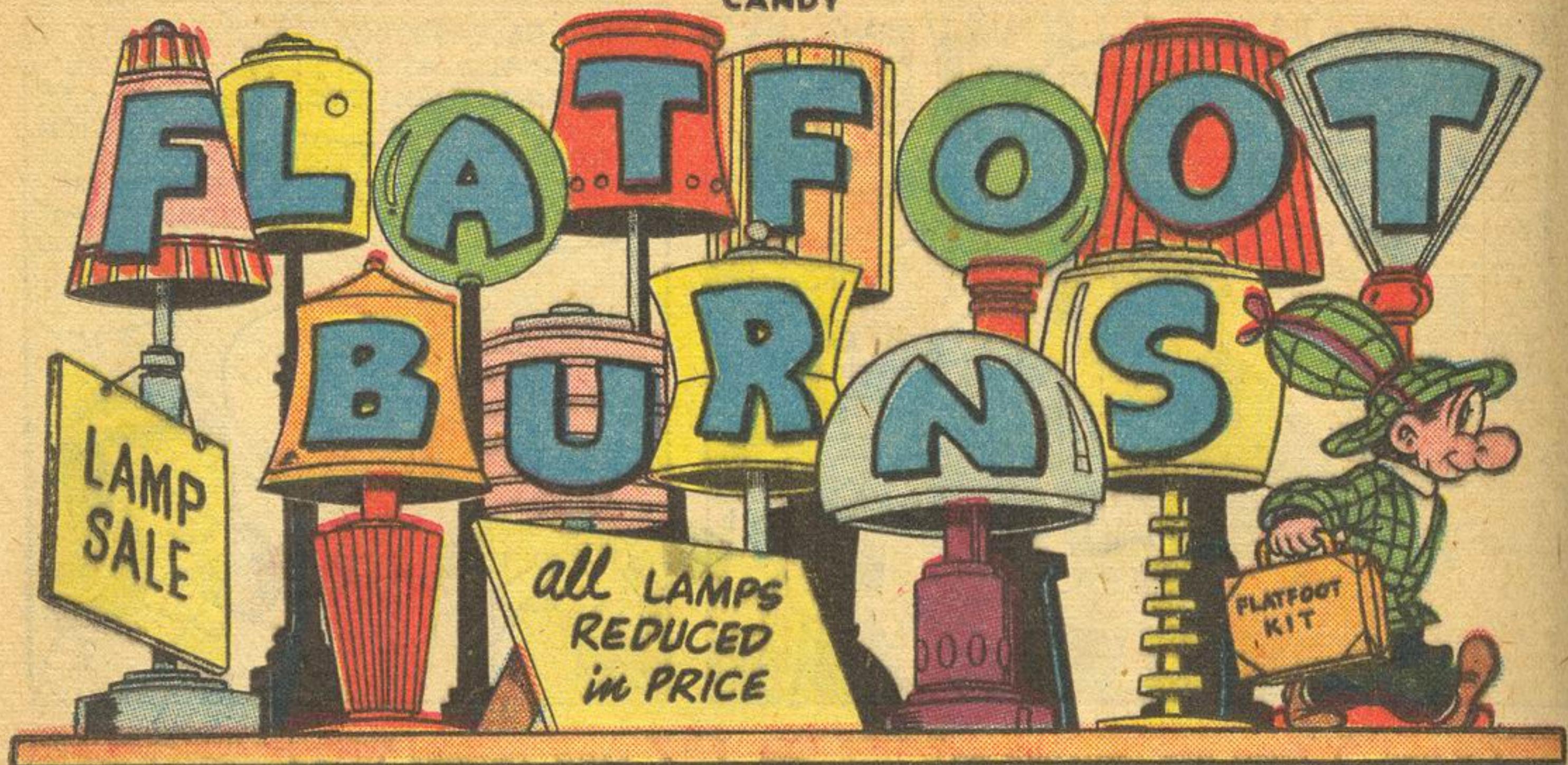


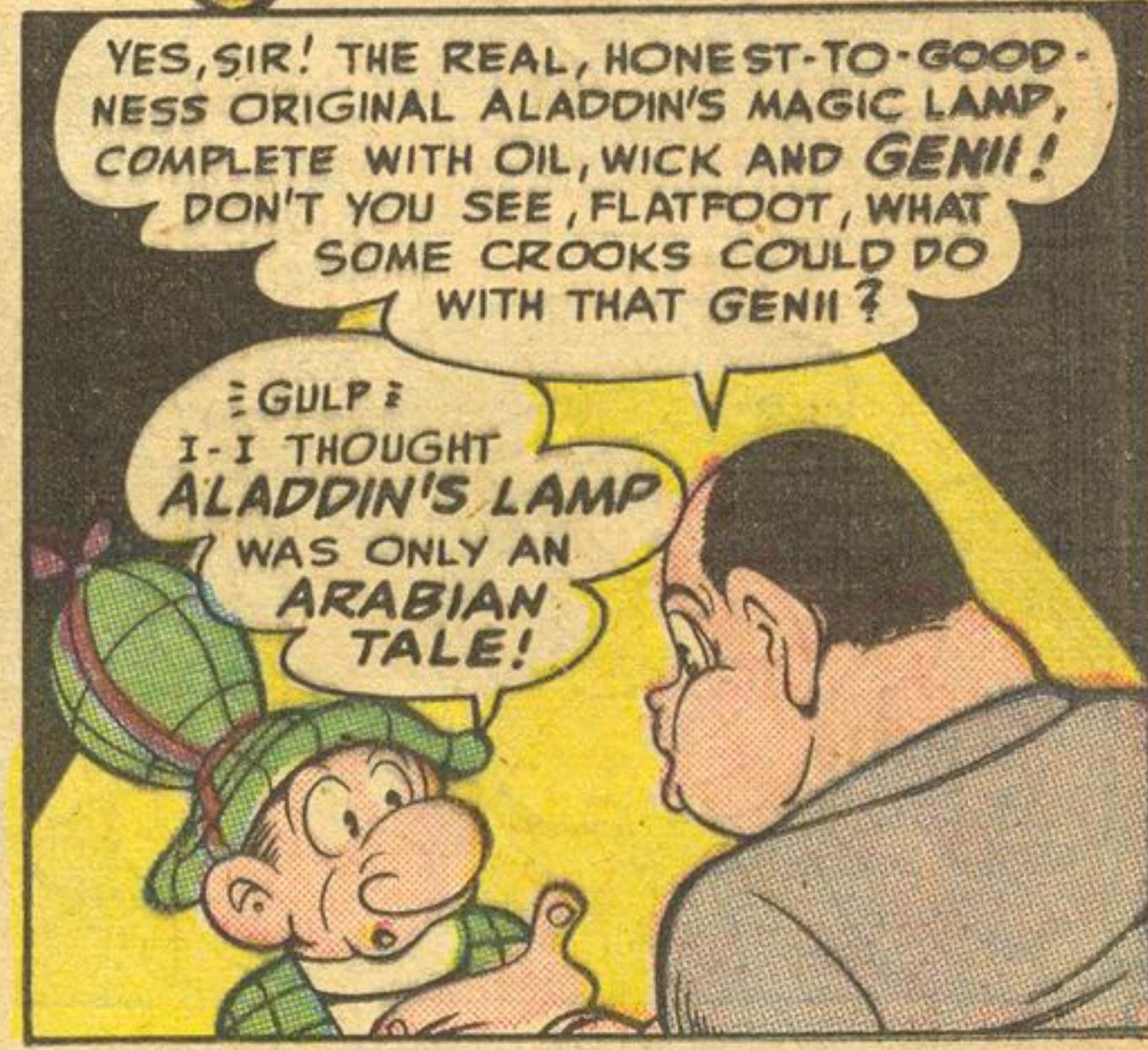
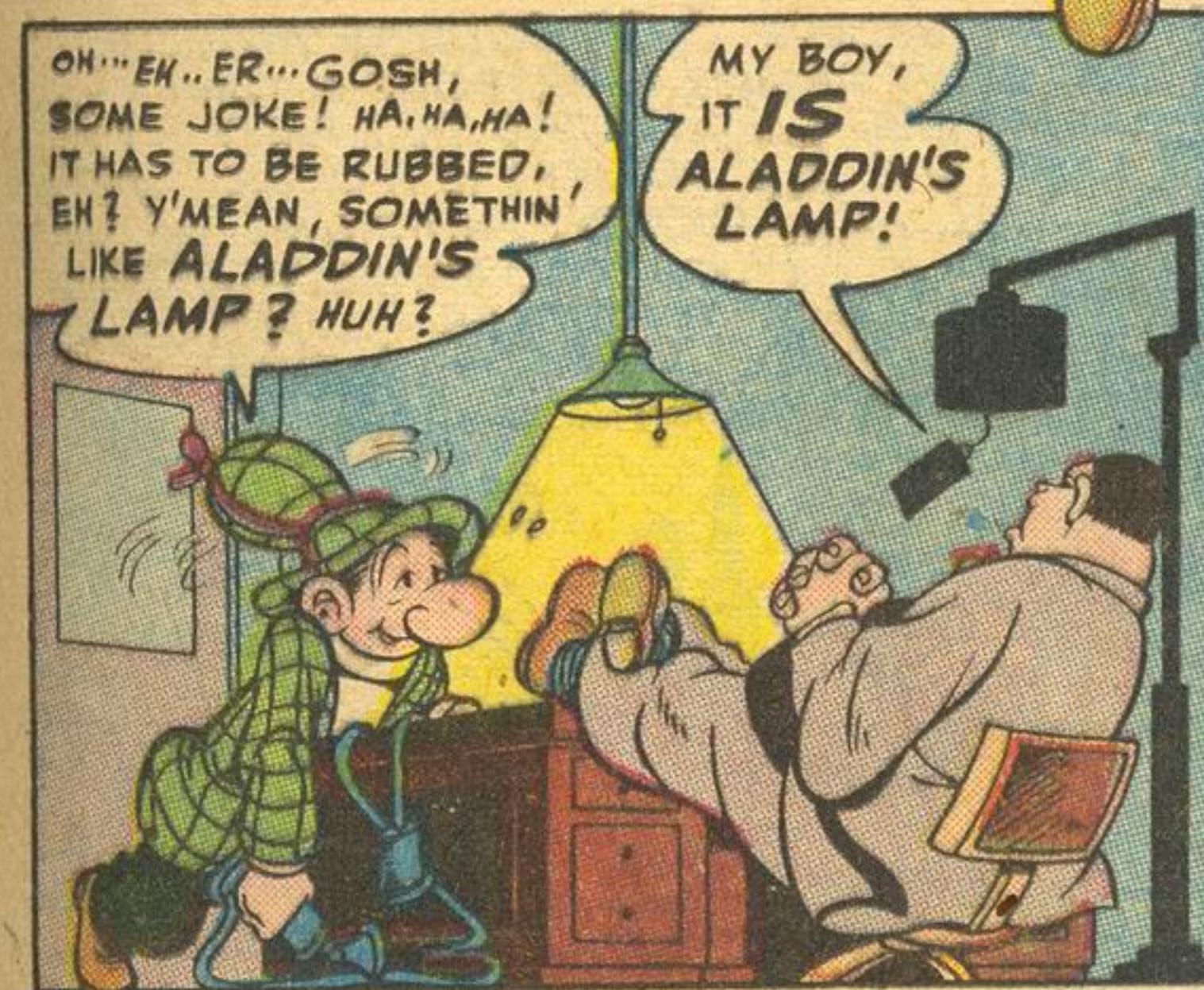
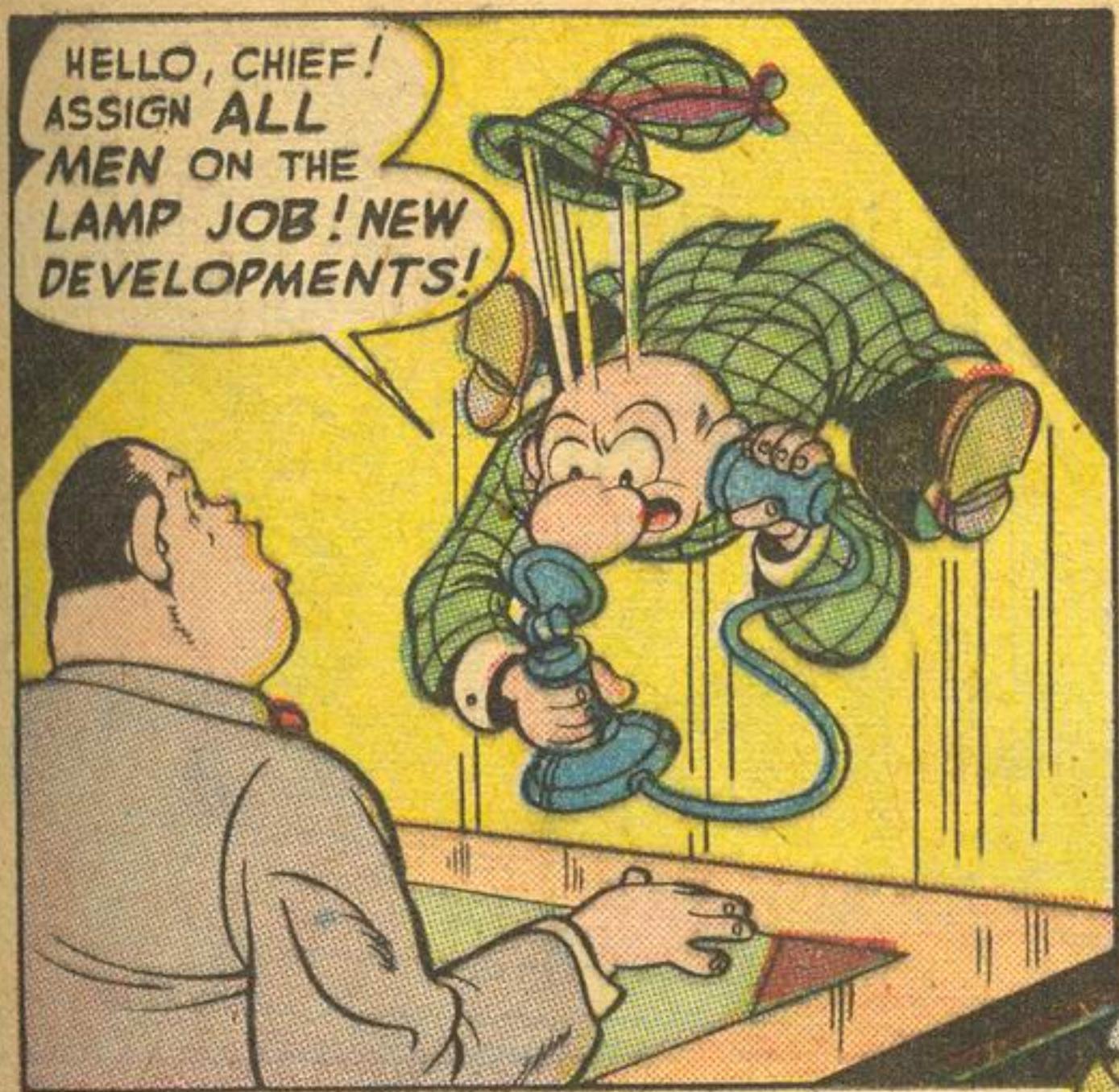
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A short time later....

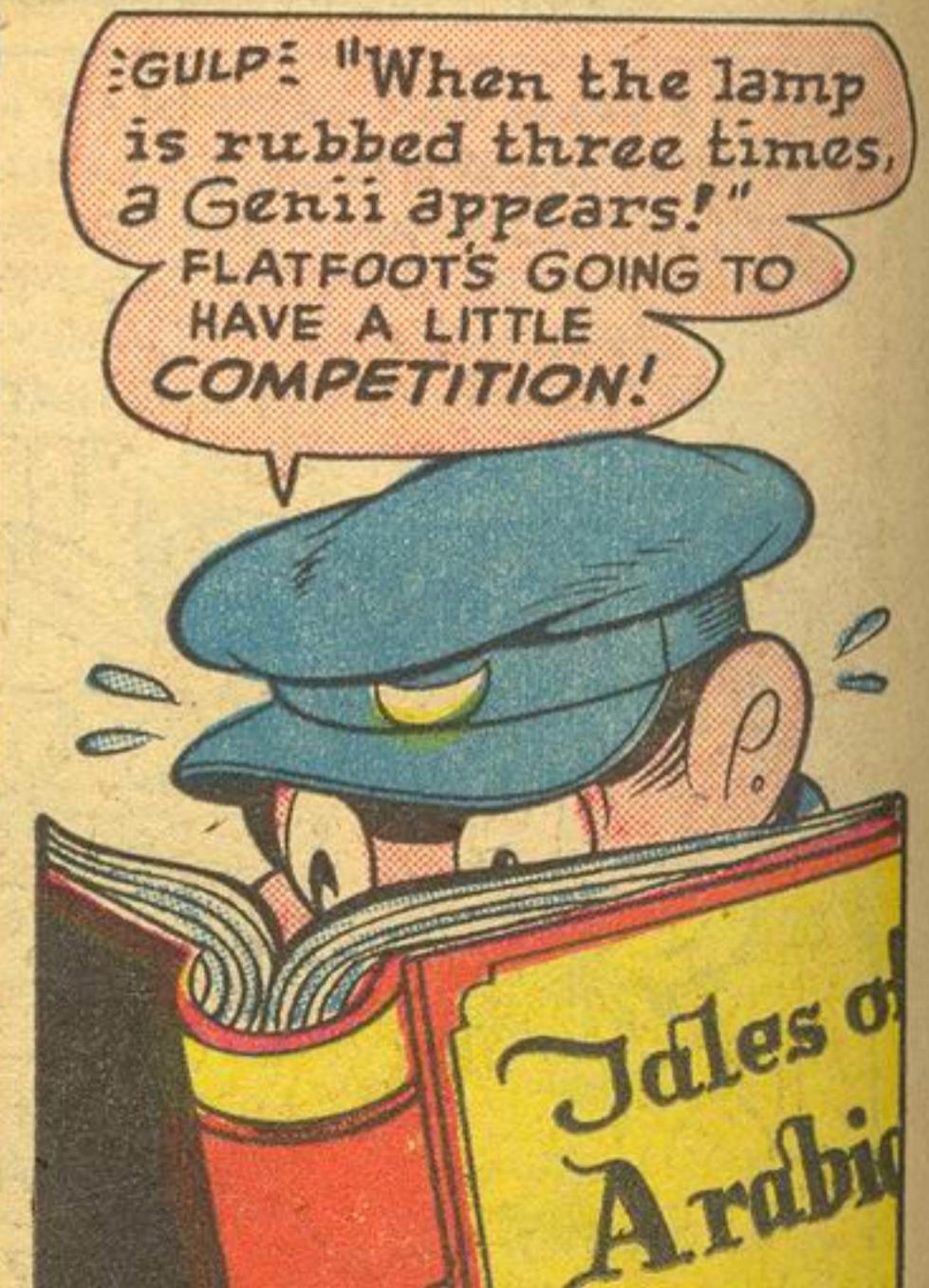
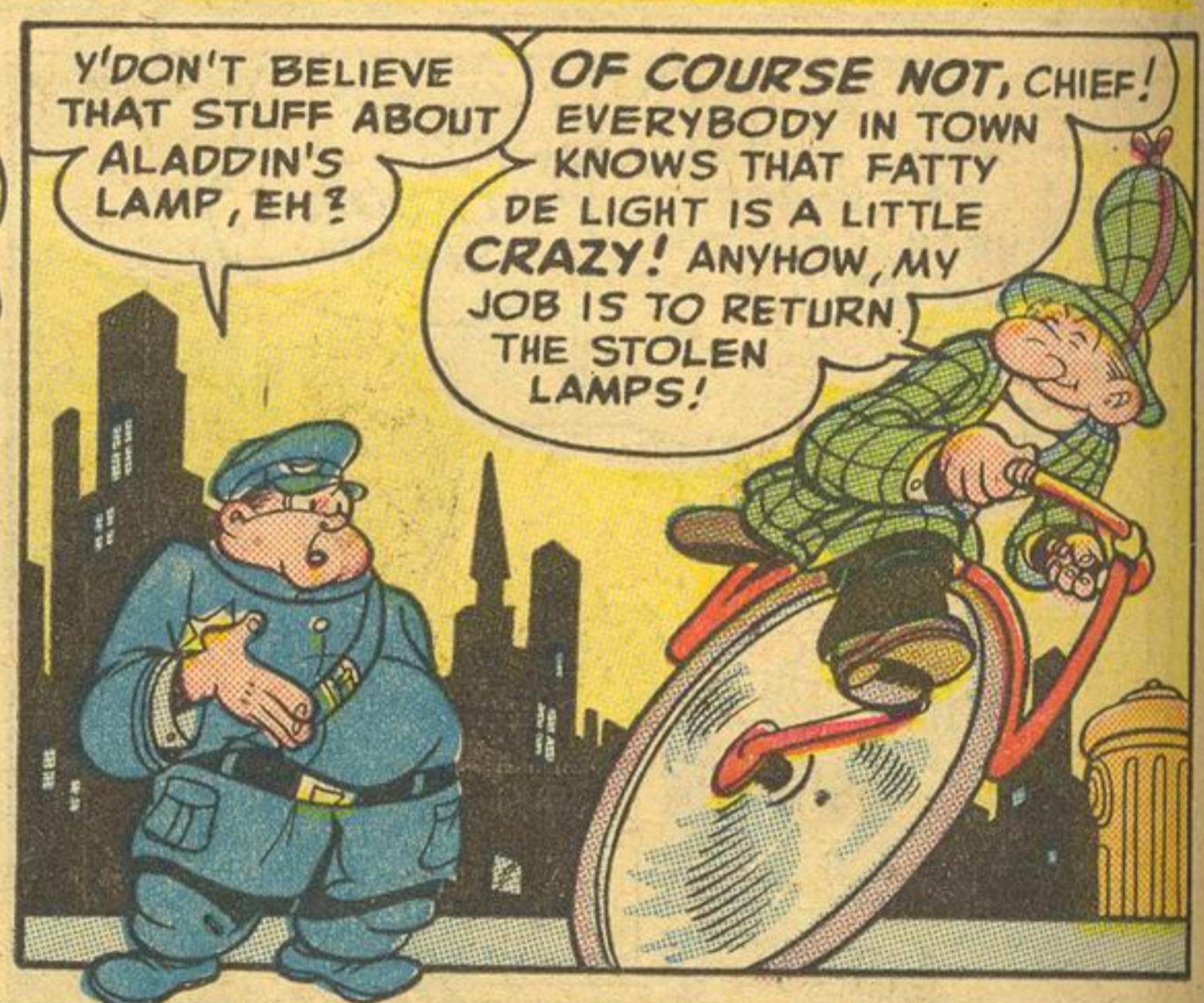
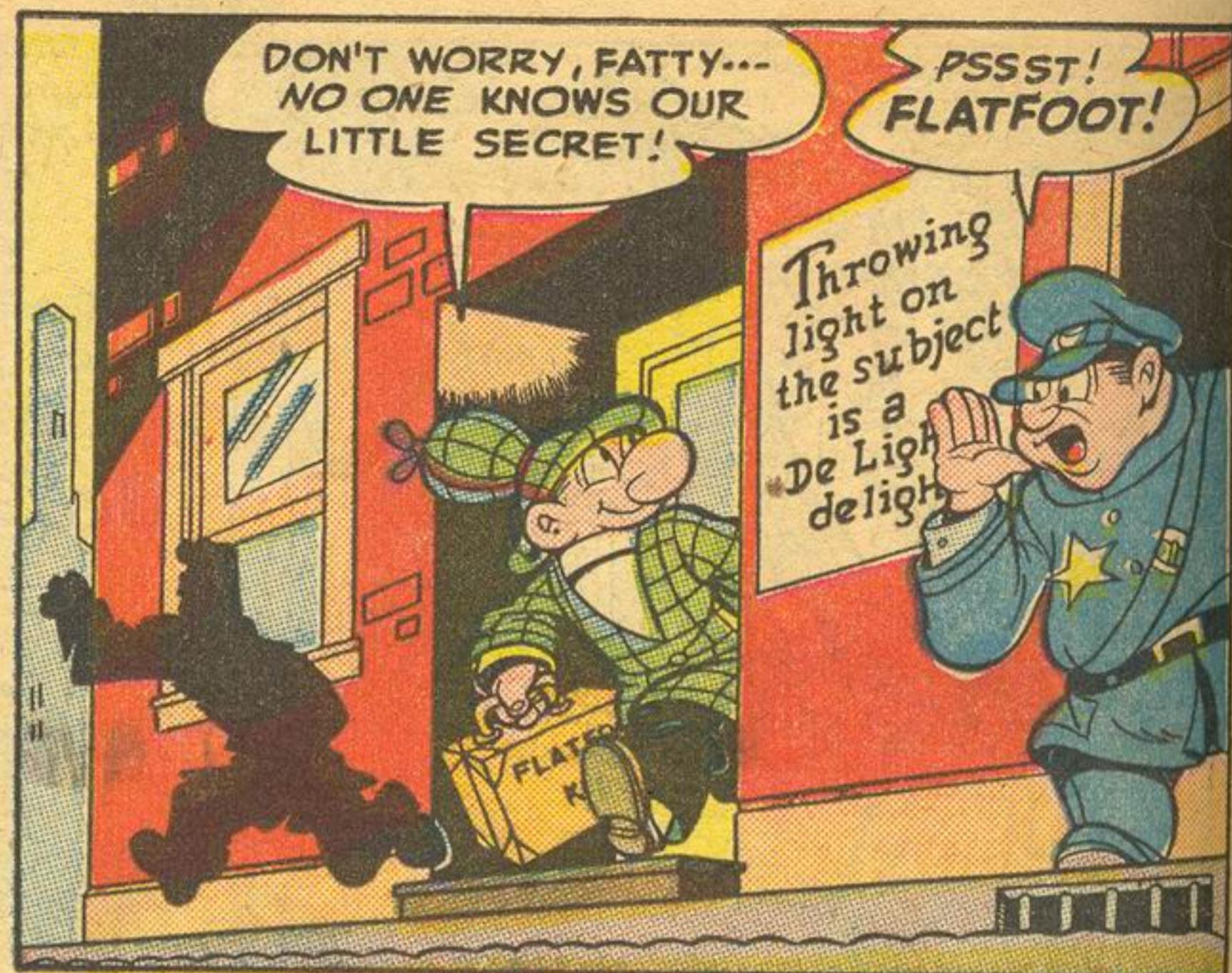


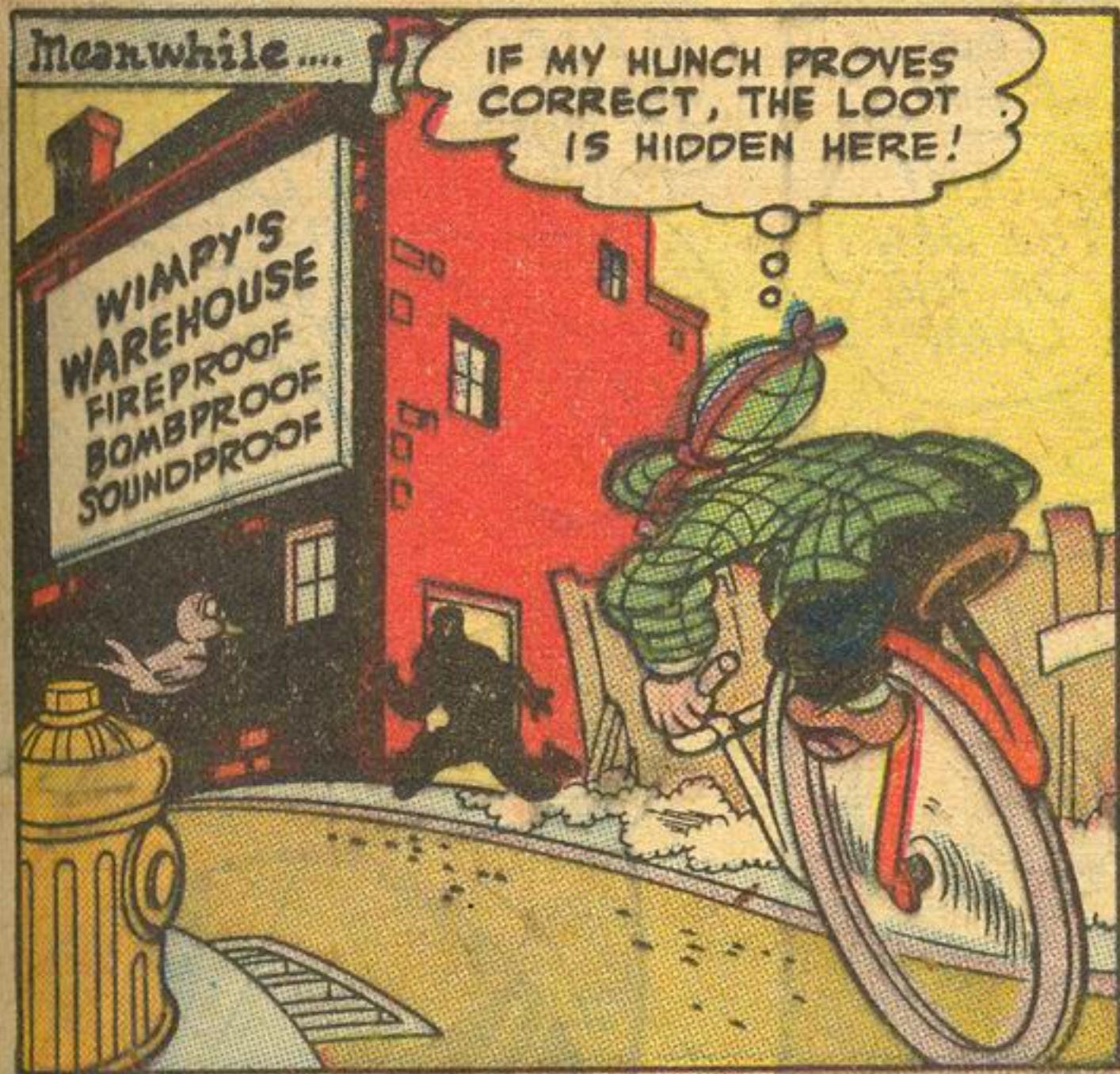
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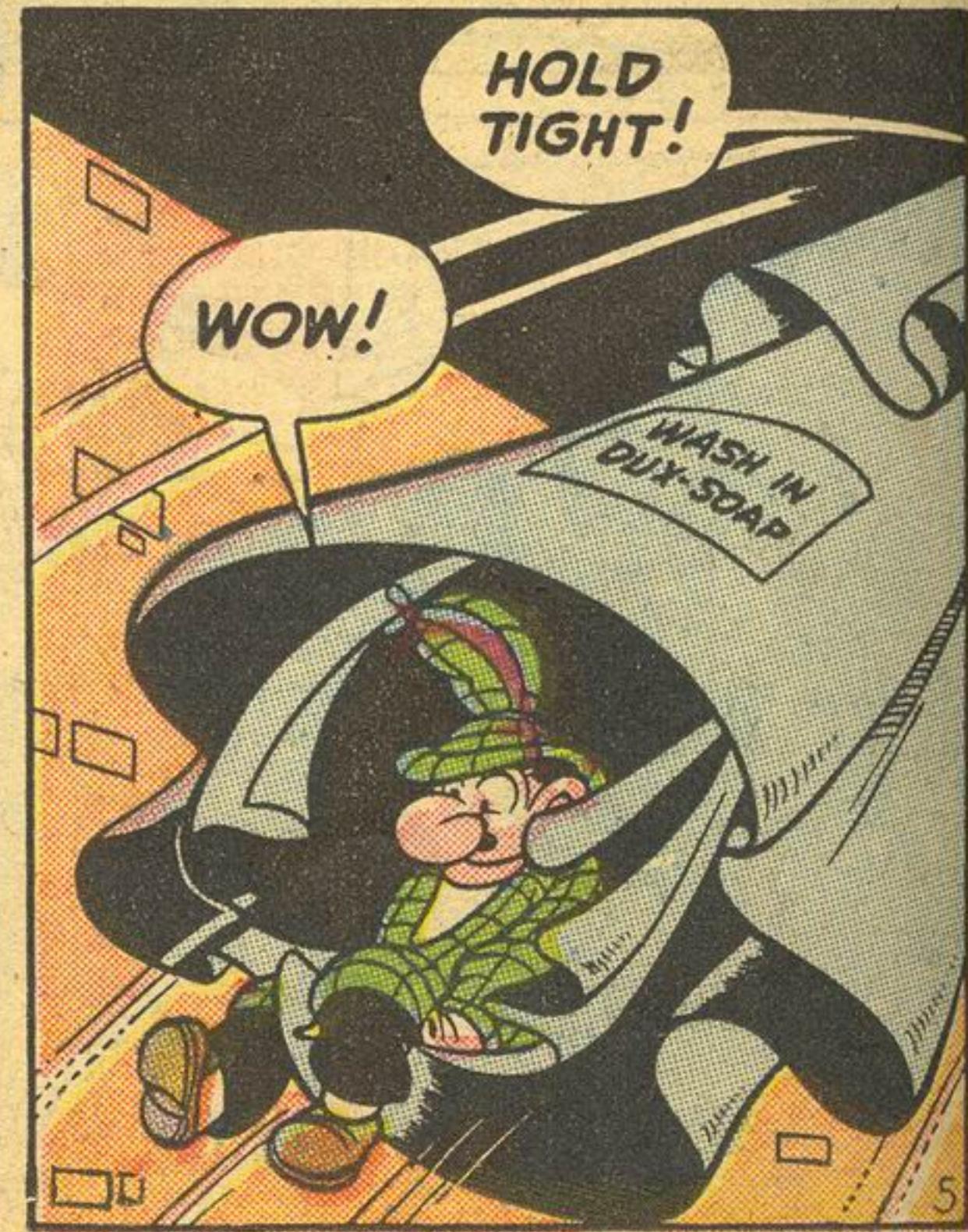
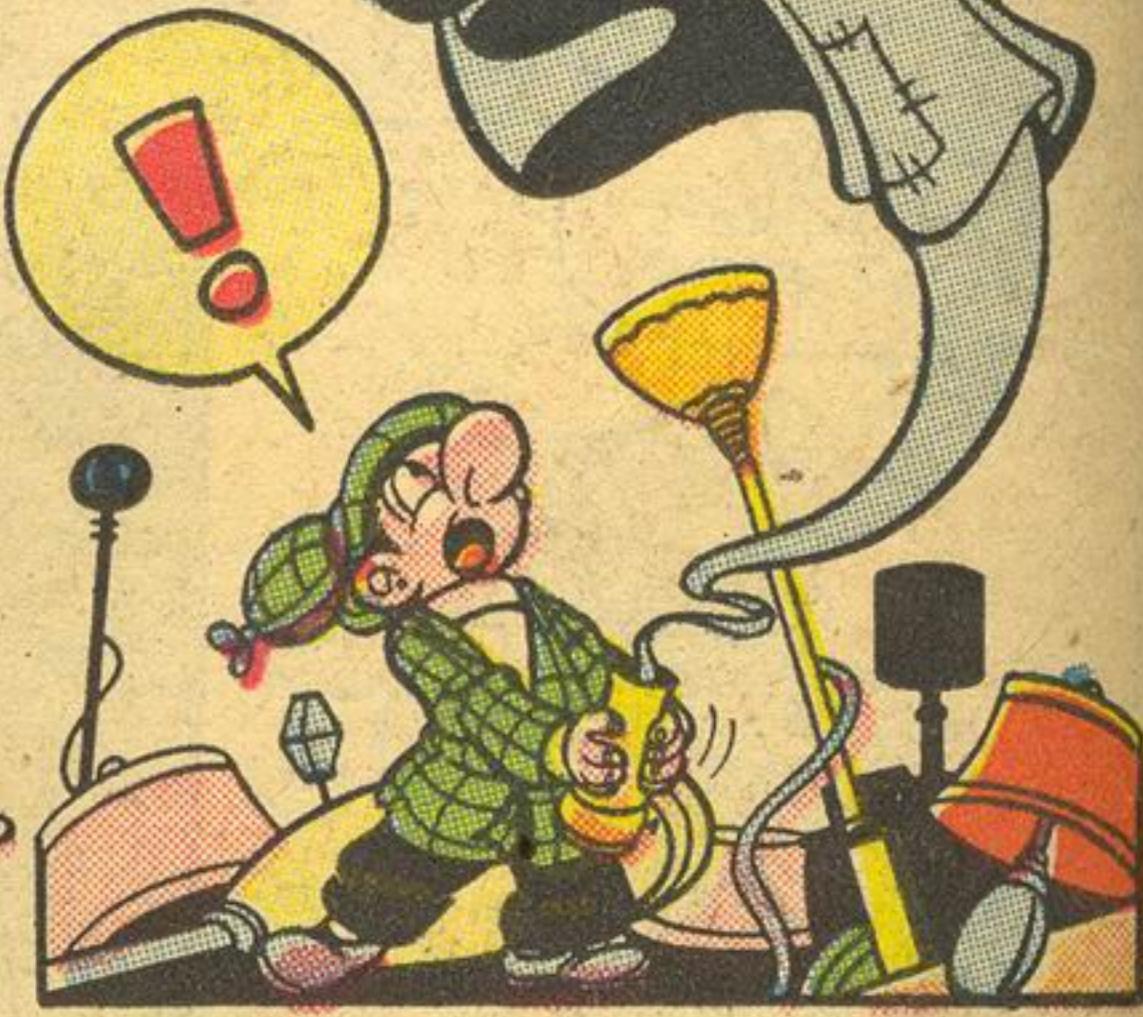
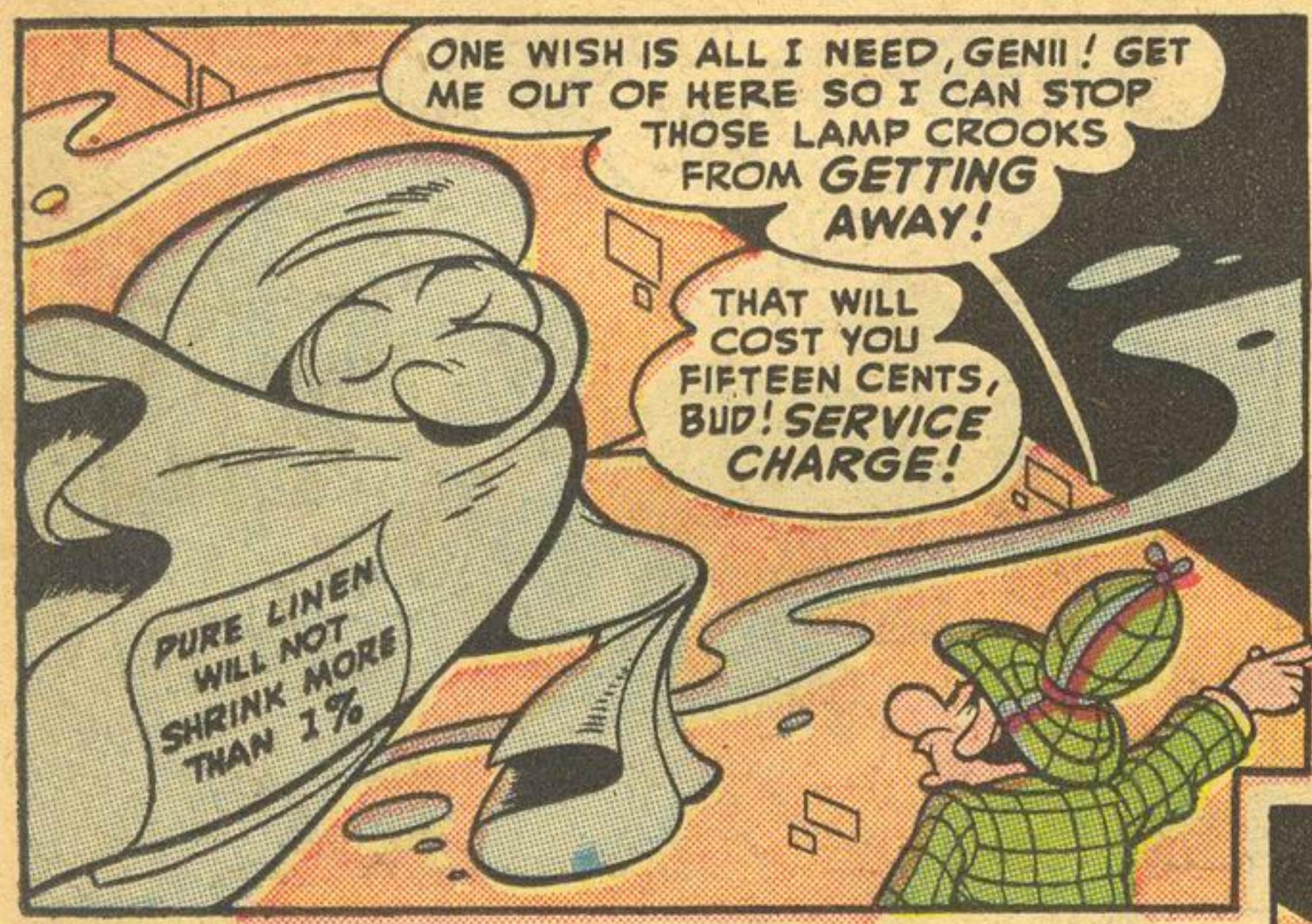


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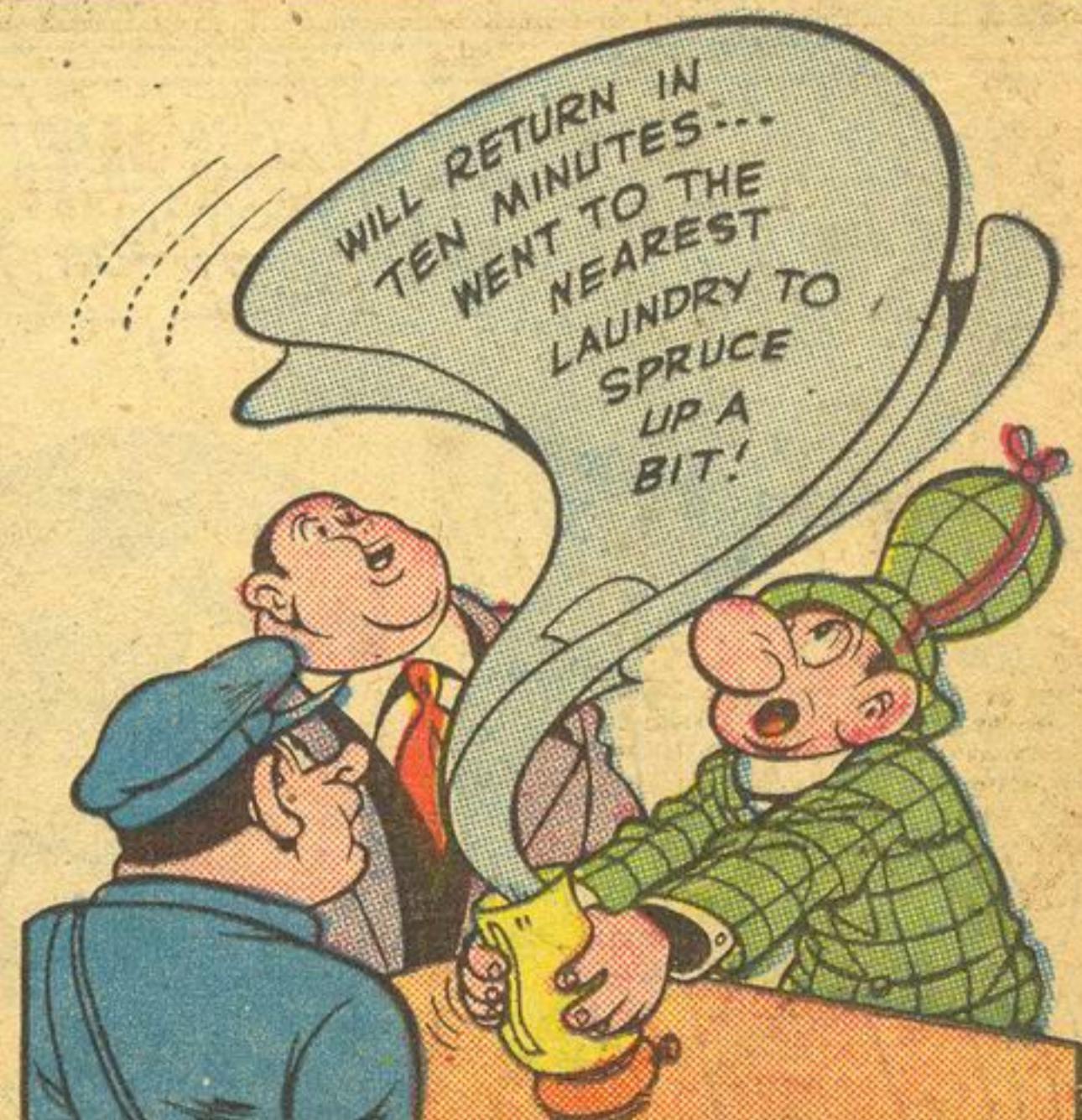
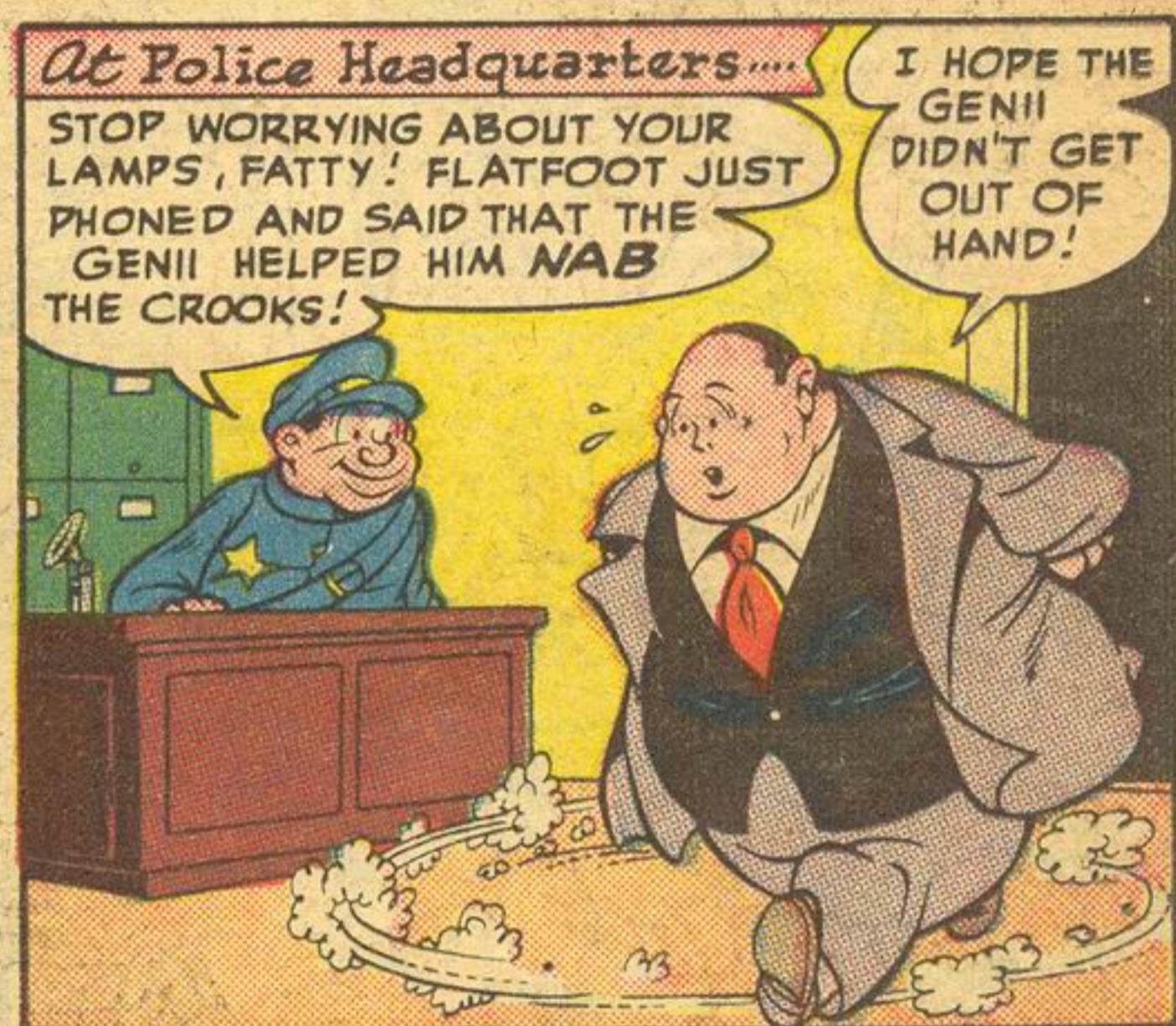
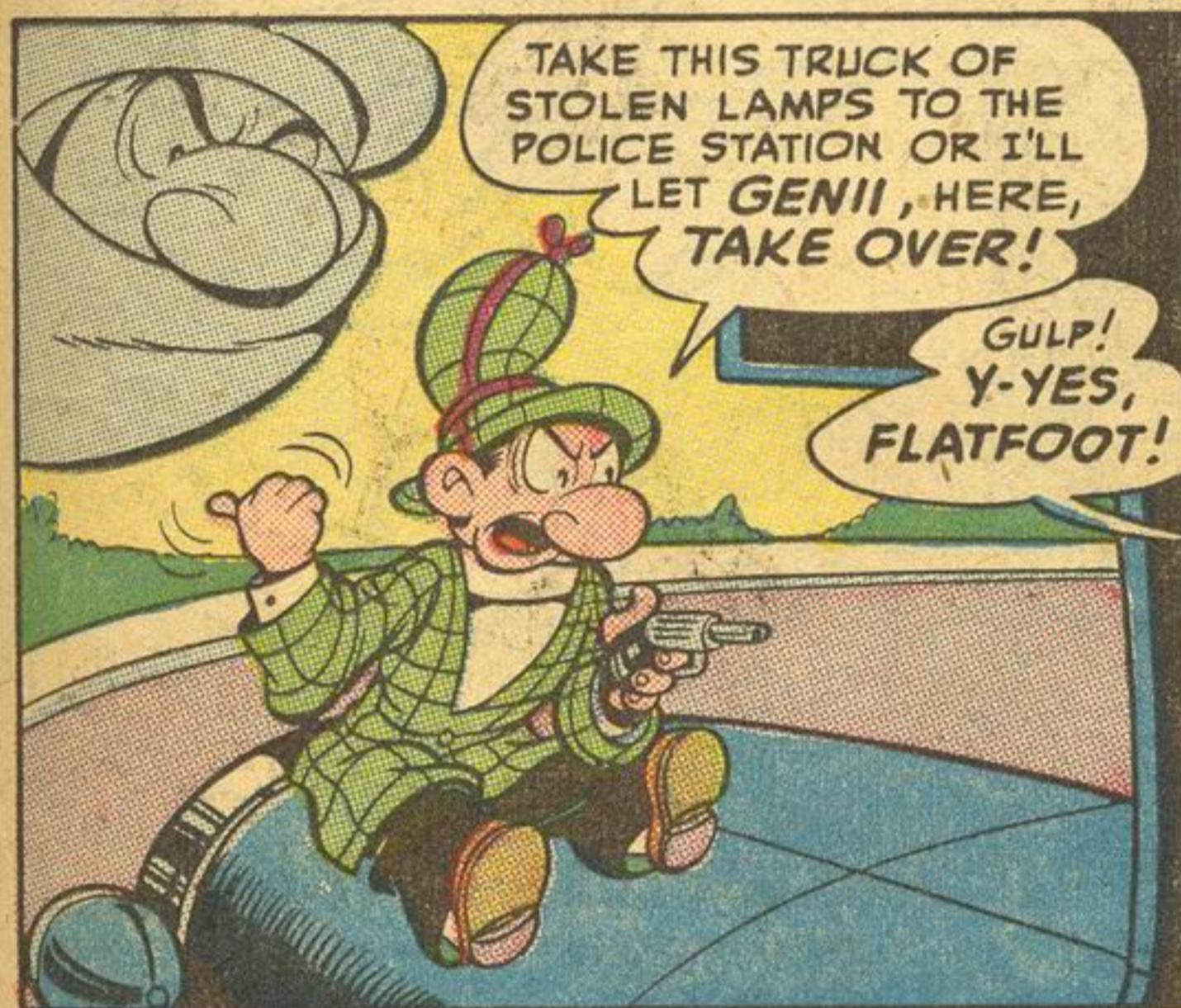
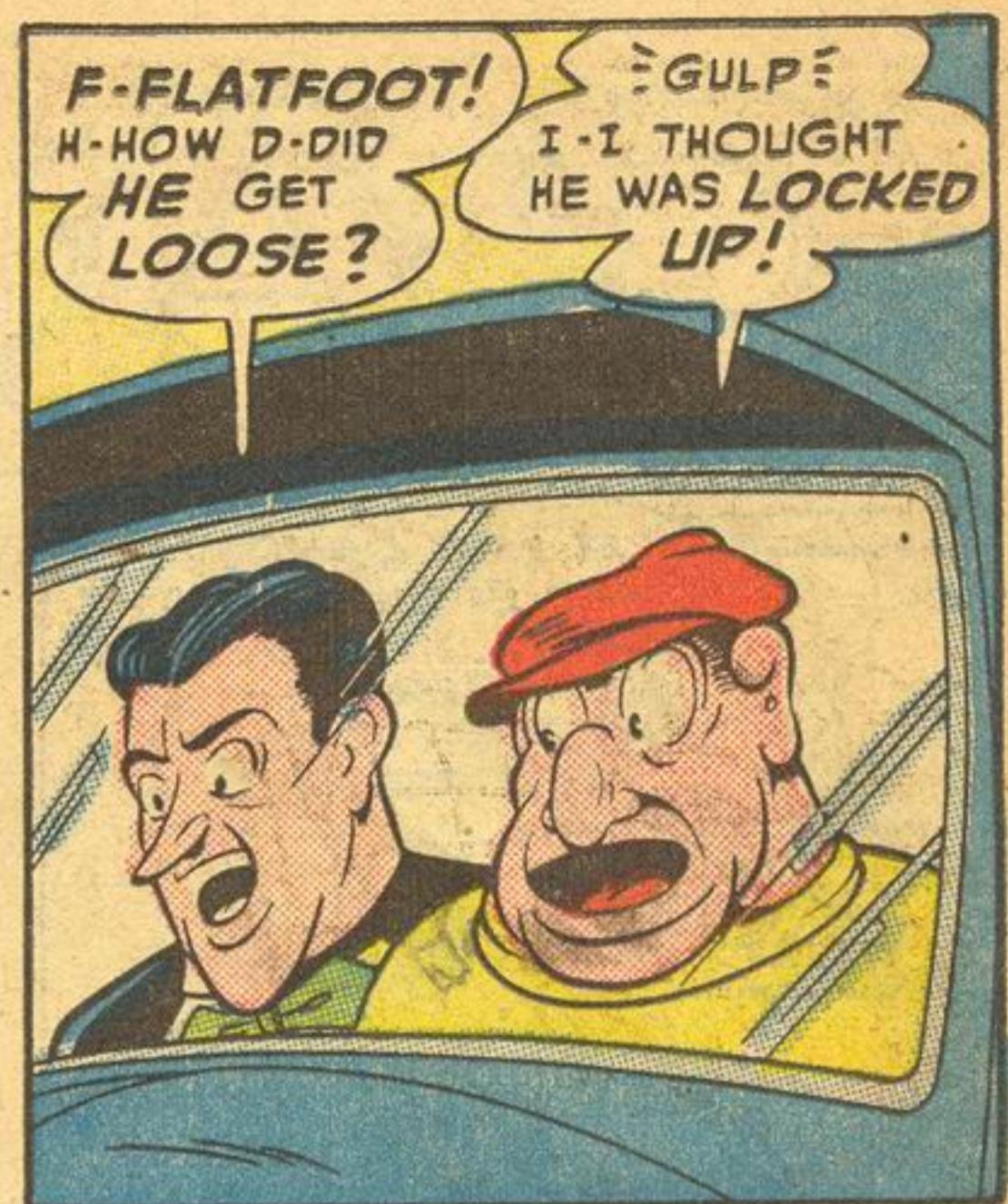
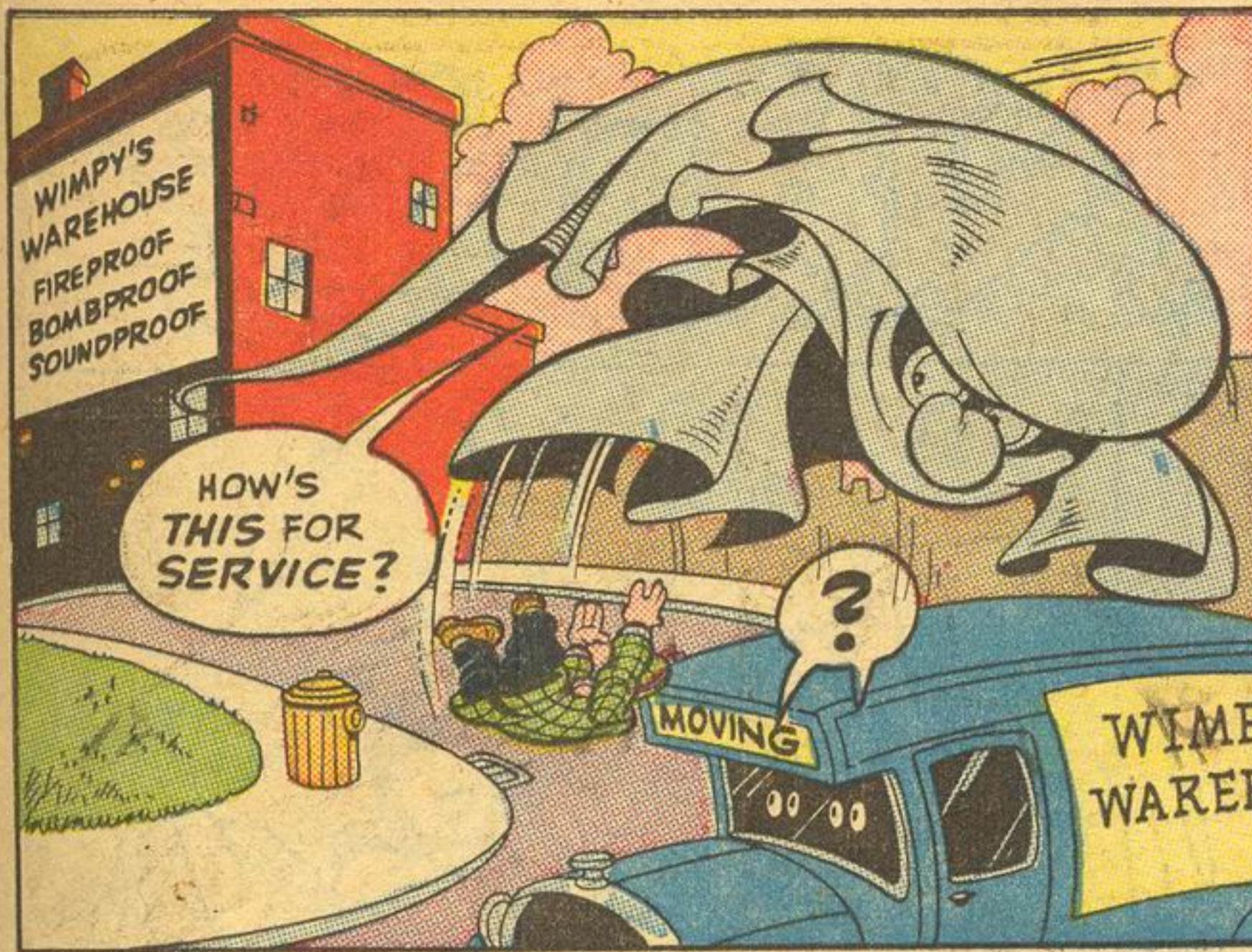




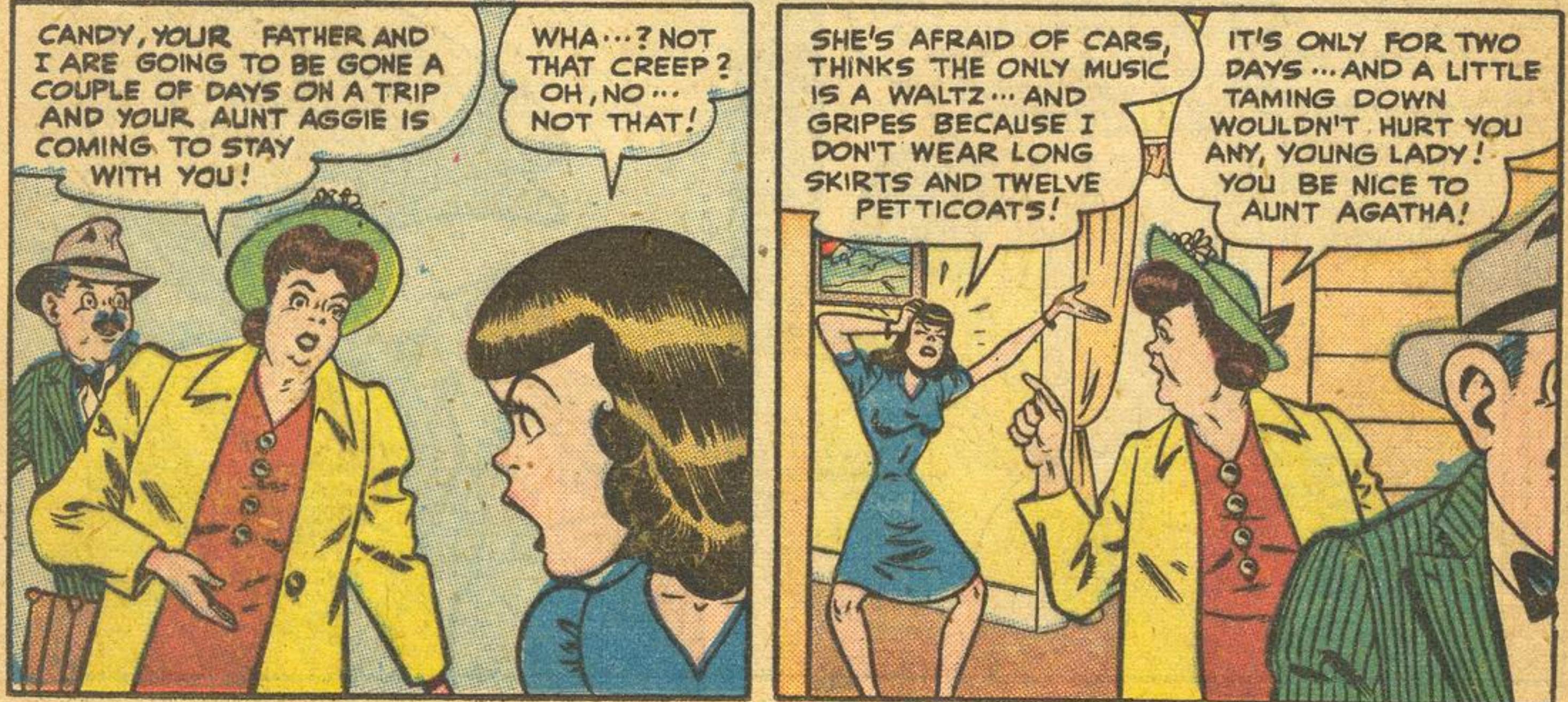
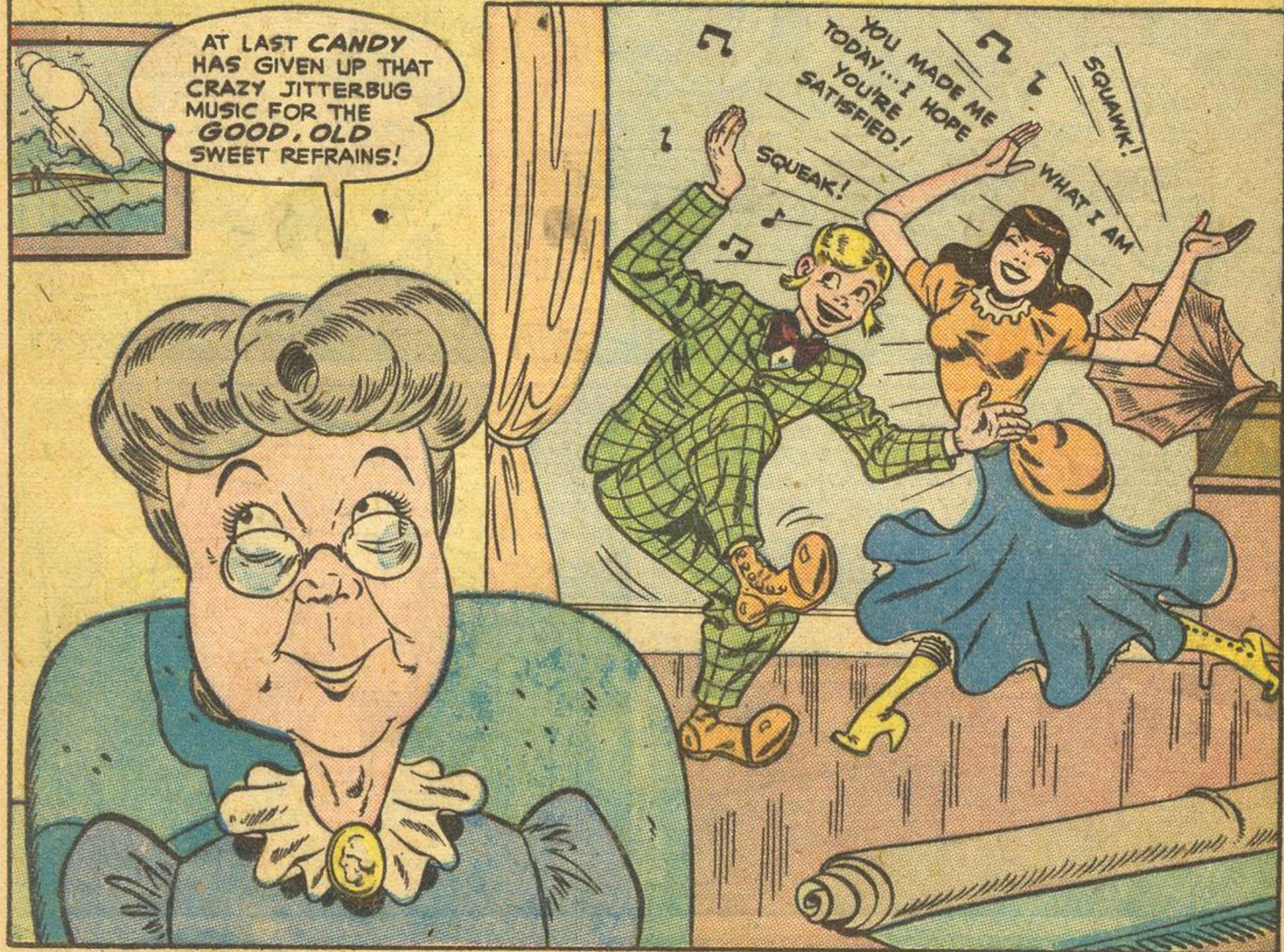
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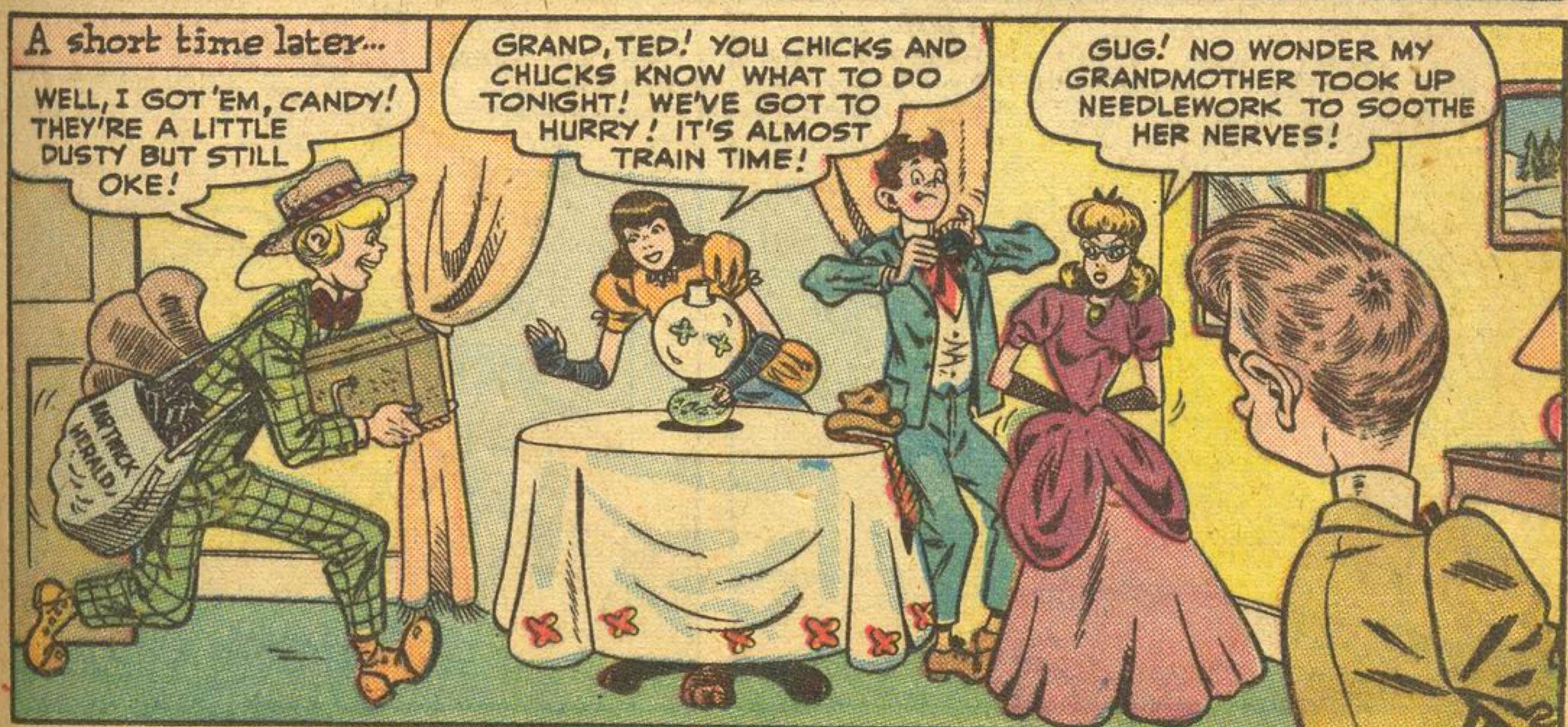
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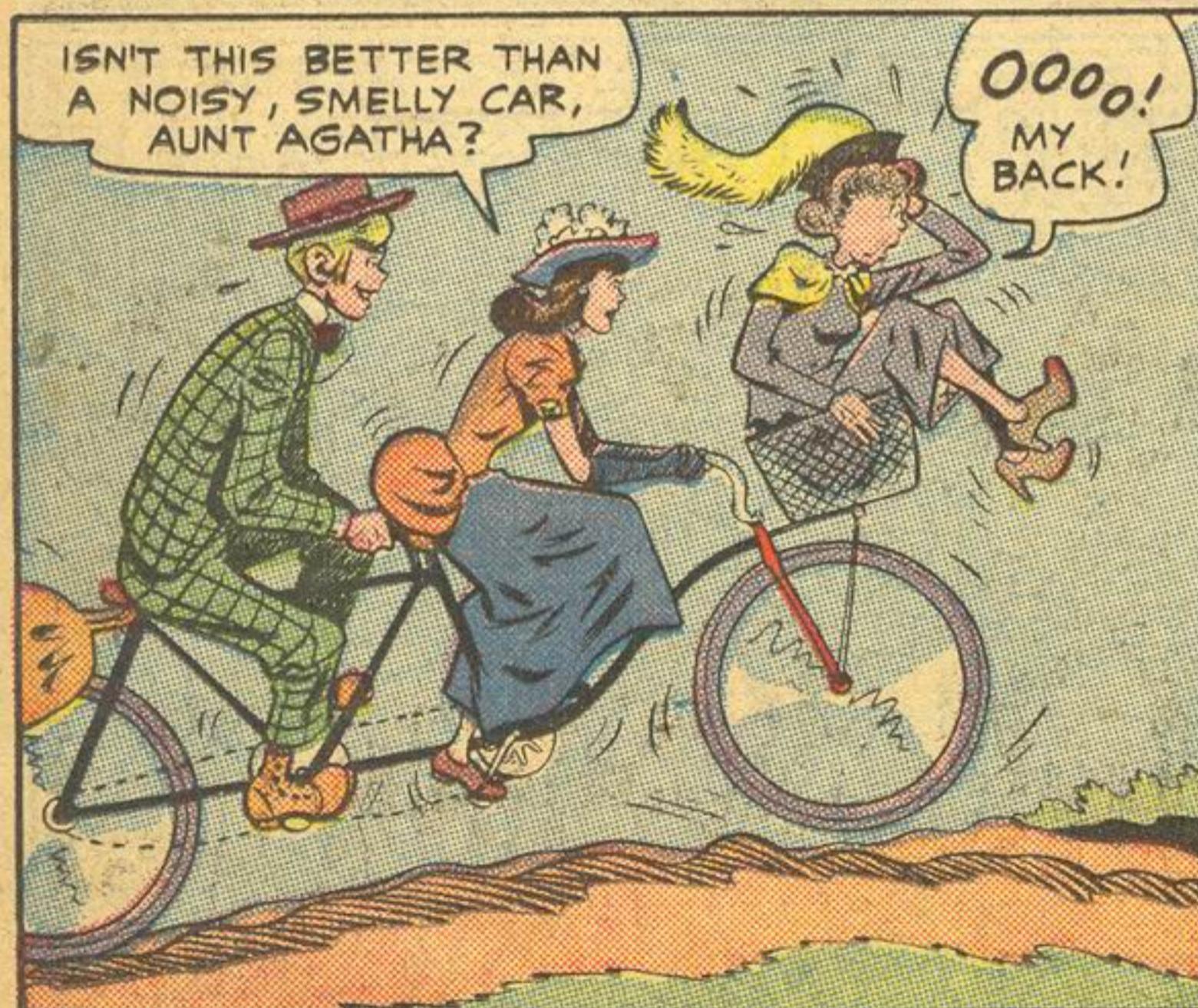
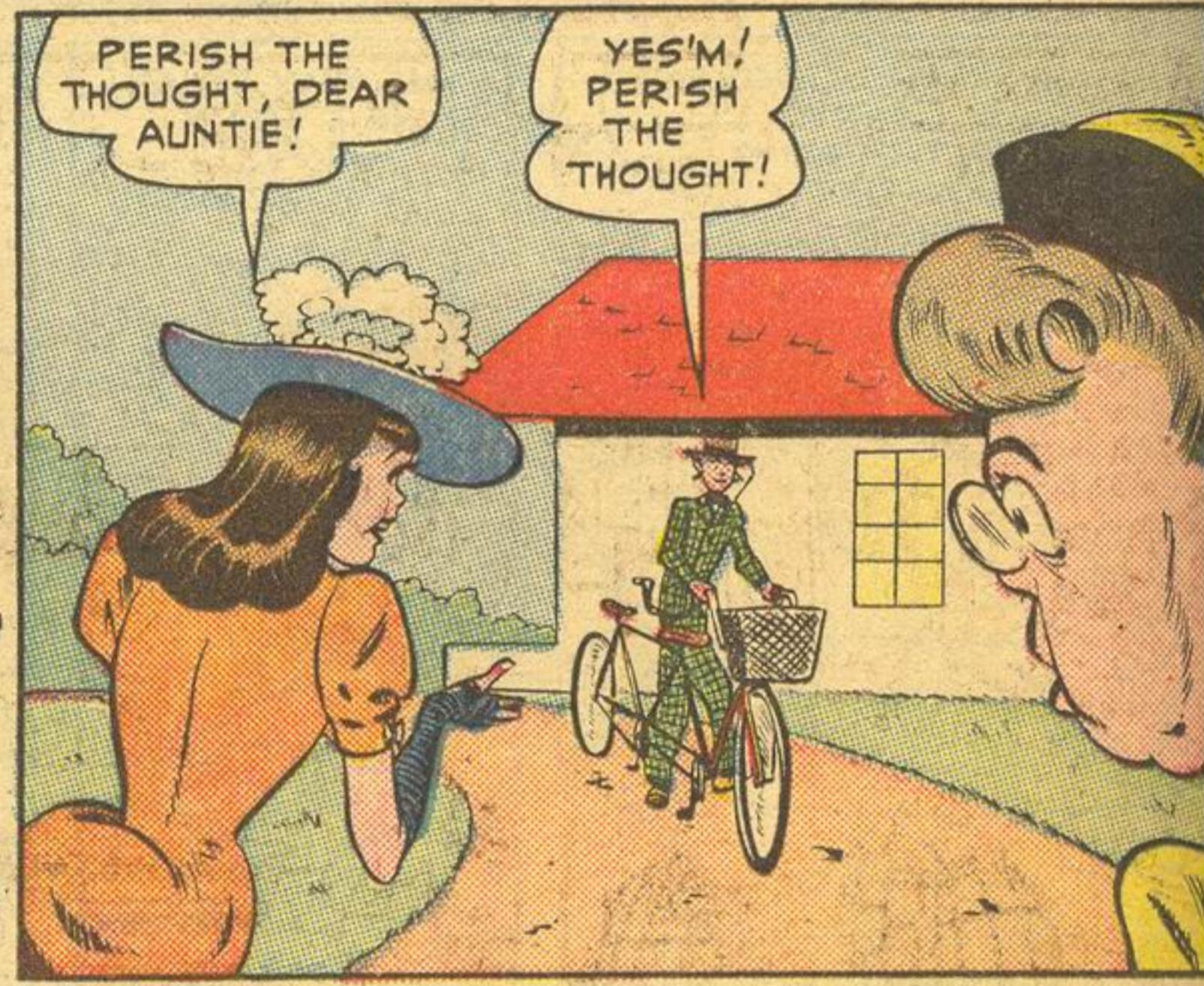
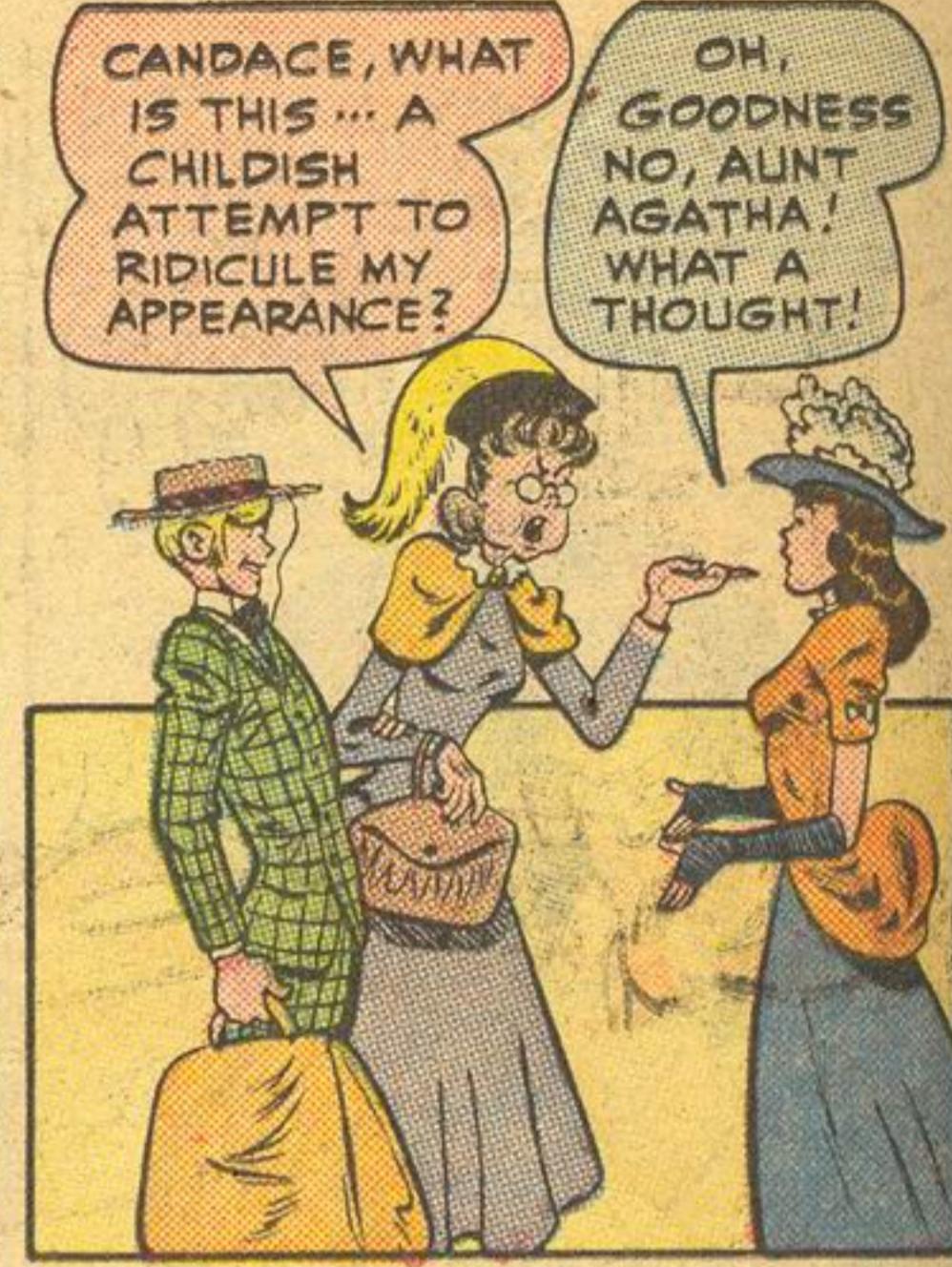
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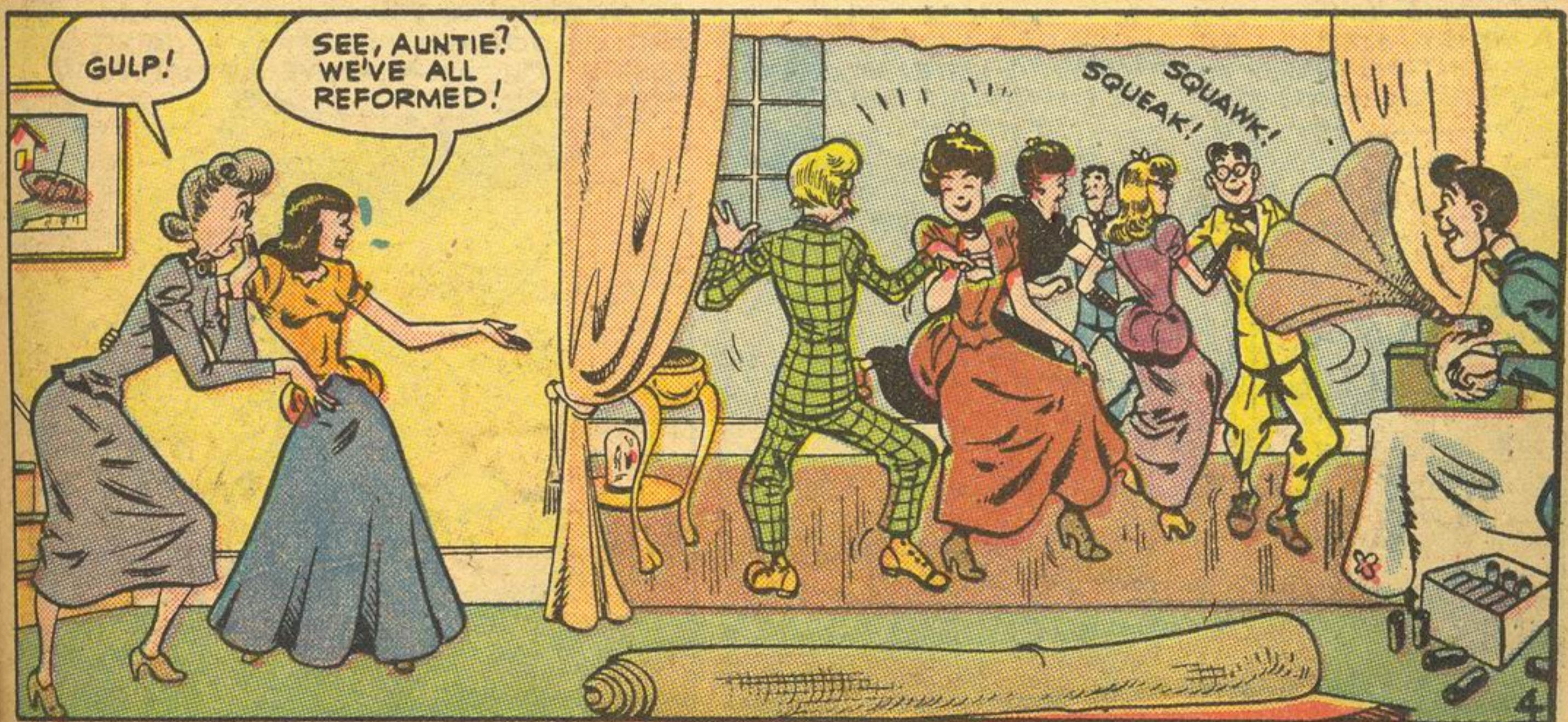
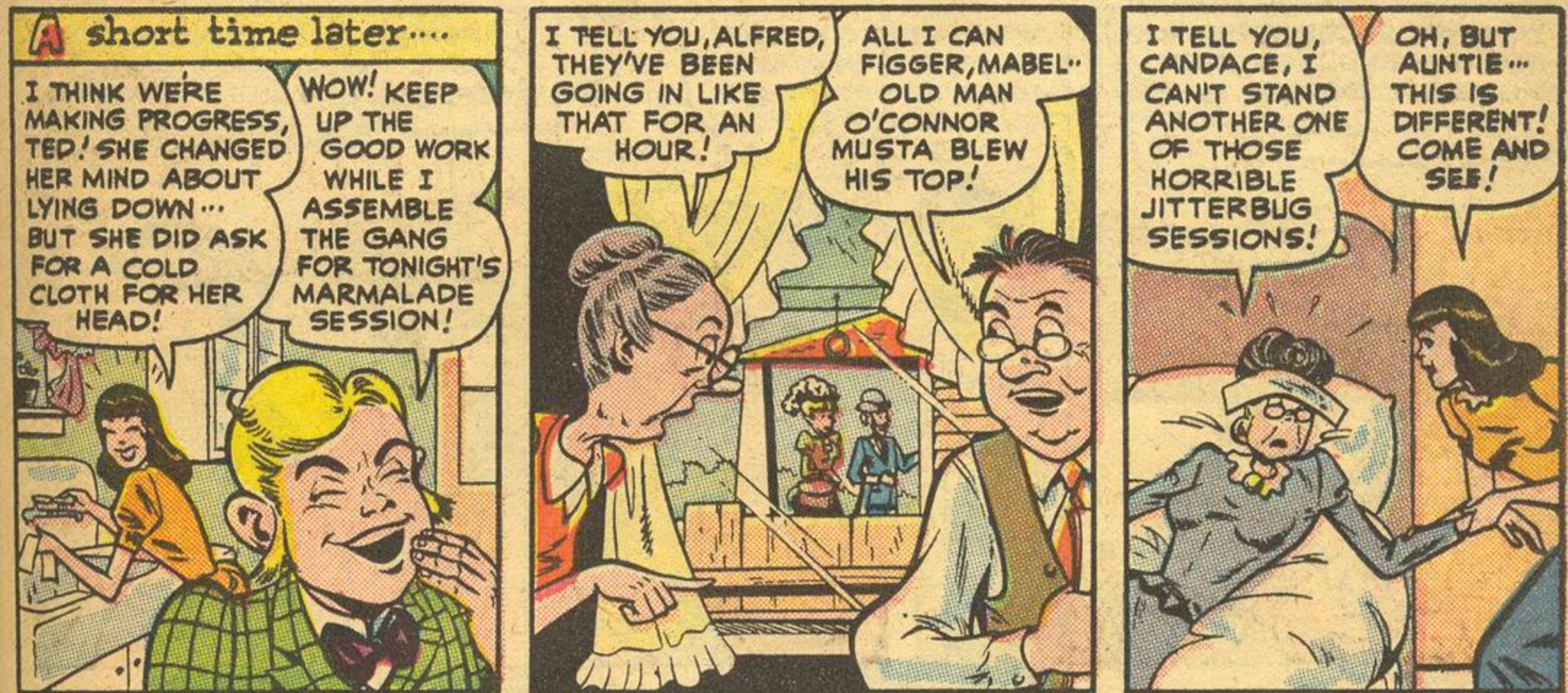
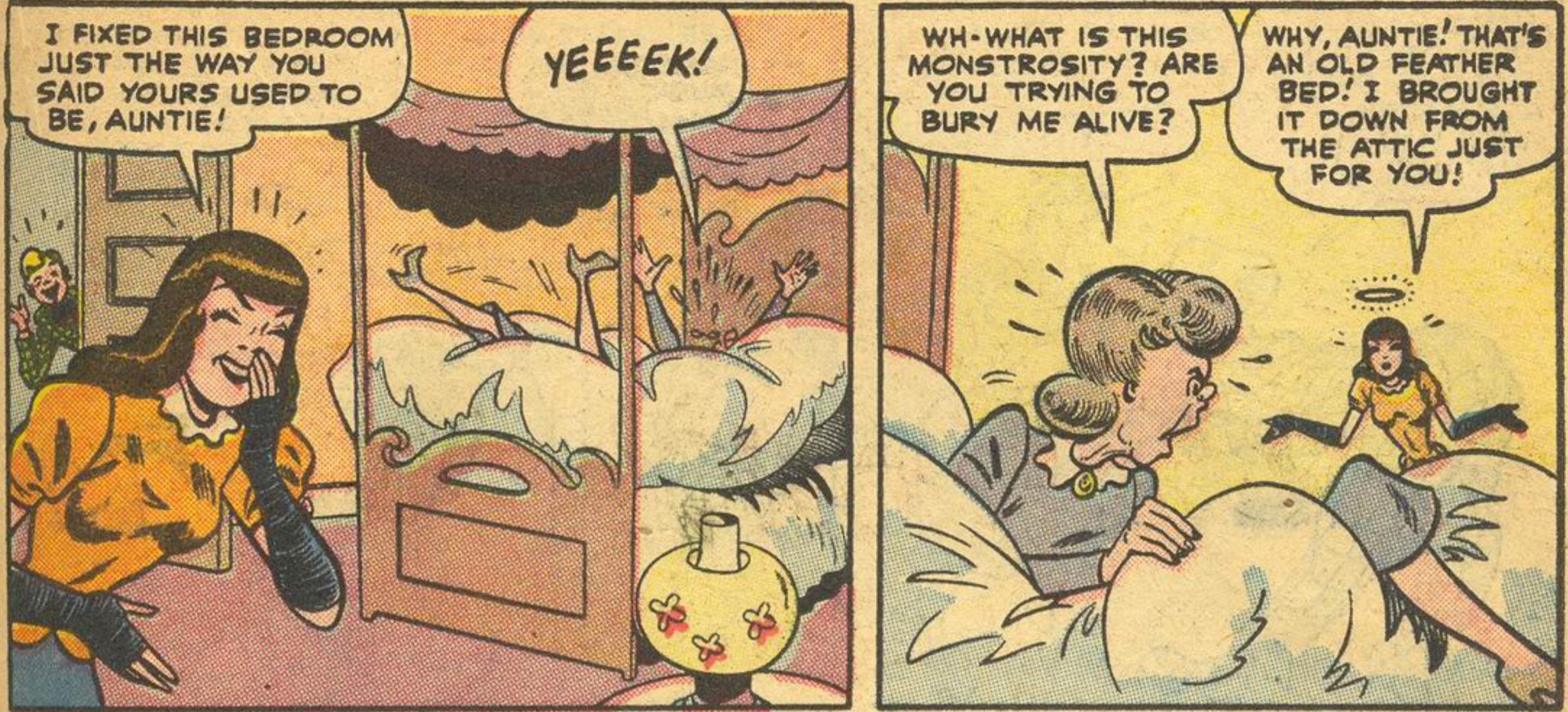
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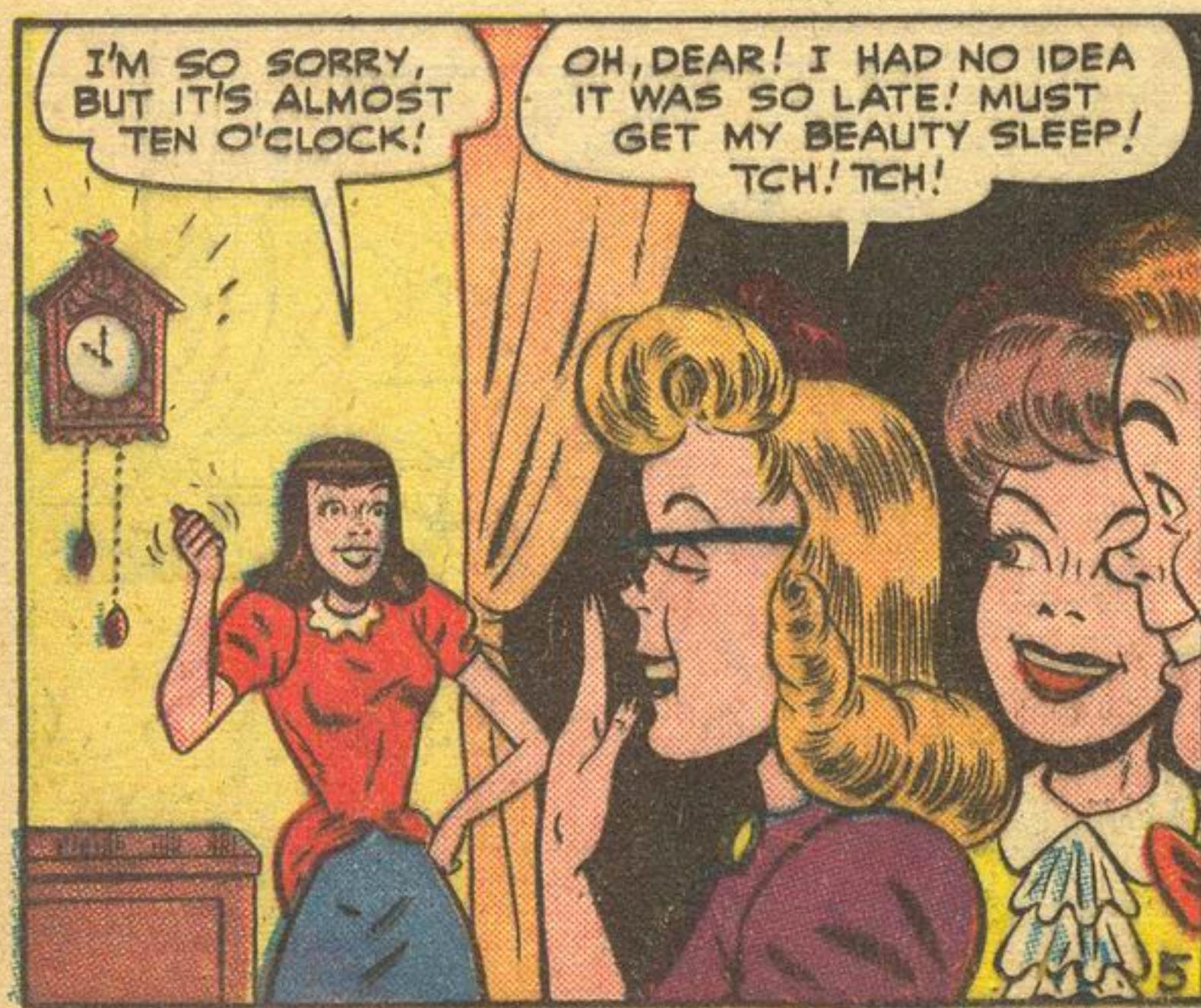
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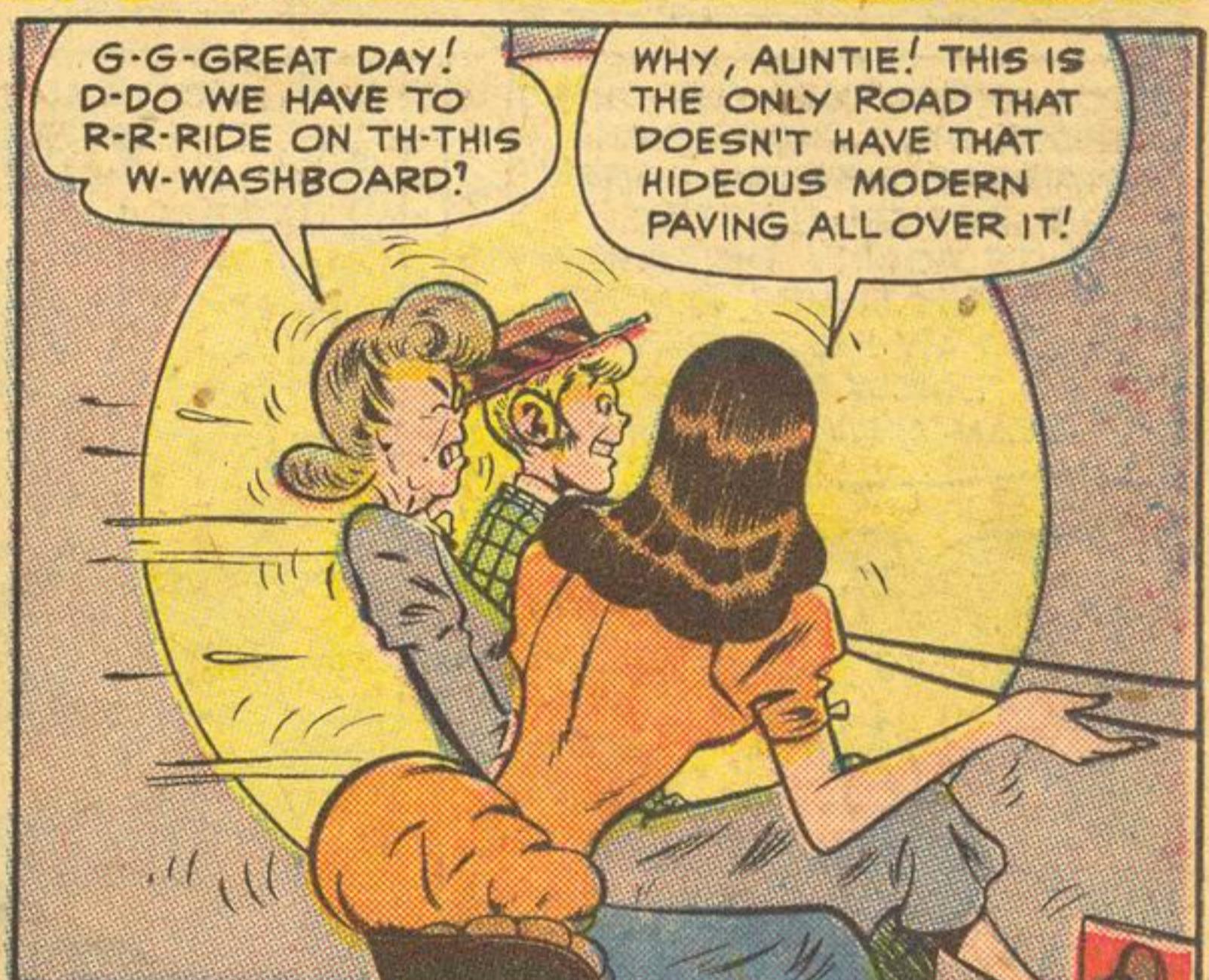
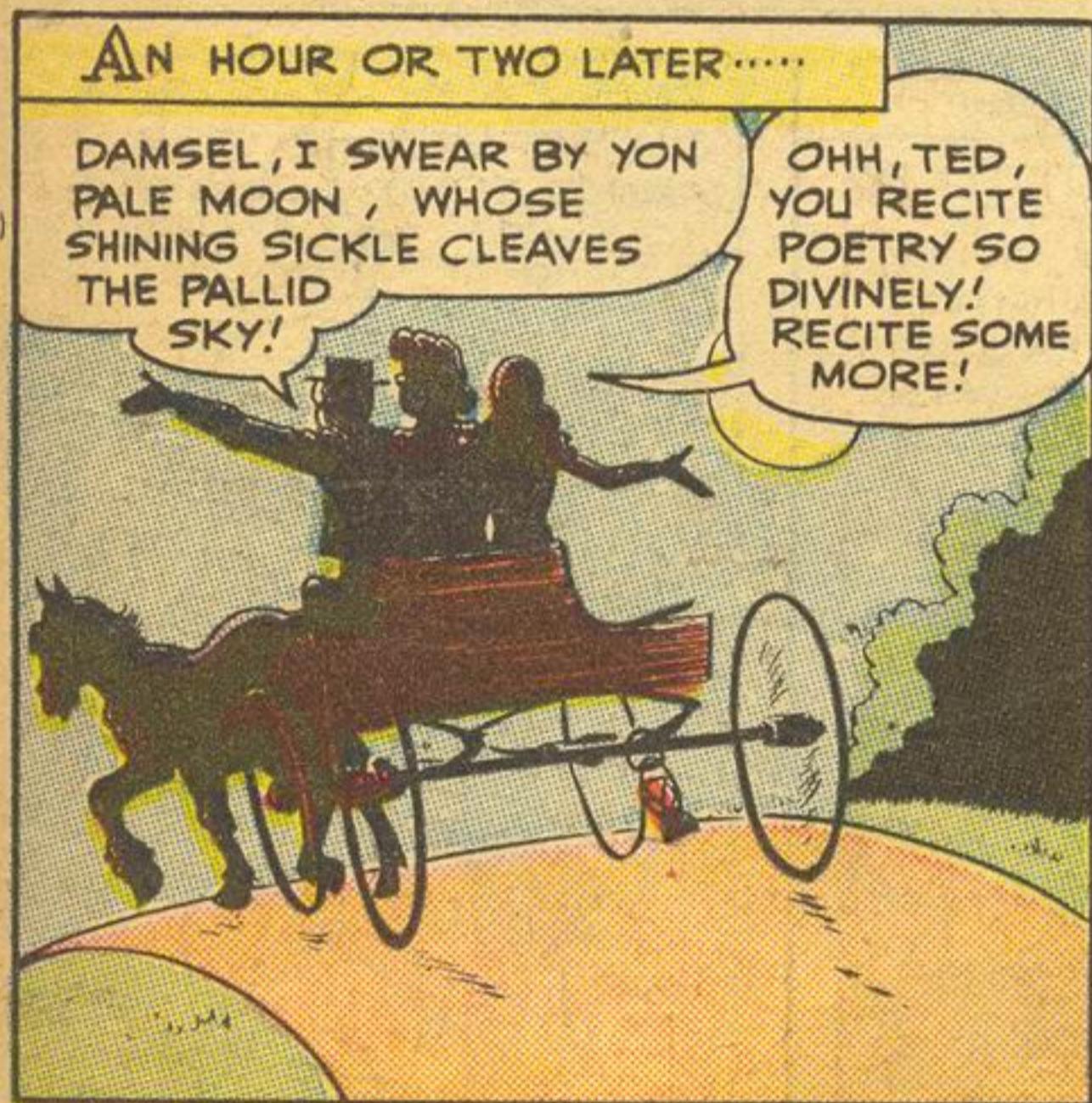
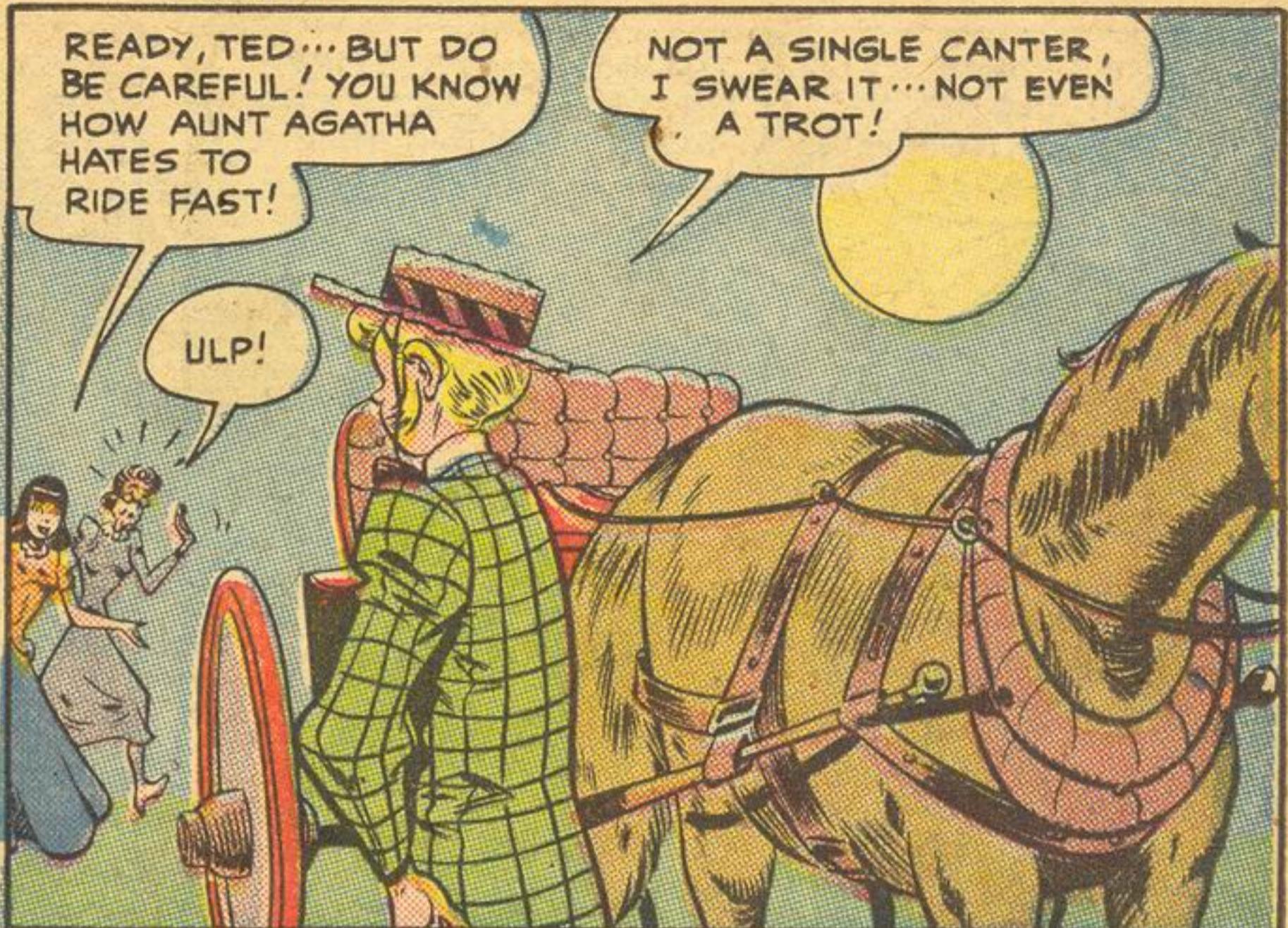
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Jibbers

YOU MEAN WE'RE CUTTING THE PAVEMENT AT A CANNON-BALL CLIP JUST TO GURGLE AT A CROONER? HE'LL JUST BE ON THE PLATFORM OF THE TRAIN AS IT PASSES THROUGH---

RAJAH! SO HUSTLE YOUR HOOF'S, BUGS, OR WE'LL MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE AGE!



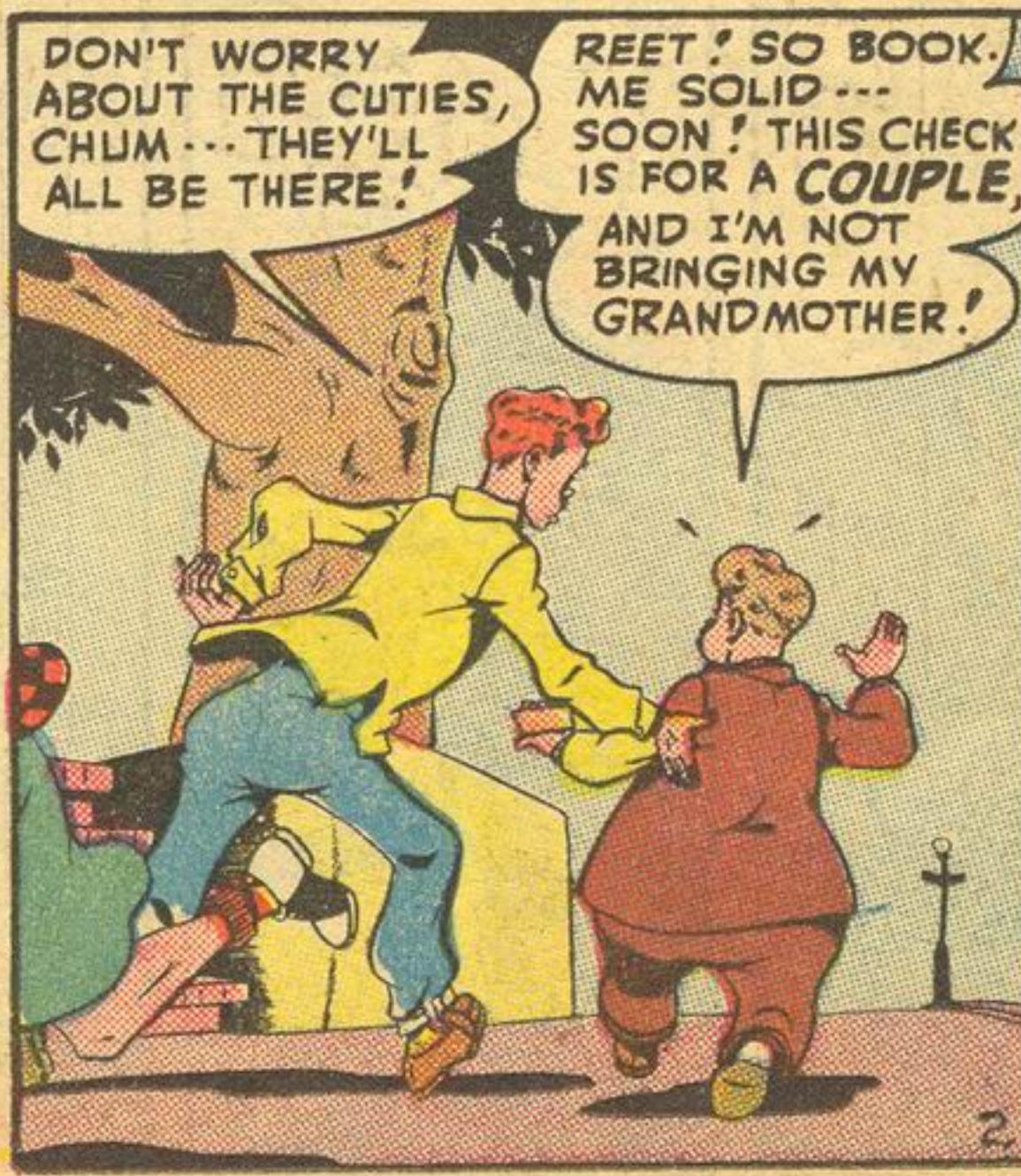
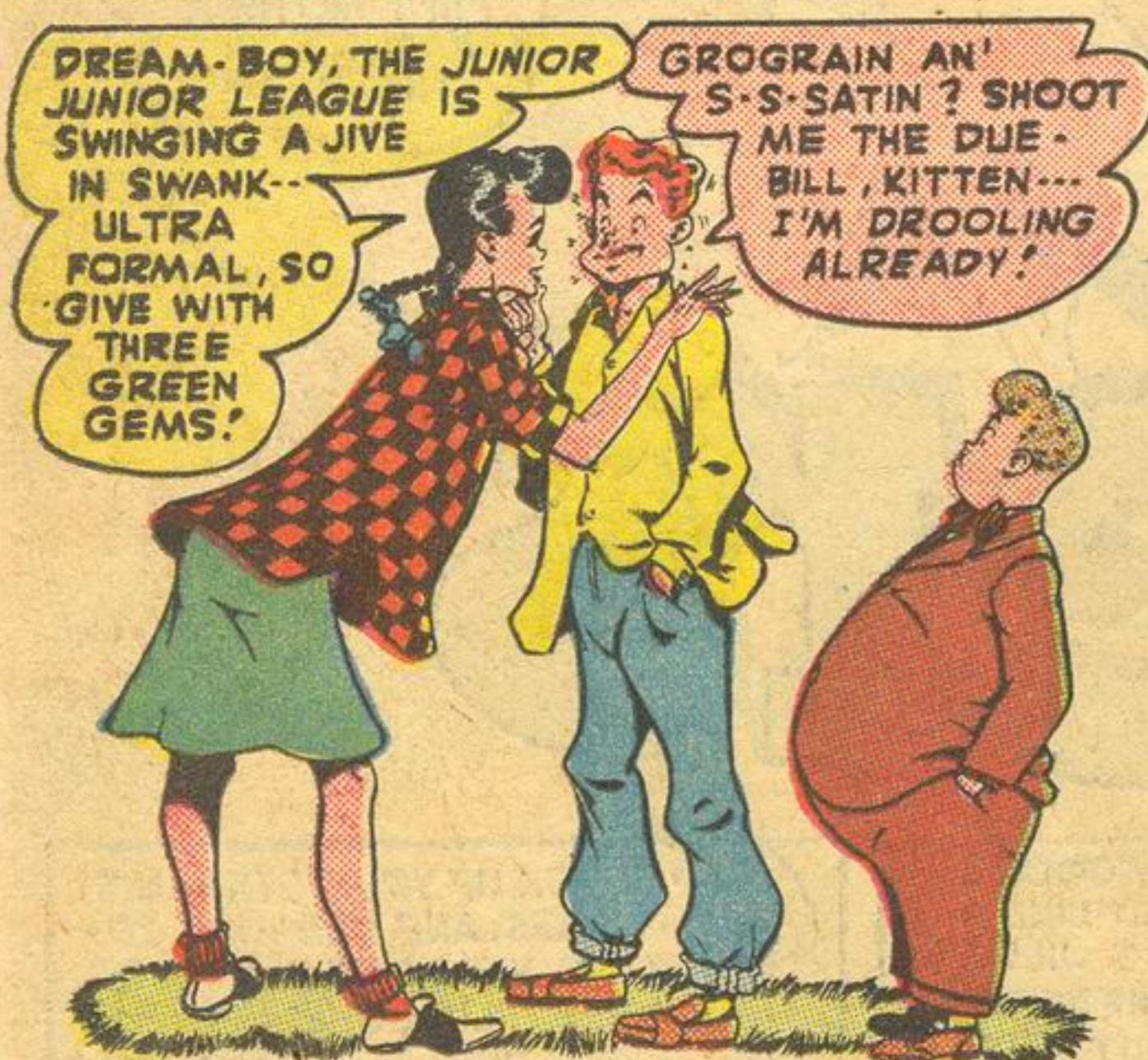
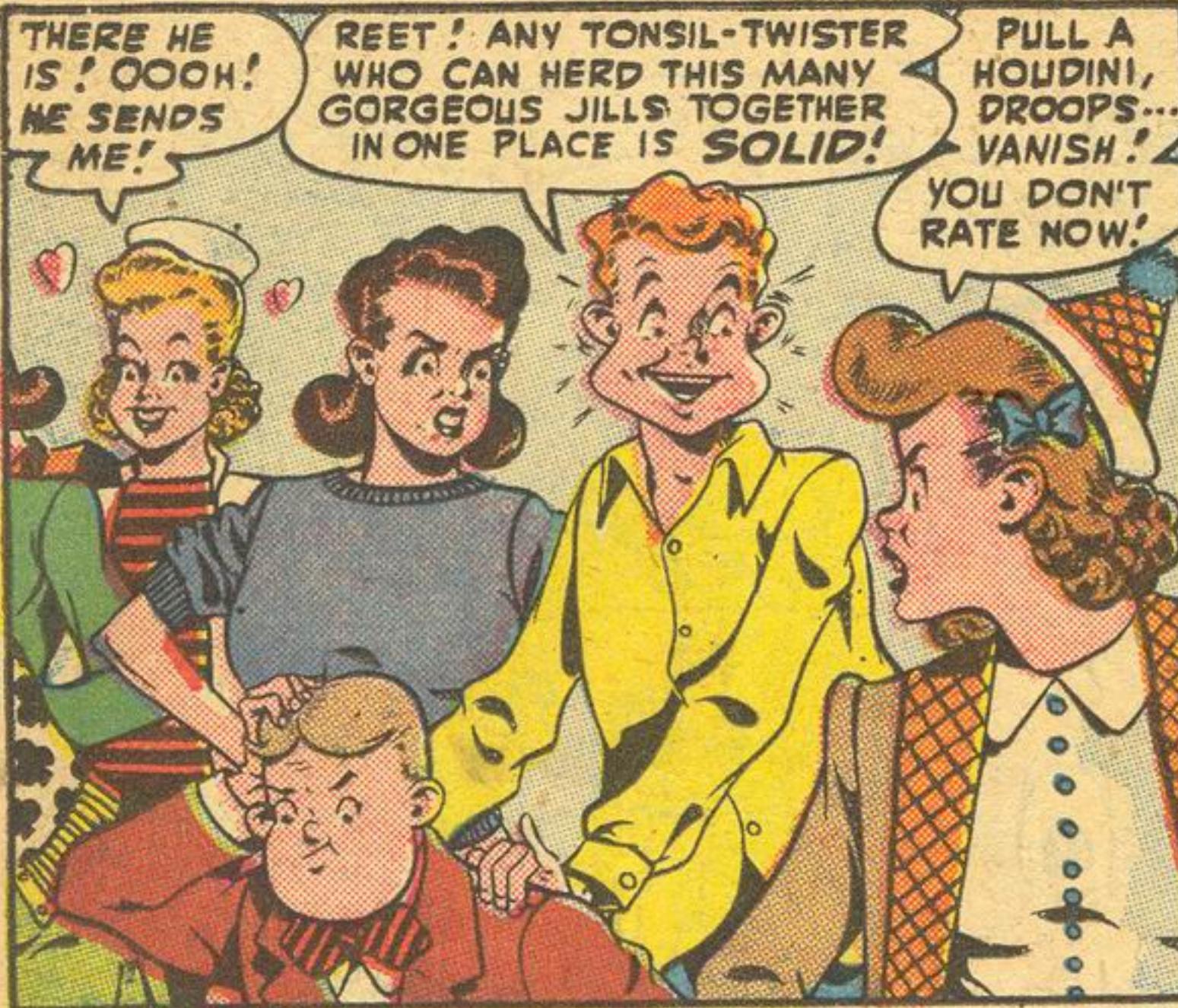
GET HEP, Y'GOON! YOU SOUND LIKE A JIBBERING JILL! WHAT'S THERE TO SEE ABOUT THIS GUY?



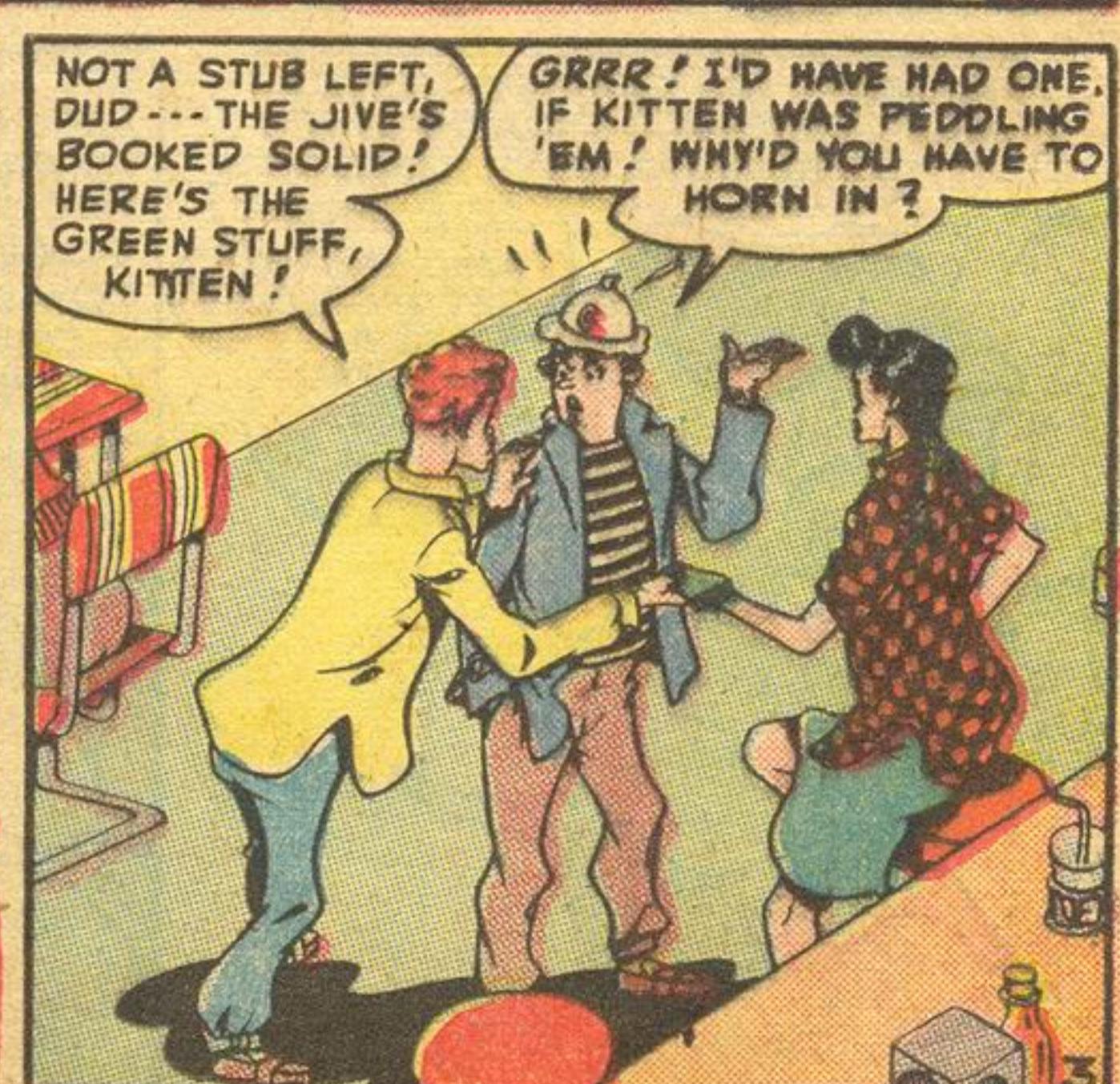
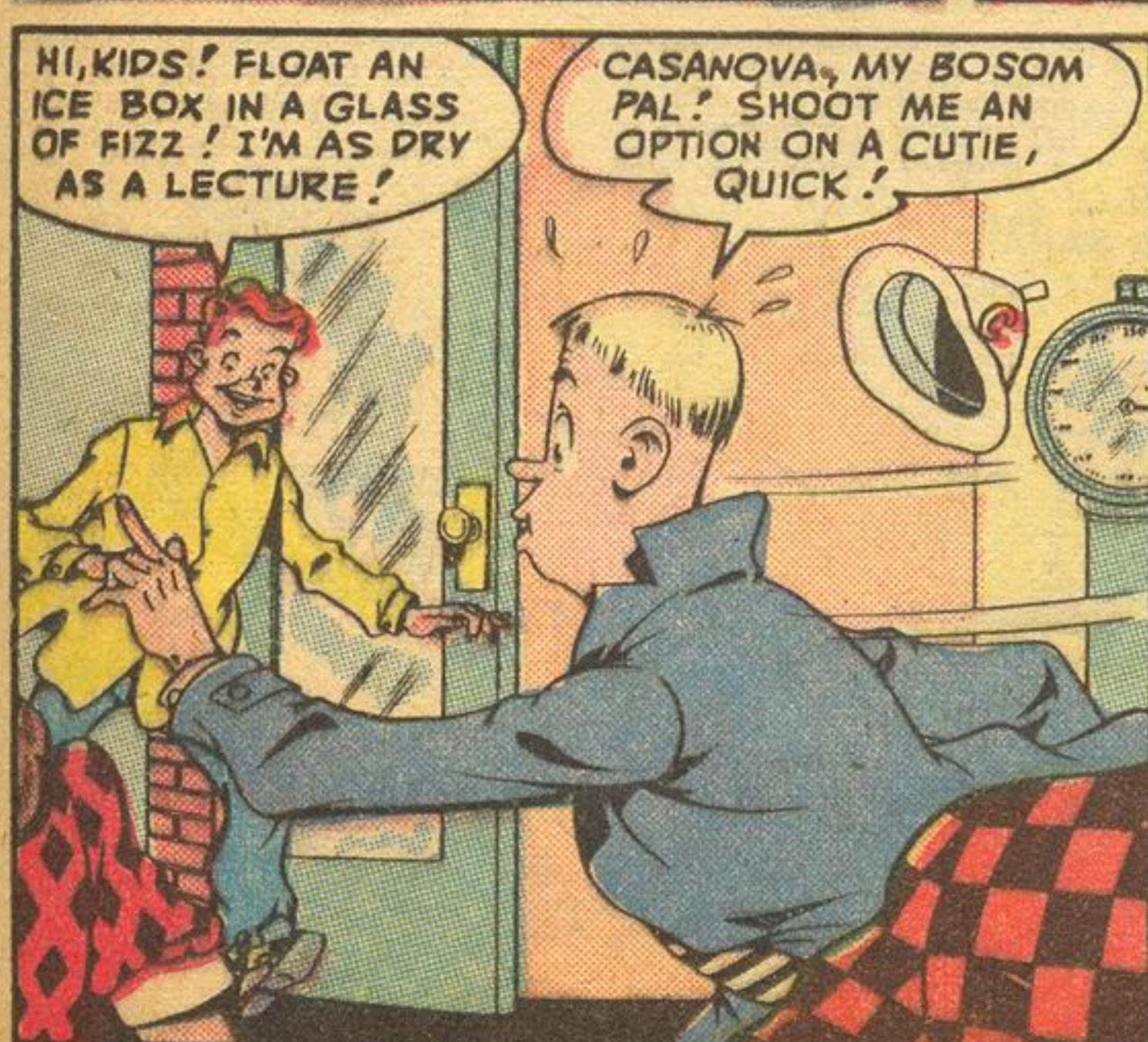
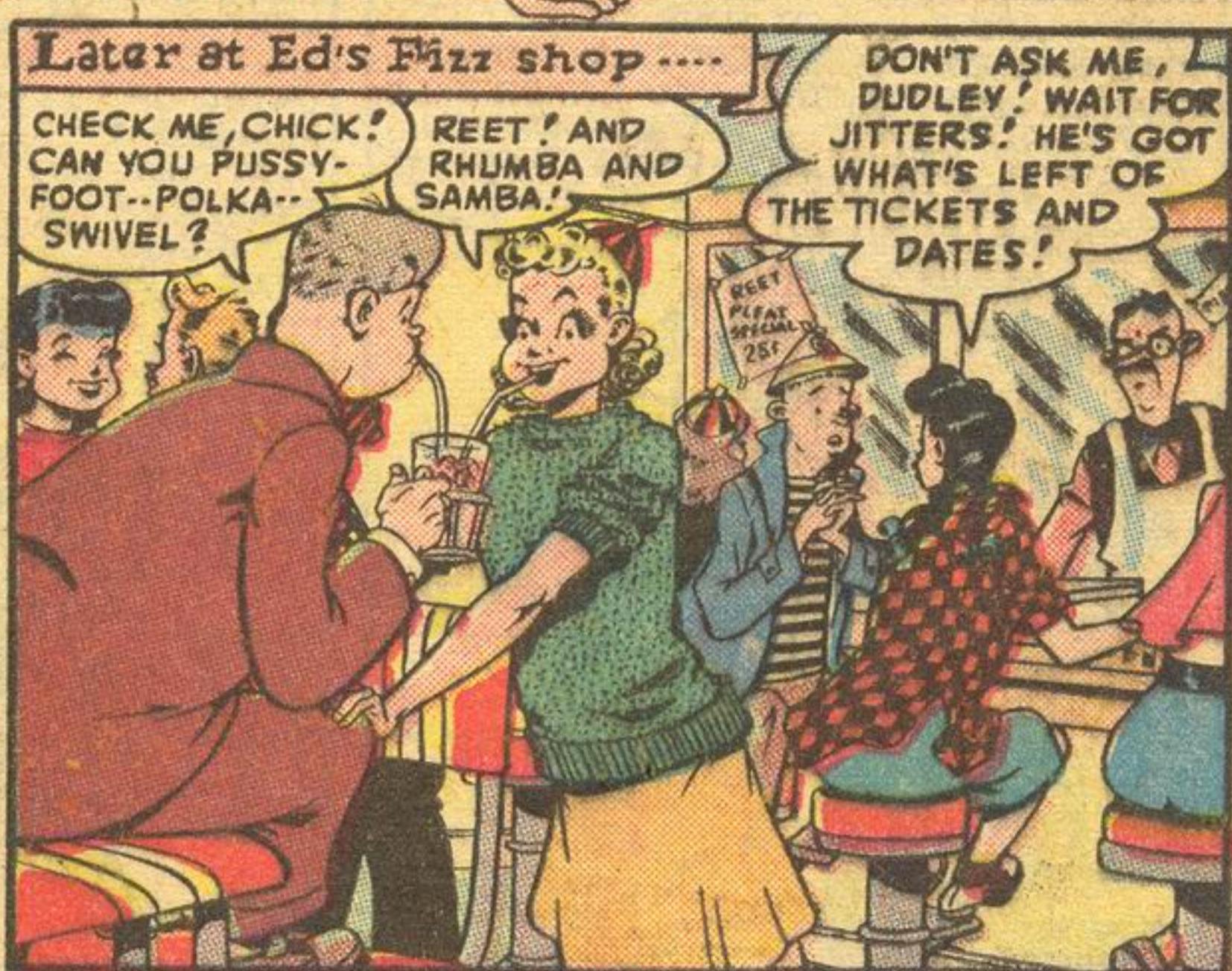
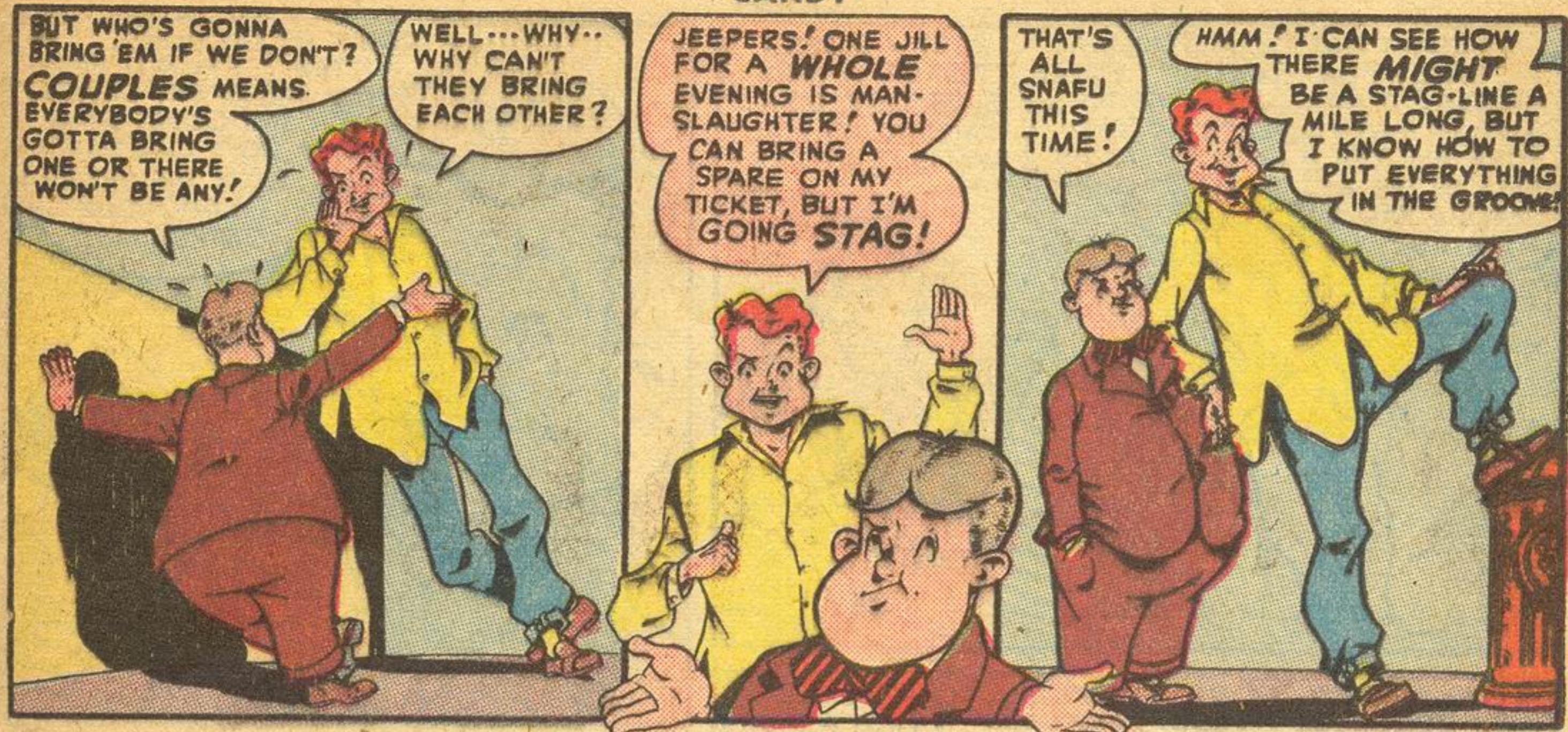
PICK UP YOUR EYEBALLS, BUGS, AND USE YOUR 20-20 VISION ON A MOB OF SLICK CHICKS!



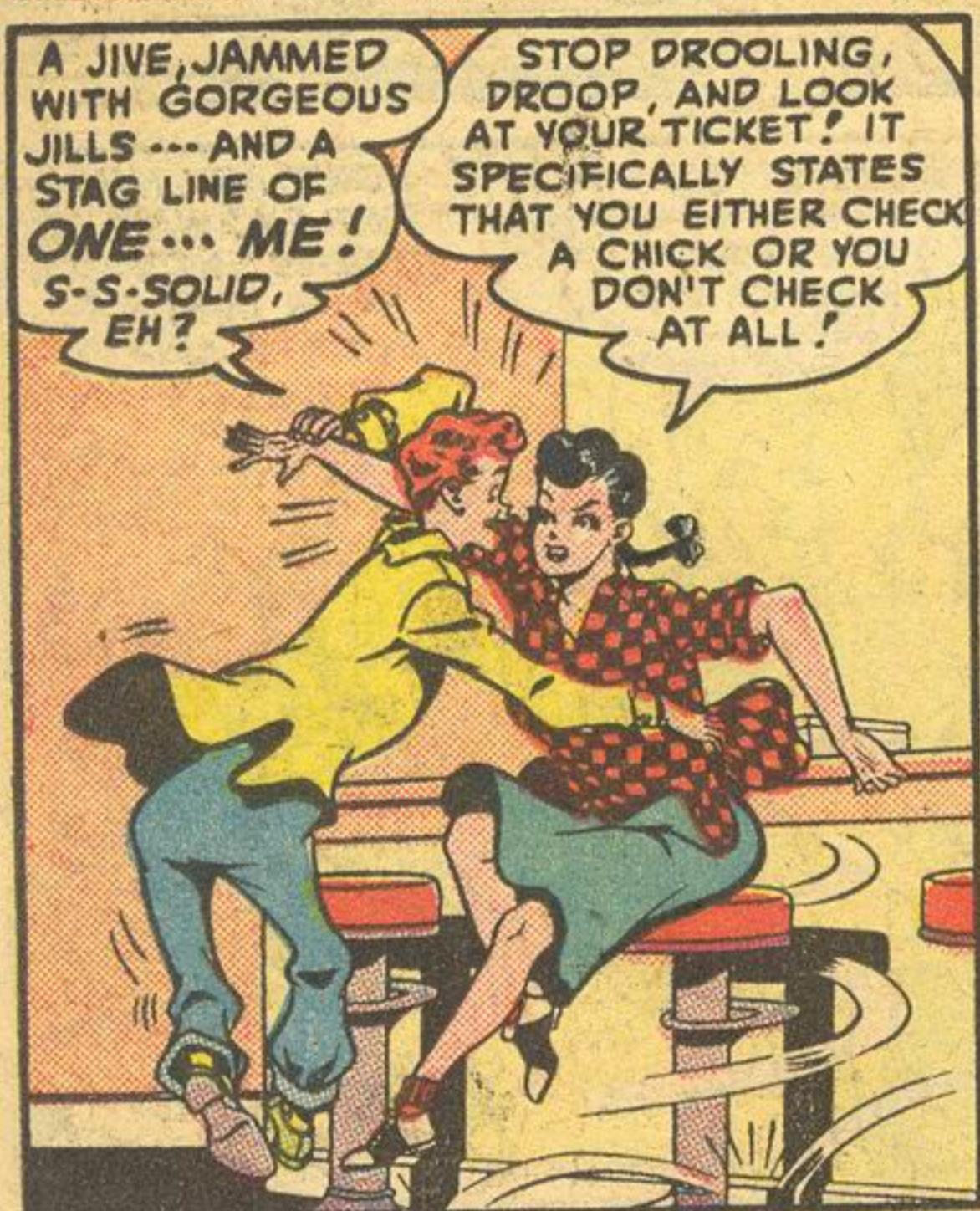
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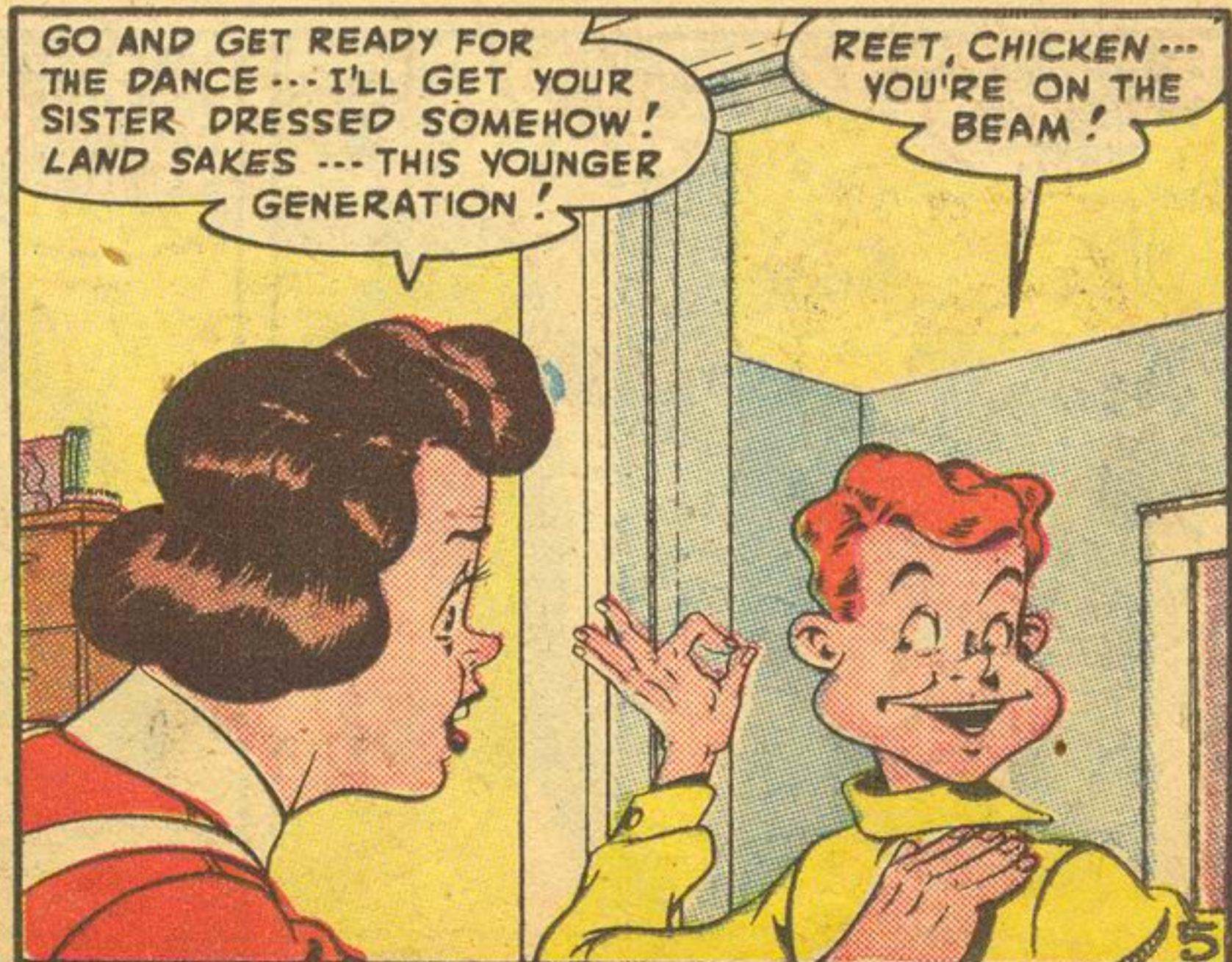
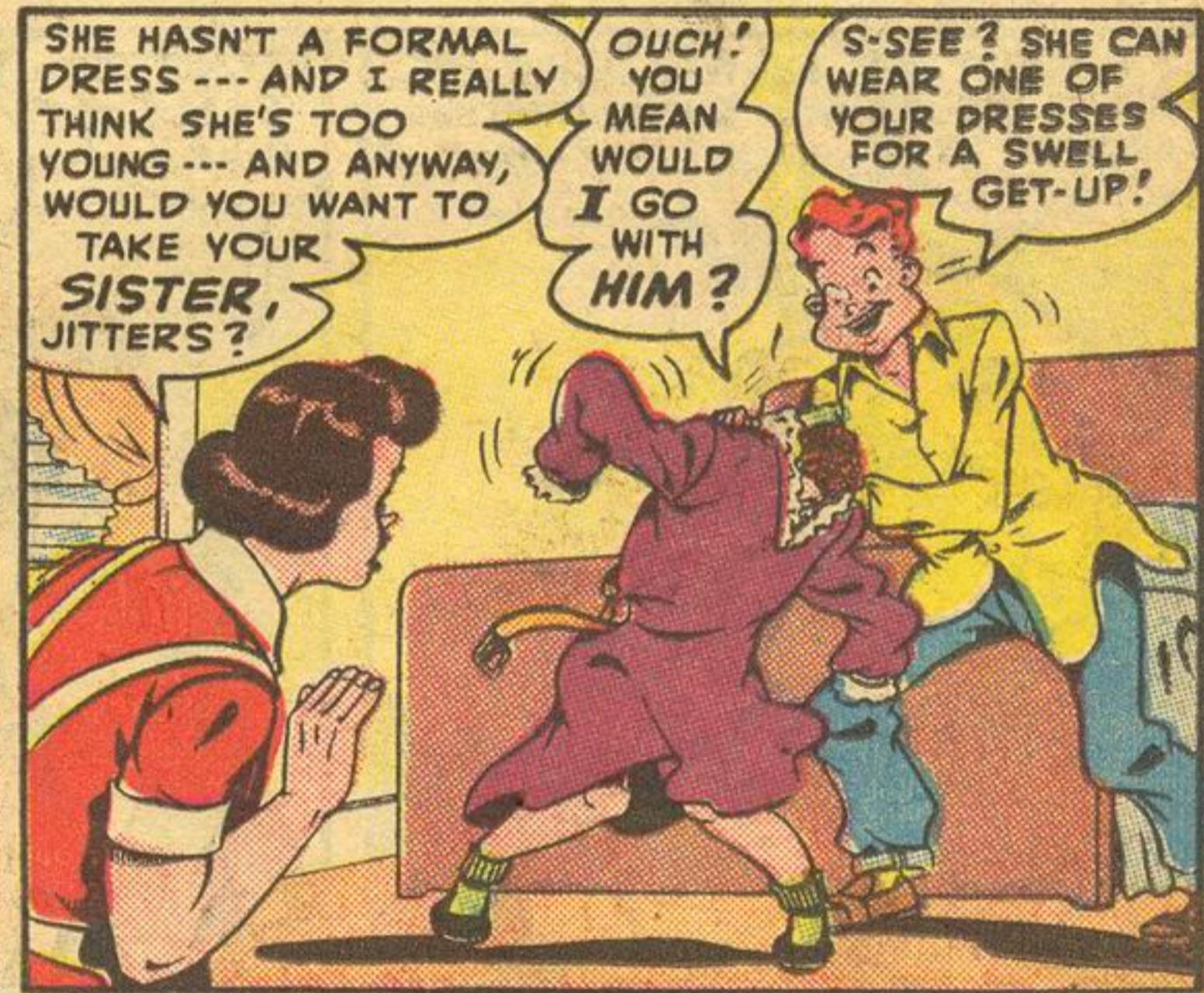
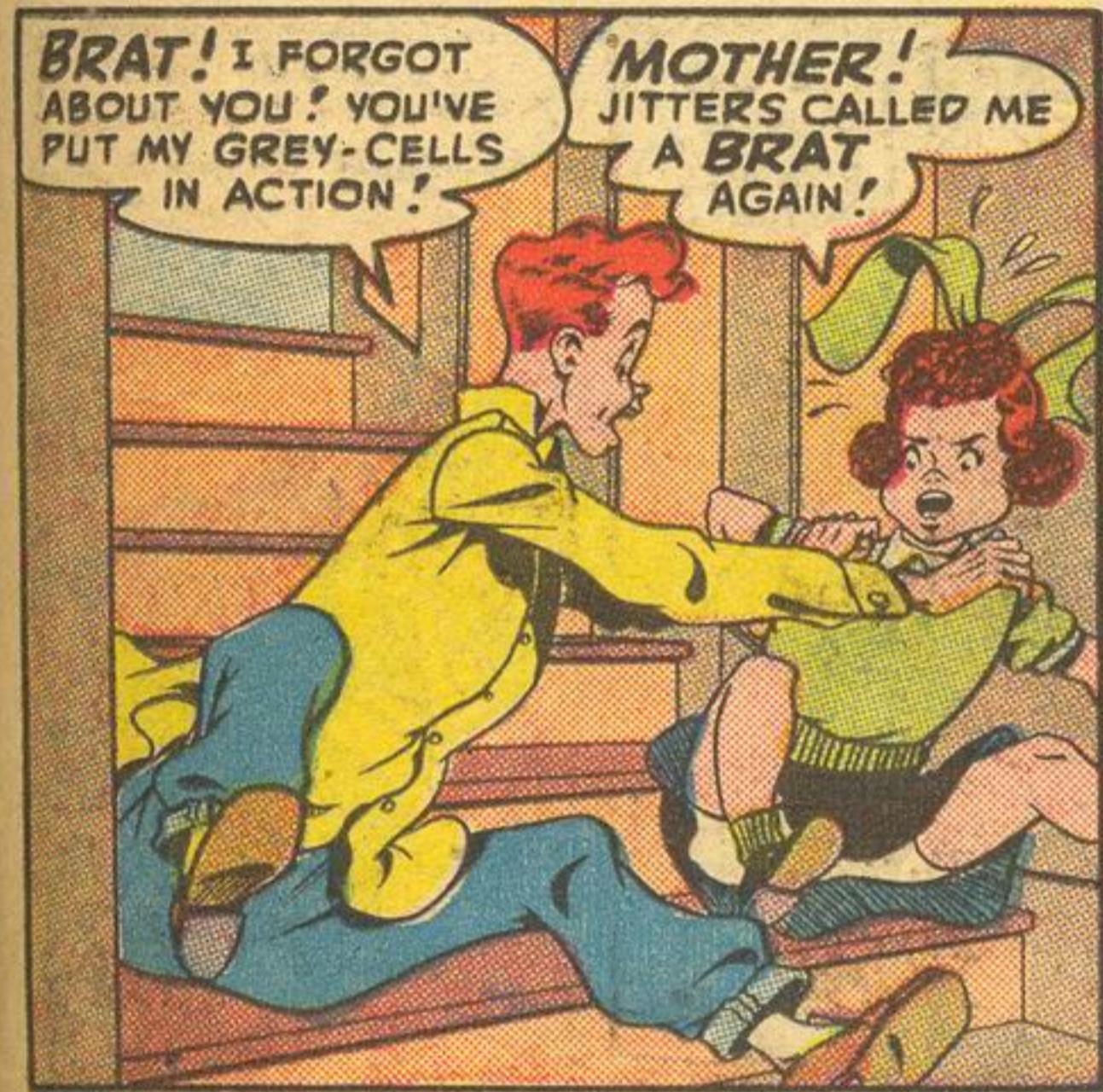
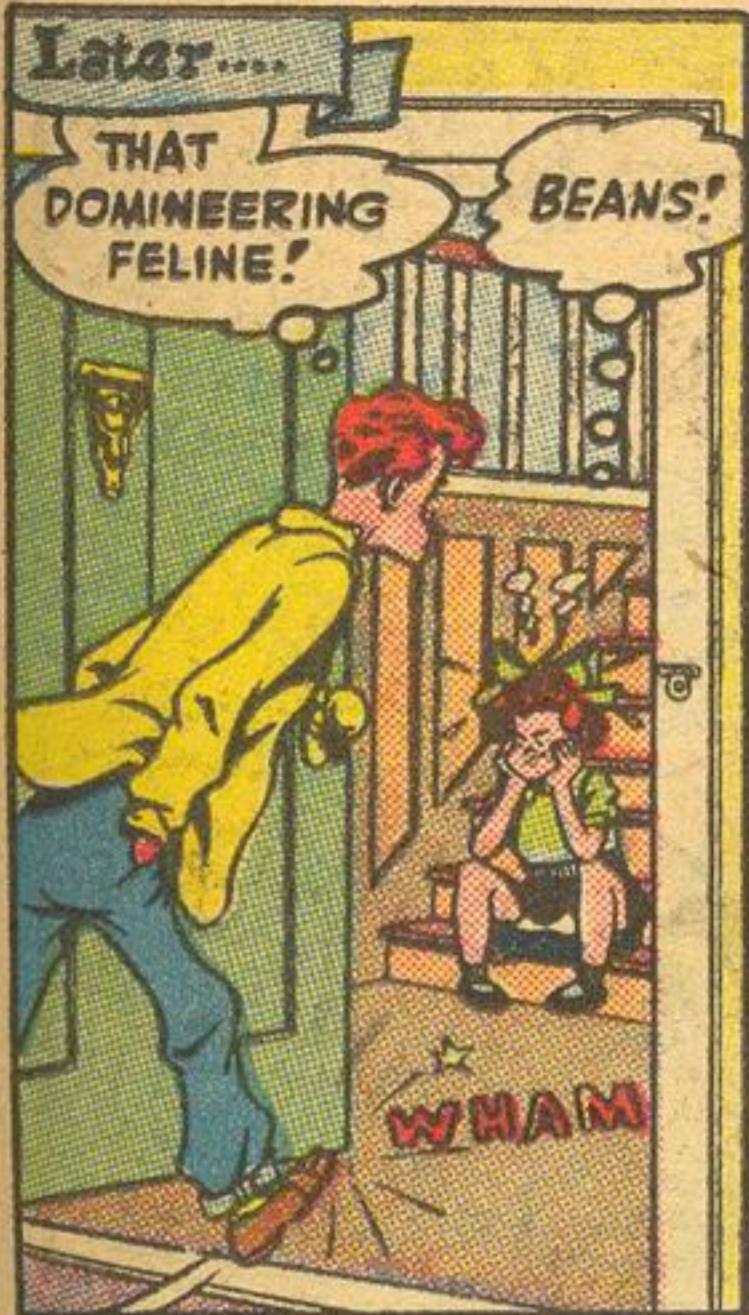
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CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



Candy and the Camera

TED DAWSON scanned the school's paper, *The Campus Cat*, scratched his head and read over the rules again.

Hartwick High School Fifth Annual Contest:

Girls, Personality-plus. . .

Ted studied that one. There could be only one winner in that group—Candy O'Connor. Candy just had to win!

As if, Ted mused, there was any chance that she wouldn't! But then. . .

Yes, there was Cornelia Clyde, a definite threat. Cornelia had class; and she was a rather nasty sort, too. But she carried herself; the fellows liked her. After all, the fellows were the judges.

And there was Helen Montague, the rich girl from Delaware. Boy, she was a wow! Class with a capital C. But not so much oomph, Ted amended. No, Helen didn't worry him. Neither did Trish—she was too interested in her studies.

Ted's mind shuttled back to Cornelia Clyde. Cornelia had a catty streak but she was a big hit with 'most everyone—the boys anyway.

"She's hateful," many of the girls said of her. "Just mean and catty."

But Ted knew all about girls' private opinions of other girls. Usually they were jealous because of some attainment they didn't have.

"But heck," he said to himself, "I'm not worrying about the gals. It's the fellows I got to fear in this contest."

How many of them could he count on, those who would act as judges? He hardly knew. Running over their names he decided it was a pretty impartial panel, as many for one side as for the other.

But Ted was worried.

"Oh, Candy, I'm so thrilled for you!" said Candy's girl gang. "You'll win hands down!"

"You really think so?" Candy didn't seem too interested. "I don't think I have a chance."

"Cornelia, dear, what a landslide you'll be!" gurgled Cornelia's gang. "The contest is made to order for you!"

Cornelia was languid. She yawned. "Oh, I'm not so sure, girls . . . there are others."

"What others?" demanded the girls, with a mental brushing aside of all others. "You're a cinch!"

None of the other girls at Hartwick seemed to have a look-in—regardless of what they might think.

And so there it stood, three days before the big contest. Ted was still worried.

Unless you have gone through it, you cannot know the storm and strife of such a school contest. The judges are "approached" by both factions, and "talked to." Their opinions are sought; sometimes they are openly asked just "who" they have in mind. They are not supposed to express opinions until the day of the trials. Most of them don't. But some . . .

Ted Dawson had gleaned enough of these private expressions to see his inward fear mount continually these last few days. As it stood, there were more judges "for" Cornelia than was good for Candy. And Candy had to win. She was Ted's girl, wasn't she?

"Candy, you can't miss," Ted told Candy almost every evening.

Candy smiled. "But Ted, I can. Cornelia is a stand-out. Far more of the boys—"

"Bosh!" said Hed. "You're a big favorite."

But Ted wasn't so sure of that statement.

Two days before the big contest the eliminations came off. The first event was swimming. Both Cornelia and Candy were experts in the water. There was a fifty-yard dash, a race three times around the pool, and a free-for-all race with several entries.

Cornelia, after bowing to Candy's supremacy in the fifty yarder, picked off the two latter easy. That put her up on the swimming.

Several contests followed. Again Cornelia pulled down more points.

It looks bad, said Ted to himself. Bad.

"Swell!" said Cornelia's cohorts jubilantly.

Candy's mother said "Candace! Are you

CANDY

going to let Cornelia walk away with the prize?"

"Oh, not walk, mother. She'll have to *run* for some of those points. The contest isn't over yet!"

"Look, if there's any way I can help," offered Ted to Candy. He seemed helpless, forlorn.

"Poor Ted," sighed Candy. "I guess I'm letting you down. But really I'm doing my best."

Trish, Candy's steadfast girl friend who dwelt in books most of the time, expressed no worry about Candy's ultimate winning.

"It isn't over yet," she said. "Lots of things can happen in a contest—like a horserace."

"Like what?" snapped one of Cornelia's gang.

"Points aren't all tallied yet, are they?" came back Trish easily. "How about literature? Candy's no dope there."

"Meaning that Cornelia is," said a Corneliatite cattily. "Well, Shakespeare doesn't mean so much in a popularity event!"

"Maybe not, maybe not," replied Trish. "But don't put down too many doubloons on the outcome—yet!"

Everyone knew that, with Trish's help, Candy would come off with literary honors. And she did—but without Trish's assistance. Nobody knew that, however, except Trish and Candy and a few close pals.

This left only two points standing, with Cornelia in the lead.

"Gosh," sighed Ted, "the contest is almost finished . . . Candy! Candy!"

Popularity on the campus was one of the important angles of the contest. And in order to check this it was necessary to go back through past issues of the Cat and check the number of mentions each girl had received. So as to prevent the possibility of error, three boys on the staff did the checking. Ted was sure of the outcome: Cornelia had been "in the paper" oftener than Candy.

The score stood: sixteen for Candy; thirteen for Cornelia!

Here was something! Ted perked up. Then his happiness was dashed when two front page write-ups came to light, in which Cornelia had

been featured entirely. That offset the other score—with an extra point for Cornelia.

"Shucks," mourned Ted. "Candy's been beaten."

"Oh, well," said Candy, "why worry? I didn't think I would win anyway. Does it make so much difference?"

Ted looked stricken. "No-oo. But gee, Candy, I did so want you to win!"

Trish was visiting Candy at the time. She looked up from a book she was reading. Looked up languidly, disinterestedly.

"She hasn't lost for sure yet, Ted," she said.

Candy smiled at Trish. "There's a pal," she said.

But Ted wasn't to be convinced that easy. "Oh, you're just saying that, Trish. But you know she's lost!"

Tina, fat and good-natured, was the school photographer. Tina went about snapping shutters like a fiend, and she turned in some good shots now and then. Style shots, fashion shots . . . personality shots.

Tina told Ted, "There's one angle you've forgotten—pictures!"

"So what," said Ted, none too mannerly. "What's photos got to do with it—except that a photograph of each girl will be entered?"

Tina nodded her head. "Just that. You forget that five of the boys on the judges' panel are studying art. Art goes with photography. Those photos will be judged on their merit. The points those boys check in each photograph will be mighty important for Candy . . . of course, you wouldn't know anything about 'spirit' in a face. Real personality reveals spirit, an aura. A girl must have it to have personality."

The last event of the judging was the photographic event. . . . Two large stills Tina had made. Each was a perfect likeness of Candy and Cornelia.

The judges spent two hours comparing notes on the pictures. They were totally impartial; the artists in the group saw to that. And when the judging was finished, it was found that Candy had 'spirit' and 'personality' on five counts; while Cornelia had it on only one. Which only goes to prove that you must have something inside to win a personality plus event.

CANDY

CANDY

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL,
MR. KONRAT? A MAN
CAME IN WHILE YOU
WERE OUT TO LUNCH
AND GAVE ME \$5.00
FOR ALL THOSE DIRTY
OLD USED BOOKS!

Y!!!! MY
PRICELESS
FIRST
EDITIONS!

RARE FIRST EDITIONS

RARE
BOOKS



ALL RIGHT, CANDY! WE'LL HOLD
THE DRESS ONE WEEK -- BUT IF
YOU DON'T PAY THE BALANCE
THEN, WE'LL HAVE TO
PUT IT BACK ON
SALE!

I'LL BE HERE,
MISS TETERS!
DON'T
WORRY!

WHAT GIVES, CHICK? SINCE WHEN DID
YOUR ALLOWANCE
INCLUDE
RITZY
EVENING
GOWNS?



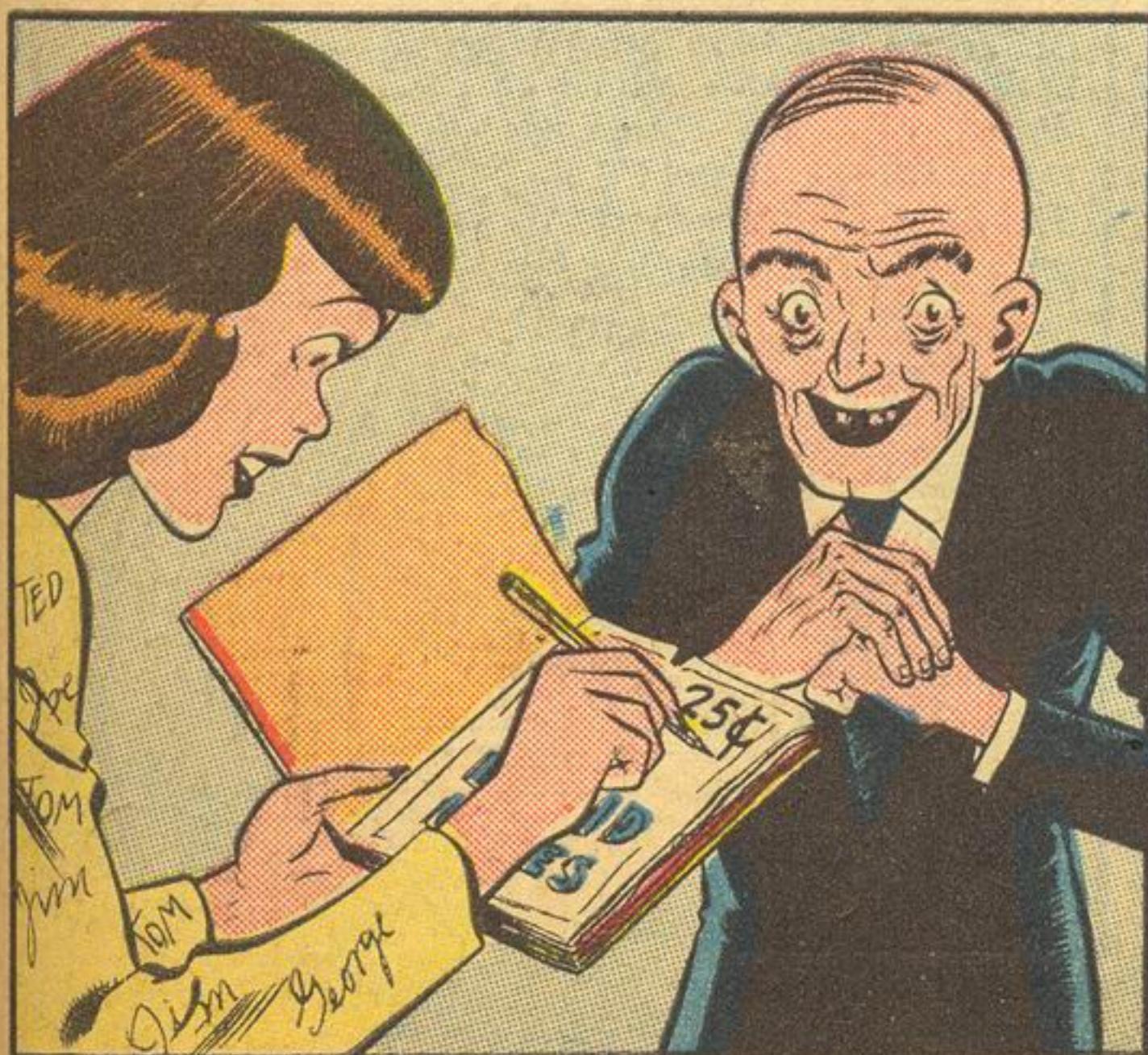
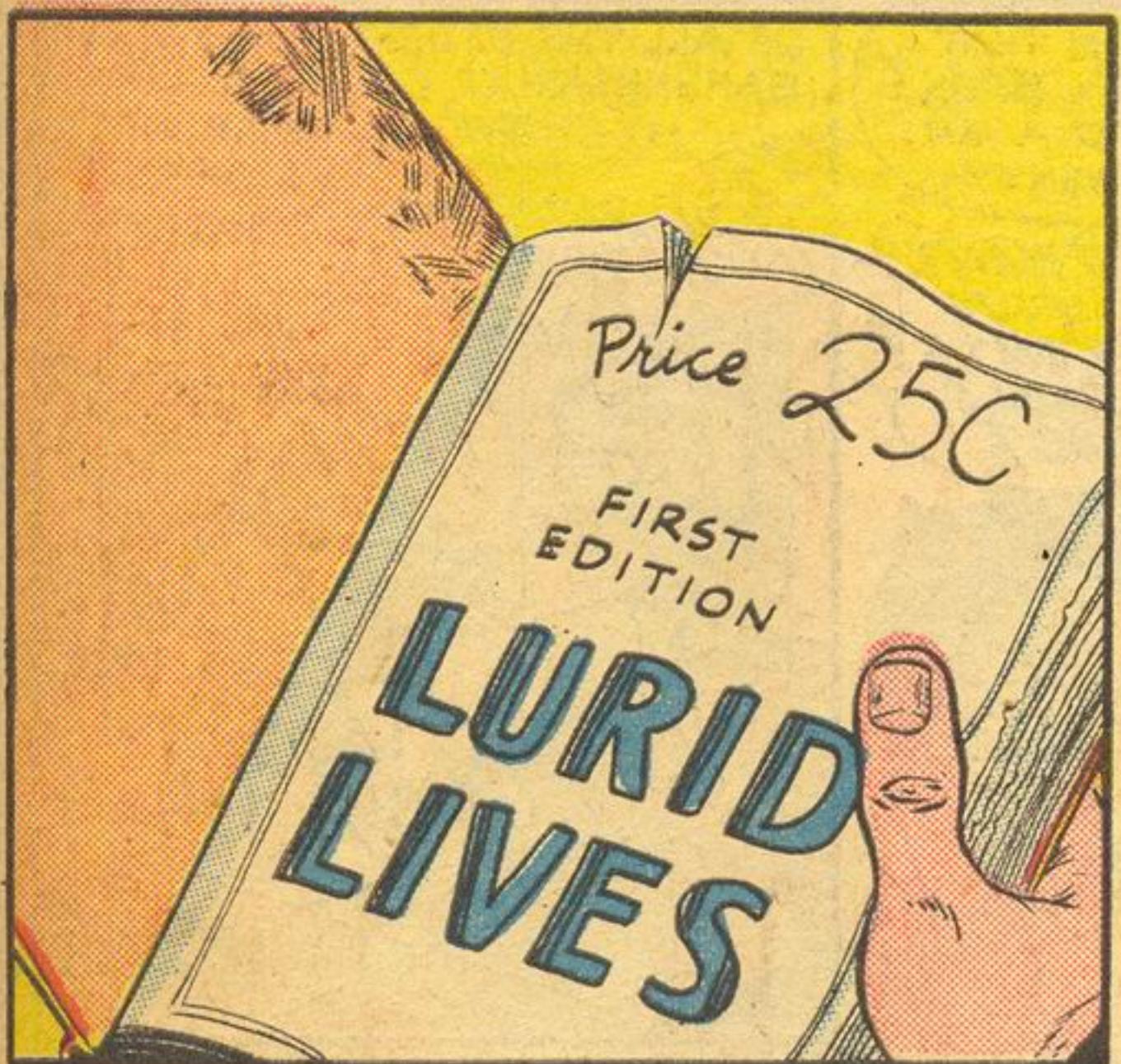
DON'T BE
JUVENILE,
TED!



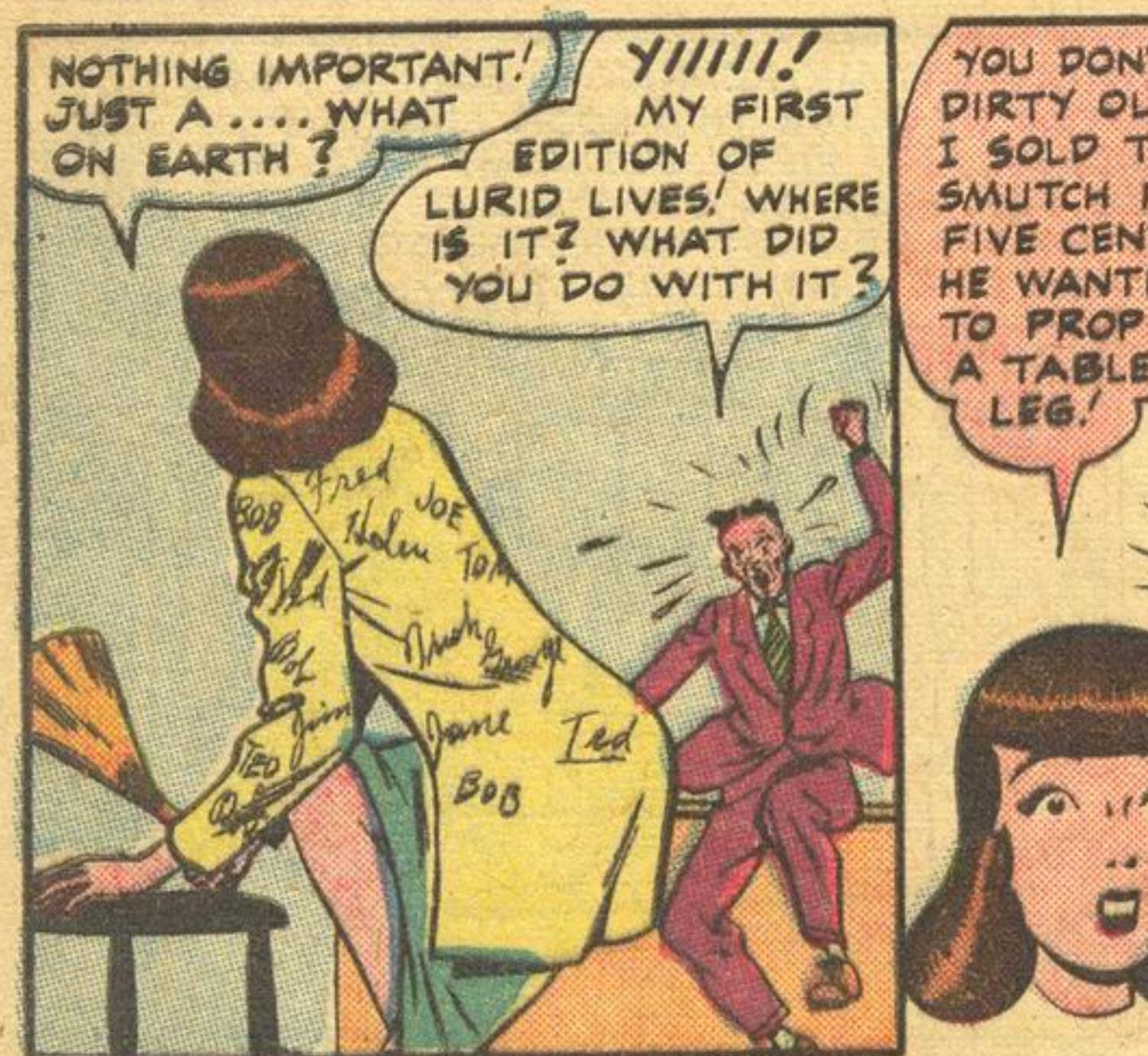
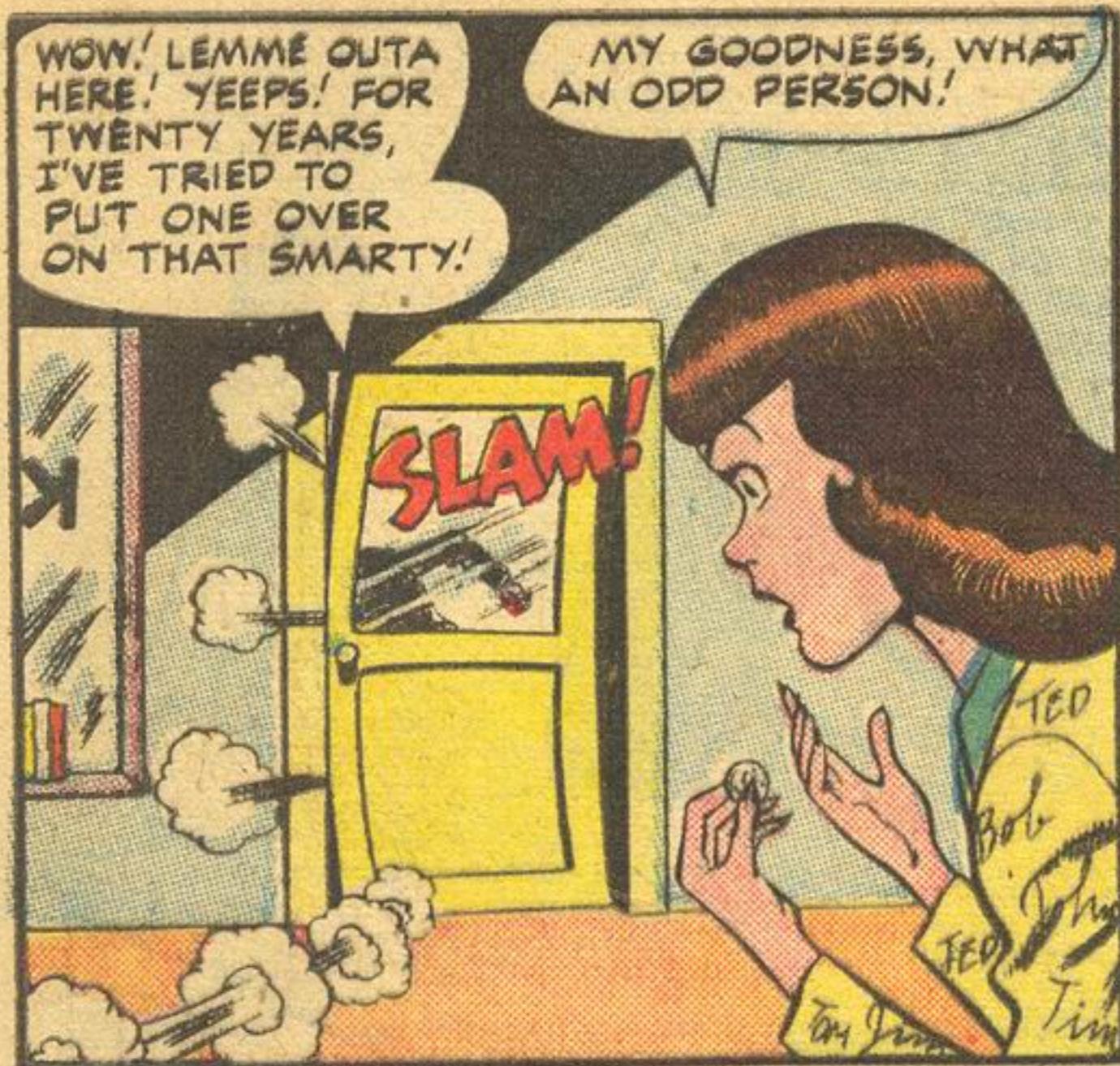
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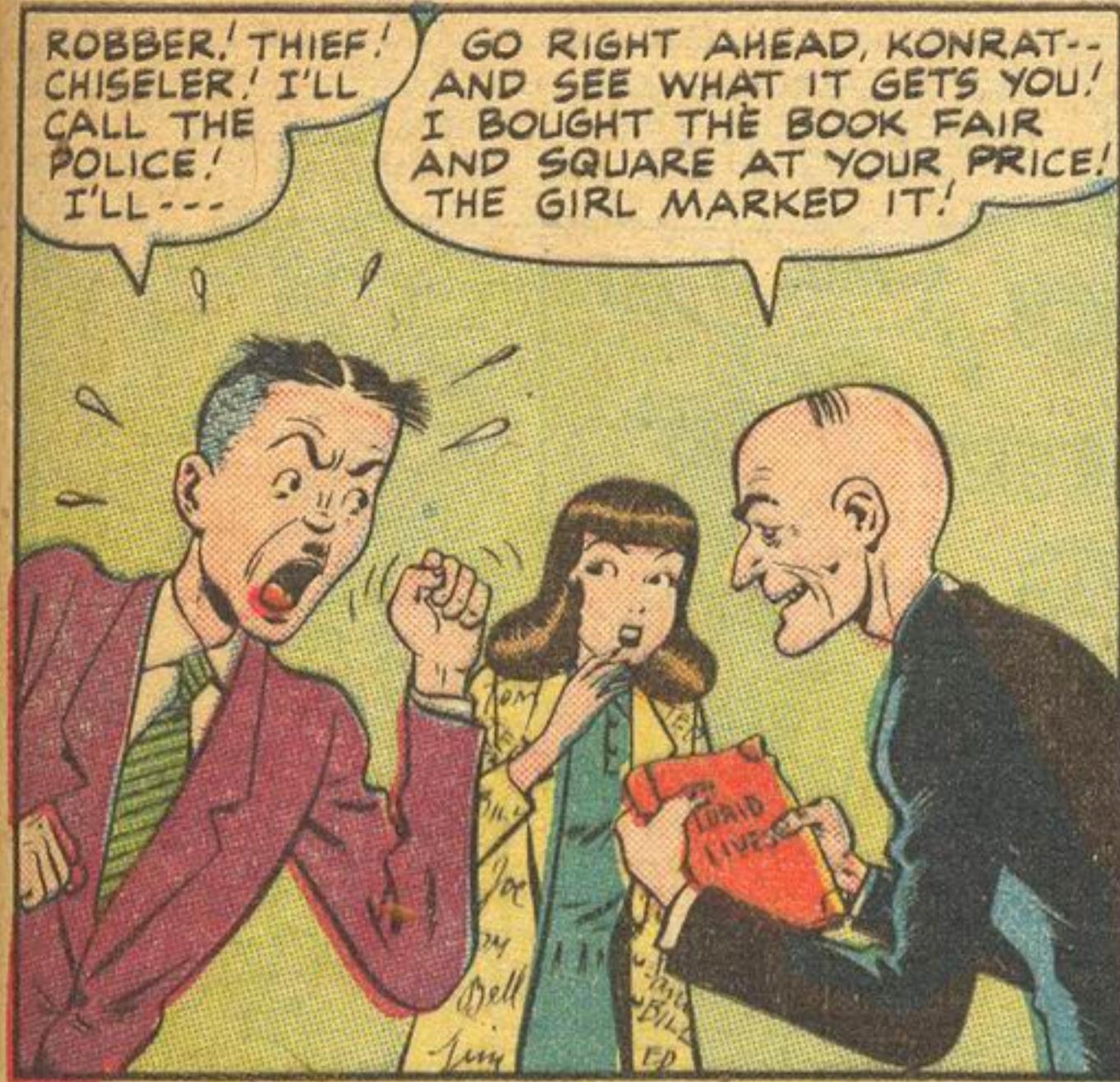
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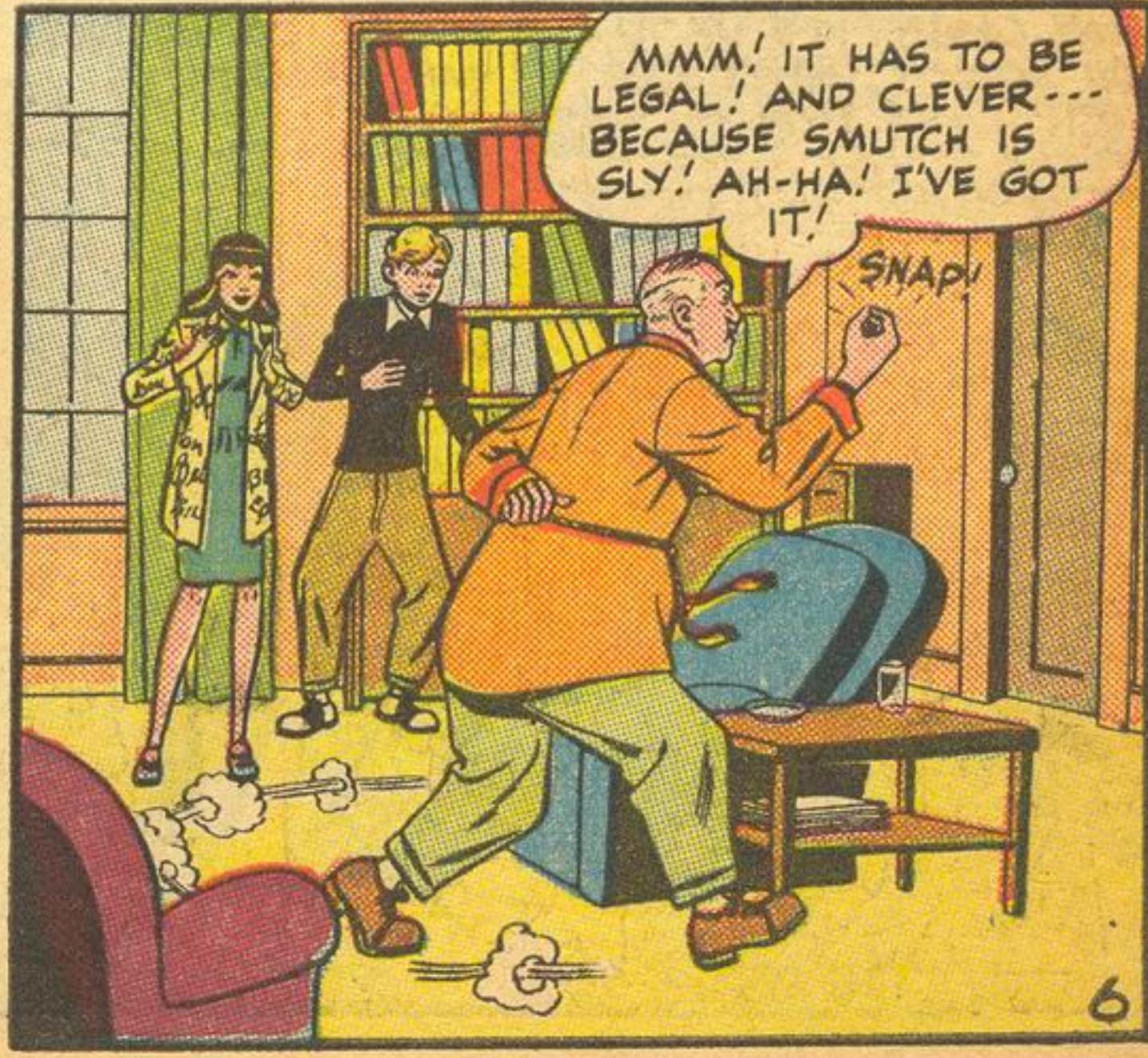
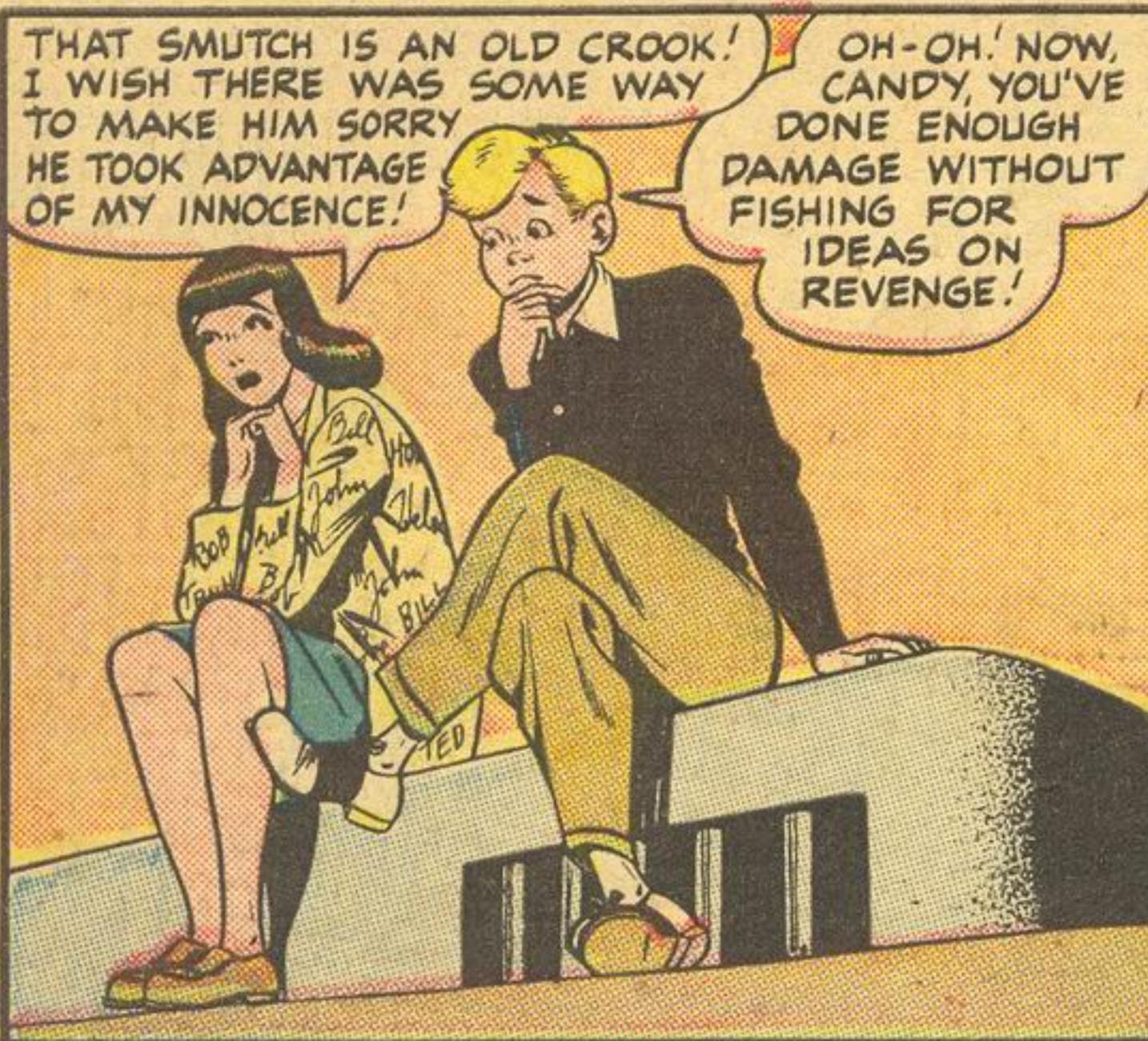
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CANDY



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CANDY

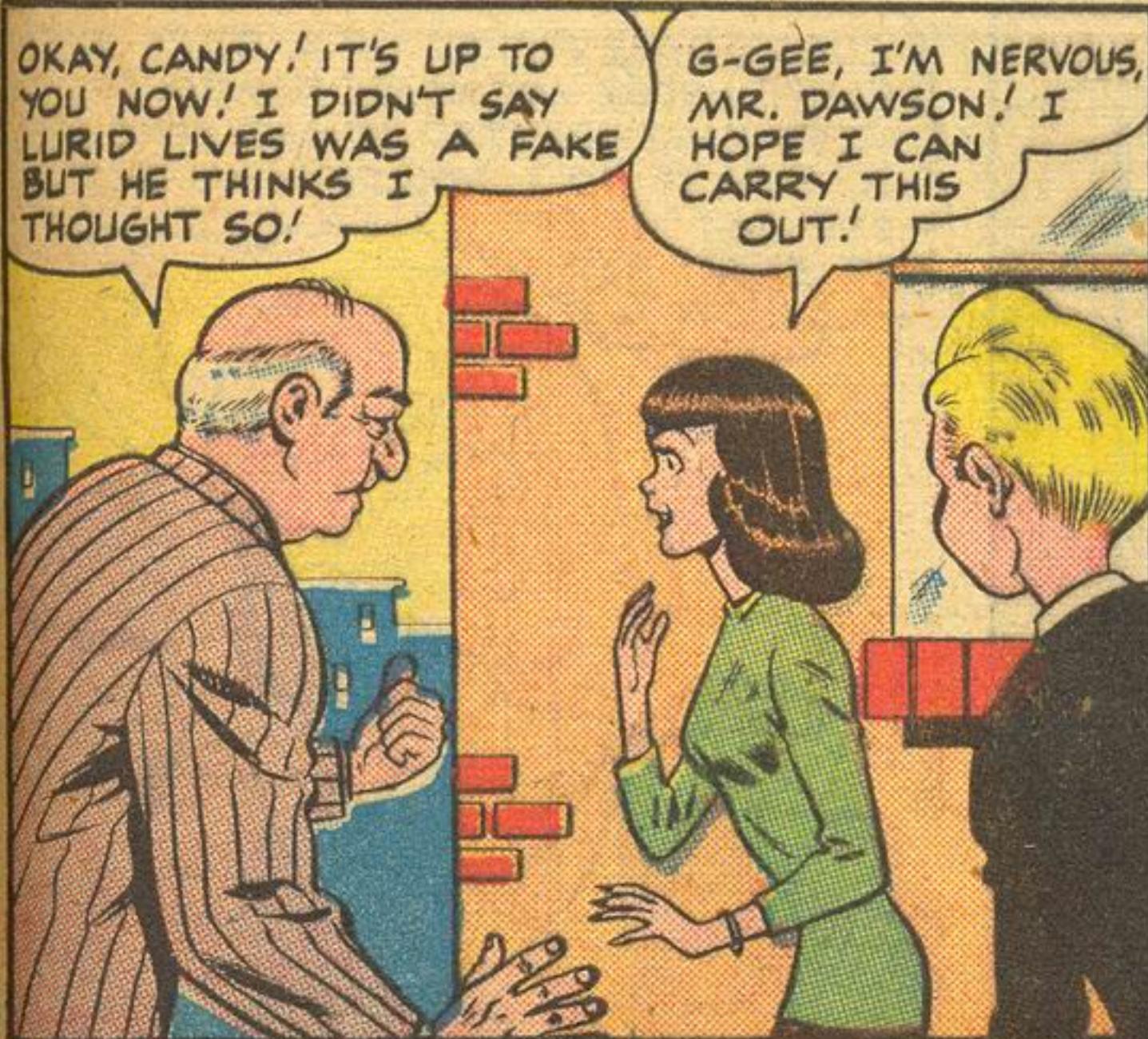
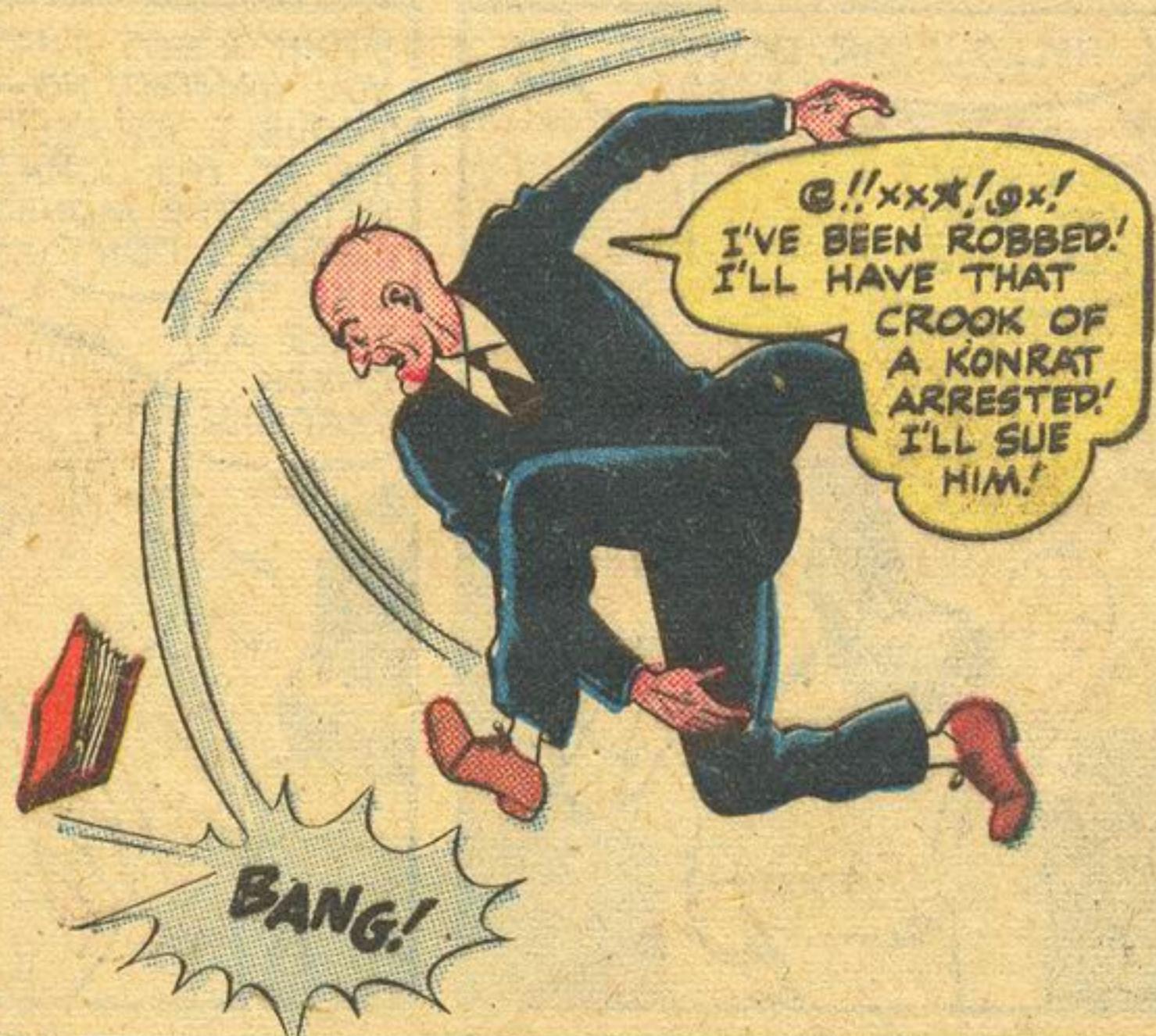
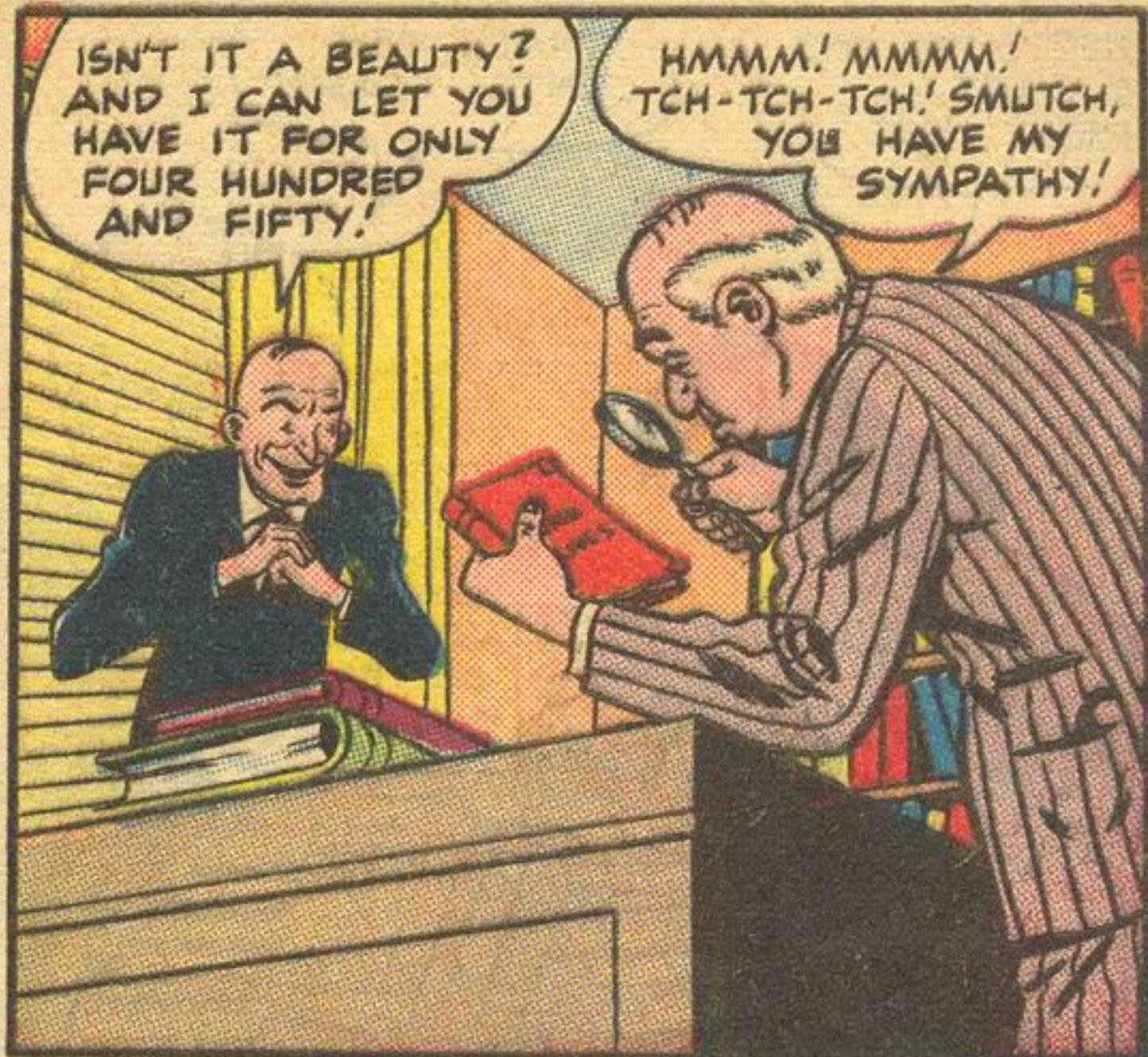
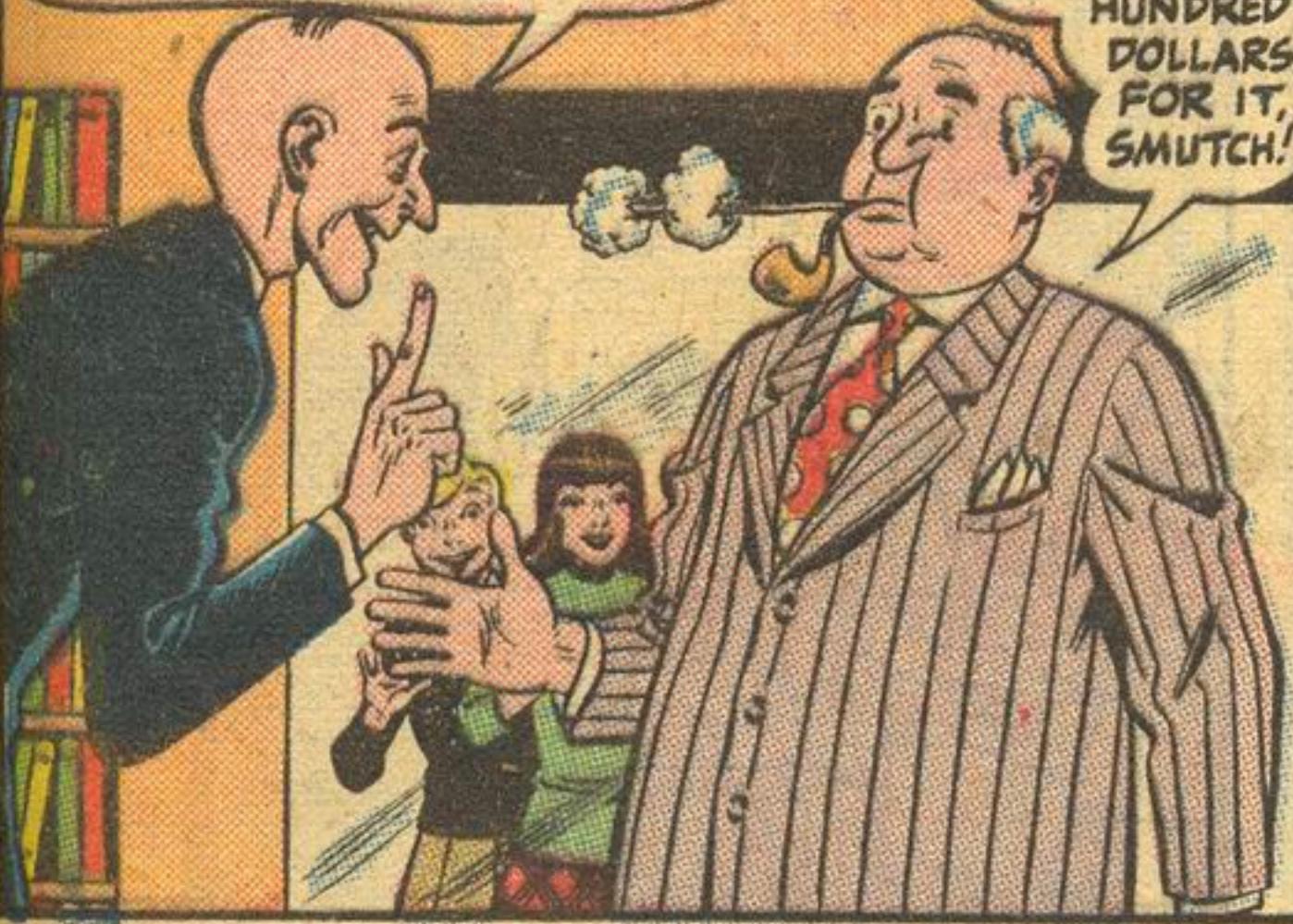
That afternoon...

AHH, MR. DAWSON--MY BEST CUSTOMER! YOU CAME TO SEE MY FIRST EDITION OF LURID LIVES, I'LL BET!

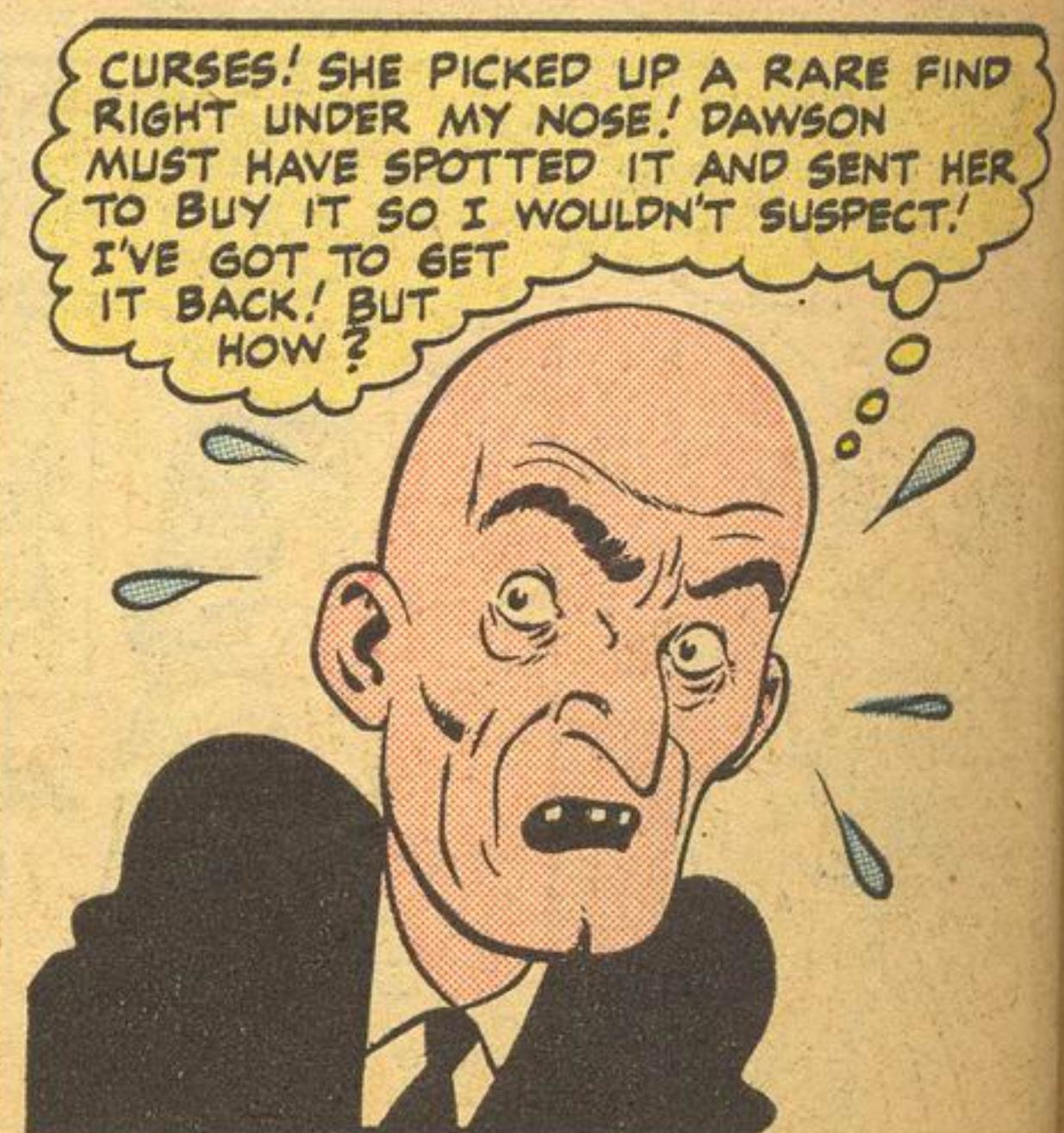
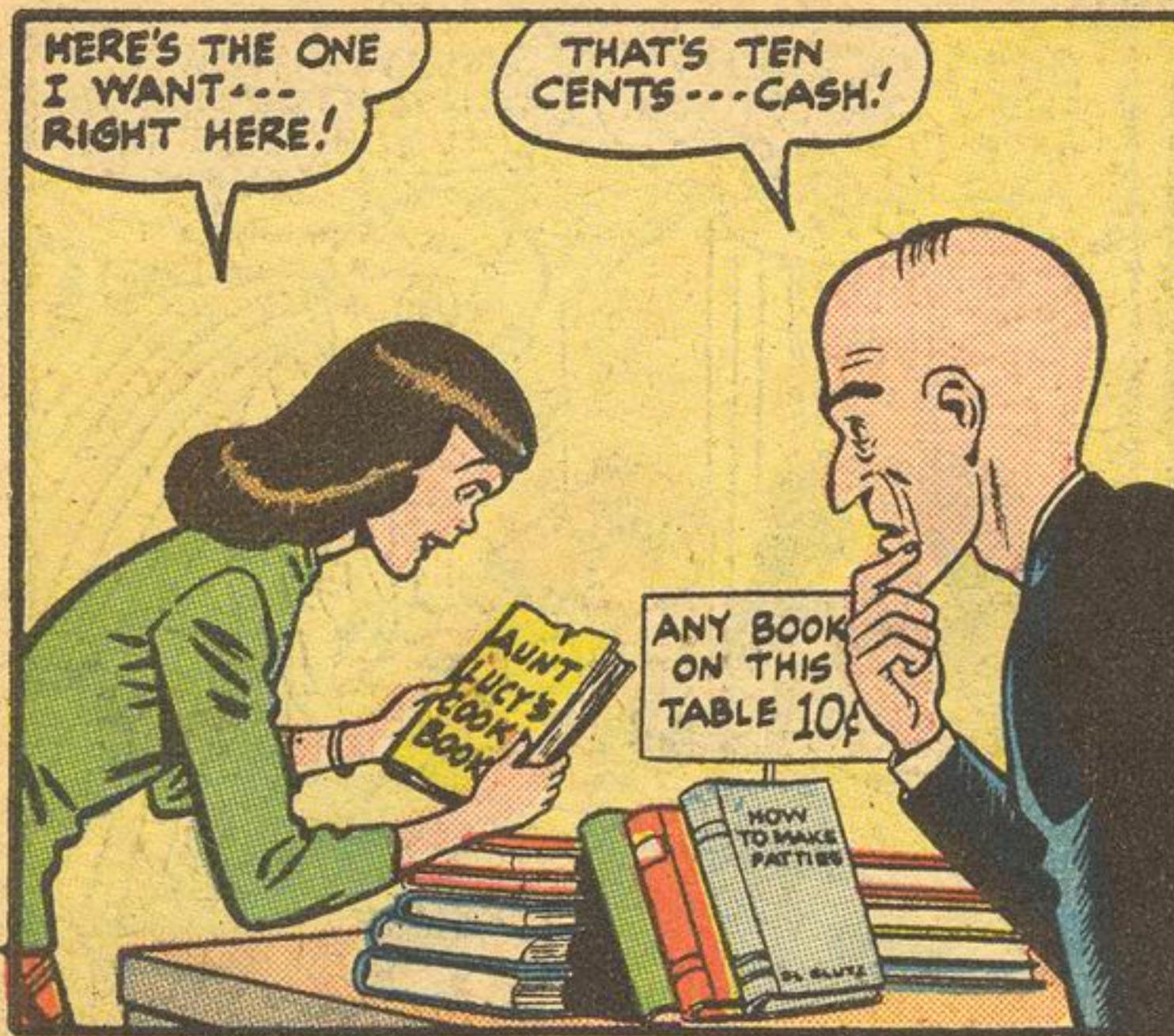
IF YOU'VE GOT A GENUINE ONE, I'LL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT, SMUTCH!

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY? AND I CAN LET YOU HAVE IT FOR ONLY FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY!

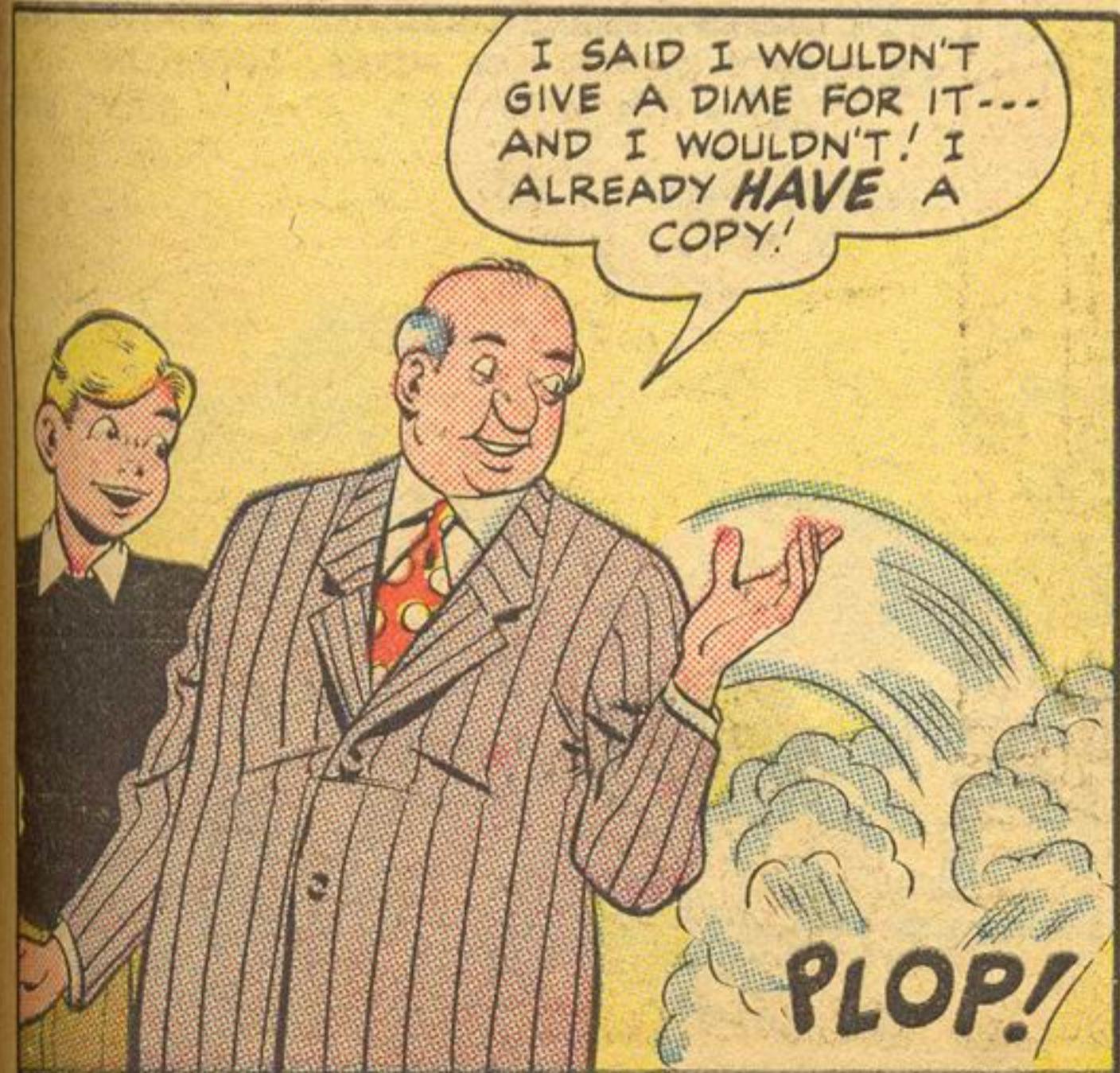
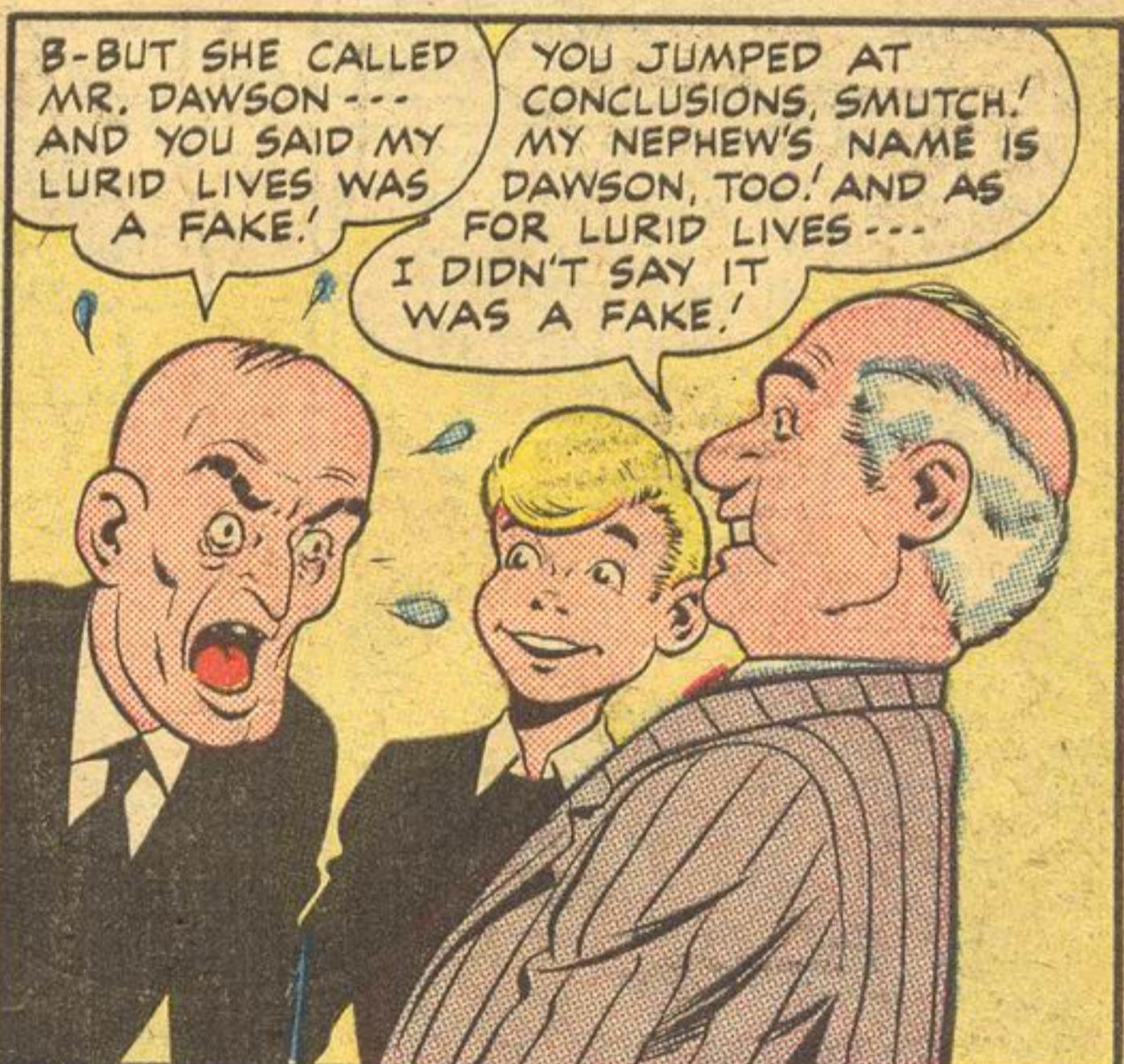
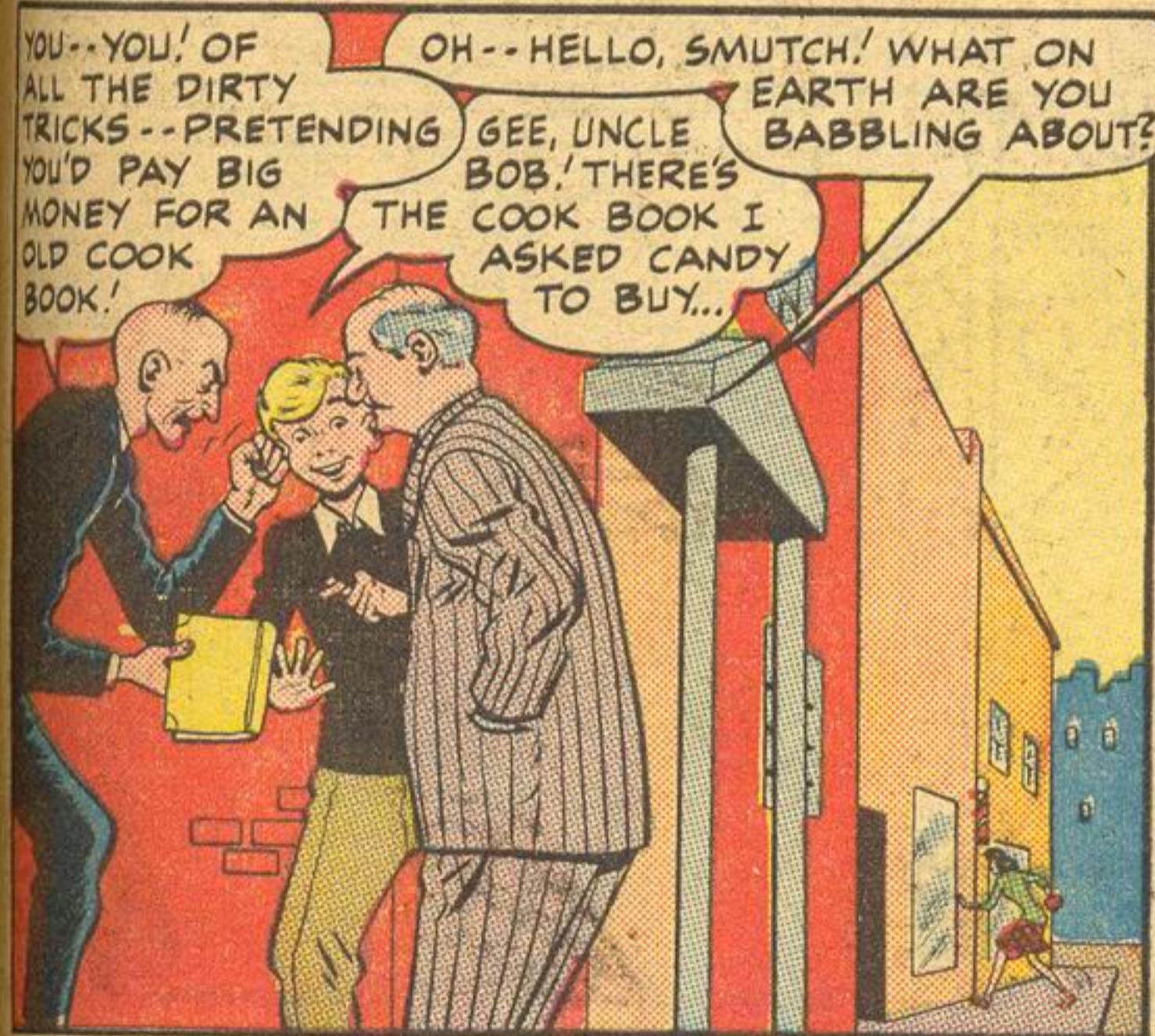
HMM! MMM! TCH-TCH-TCH! SMUTCH, YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY!



CANDY

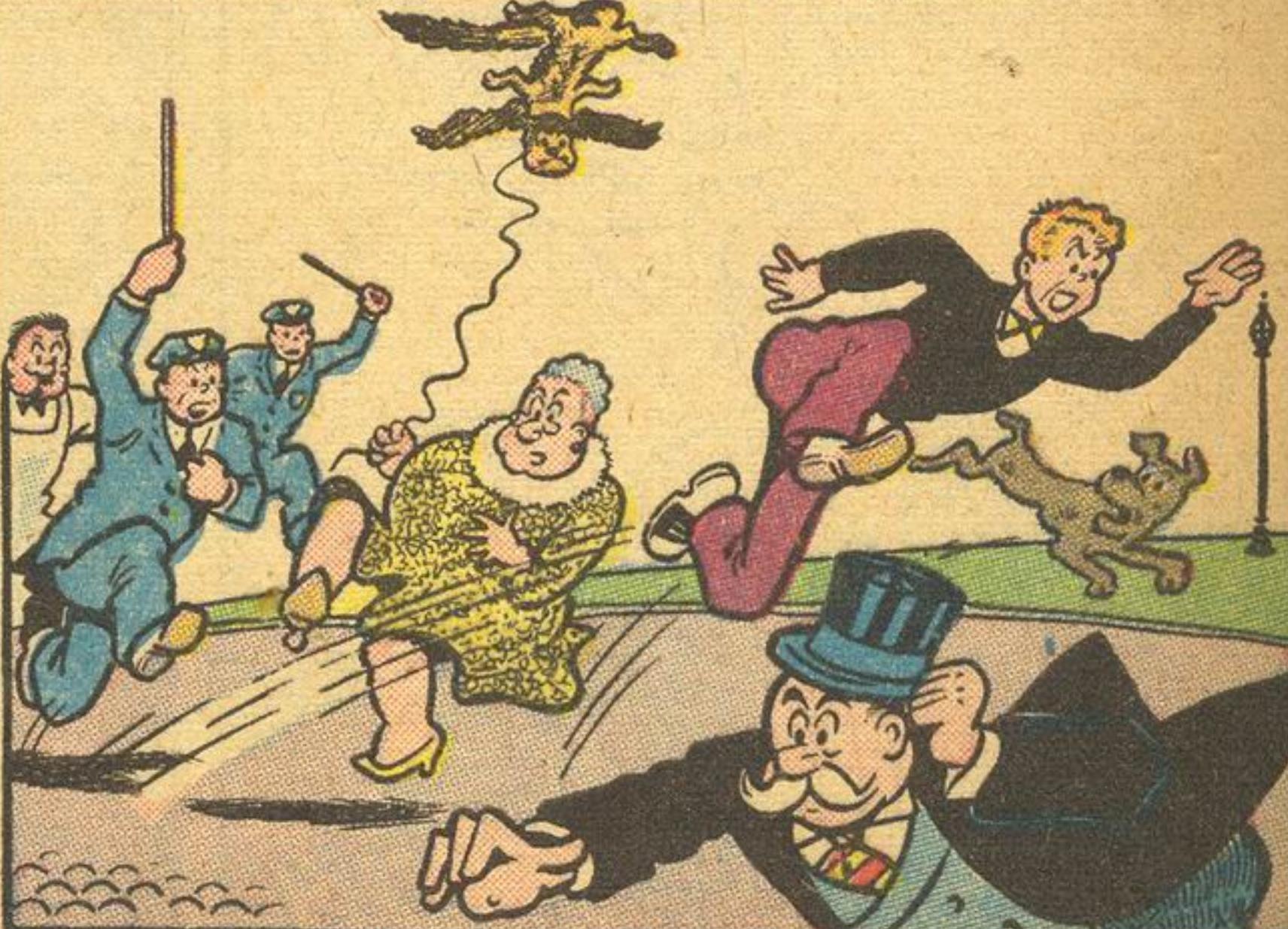
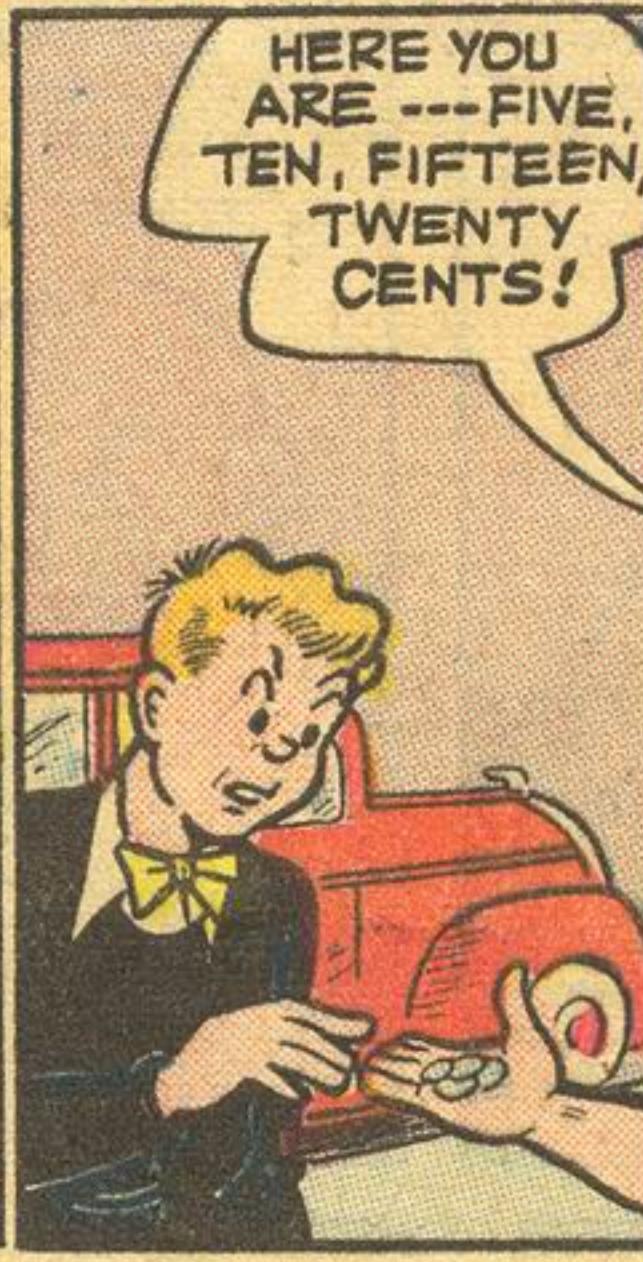
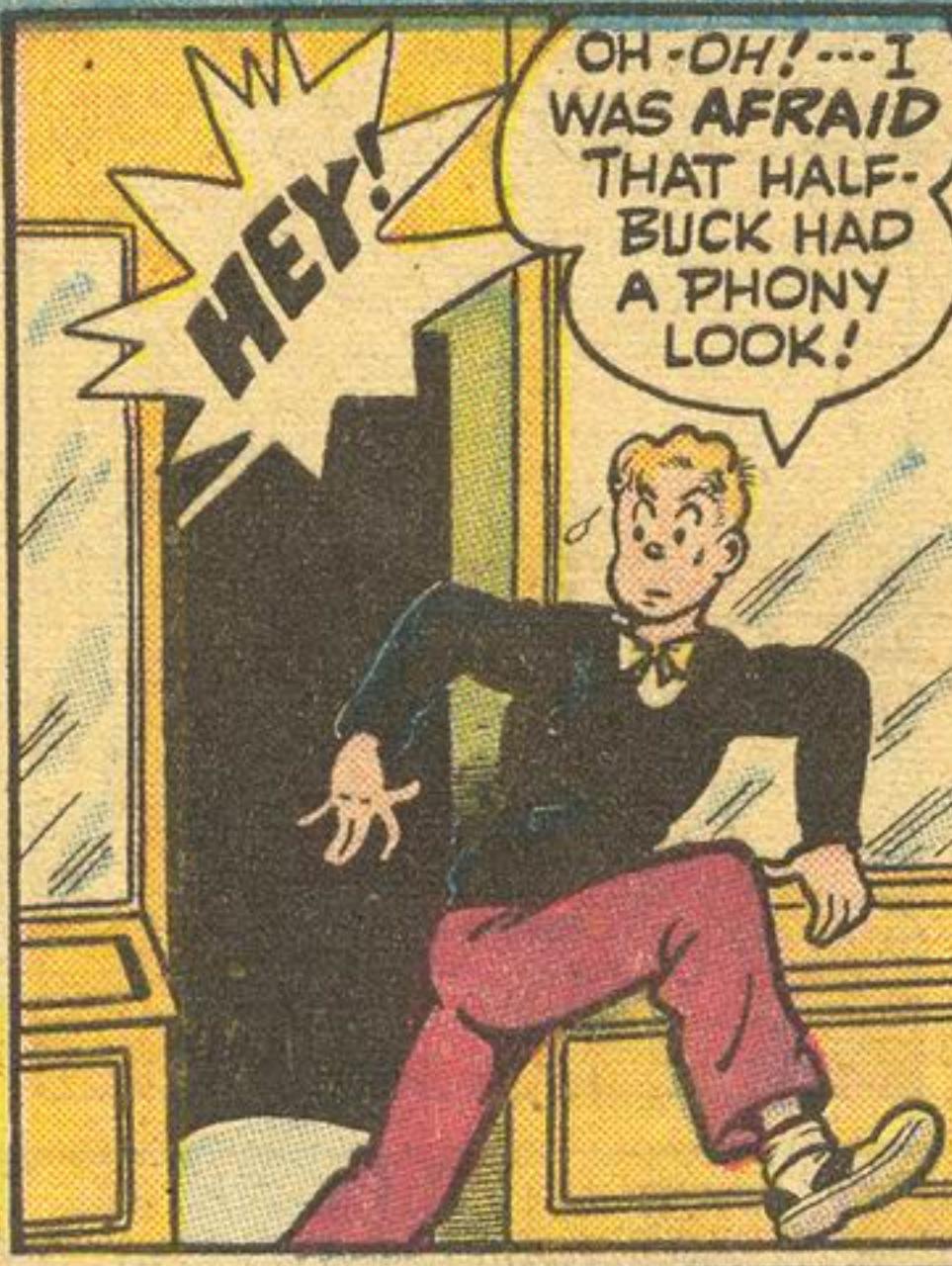


CANDY



CANDY

JONEESY



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GIRLS!

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GET SO MANY
SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

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MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....

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INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!

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